

SELECTIONS  
FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOL. I



SELECTIONS  
FROM  
ENGLISH LITERATURE

WITH BRIEF NOTES

*FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN INDIA*

EDITED BY

CECIL M. BARROW, M.A.

PRINCIPAL, VICTORIA COLLEGE, PALGHAT; FELLOW OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS

VOL. I

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
LONDON, BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA

1902

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ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO.



## PREFACE.

THE Selections in this volume have been primarily made for the use of Senior students in Upper Secondary Schools in India. The Compiler has paid close attention to the requirements of the various Indian Universities, both as to the amount of text usually required to be brought up for Matriculation, and the standard of English demanded. The PROSE portion of the book contains four selections from such well-known authors and books as Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*, Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, and Craik's *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*. The names of the authors are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the English and of the high moral tone of the selections. The selections are such too, as, in the opinion of the Compiler, will enable those who study them carefully to improve their knowledge of English as a language, and to lay a good foundation for further studies in English Literature.

The foregoing remarks apply with equal force to the seven selections in English POETRY contained in this volume.

The NOTES do not profess to be exhaustive. Very much has been left for students to work out for themselves. At the same time it has been the Editor's aim to give just such notes as, from an Indian experience of thirty-two years, seemed to him more likely to help than to hinder the honest student.

C. M. B.

BRIGHTON,  
*September, 1901.*

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## THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very 10 useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure 20 in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an ape : he took him home to his cell, and taught him to

speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in  
 20 the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and  
 20 the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. 'O my dear father,' said she, 'if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with  
 30 all the precious souls within her.'

'Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda,' said Prospero; 'there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have

done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.'

'Certainly I can, sir,' replied Miranda.

'By what?' asked Prospero; 'by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.'

Miranda said, 'It seems to me like the recollection of a 10 dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?'

Prospero answered, 'You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?'

'No, sir,' said Miranda, 'I remember nothing more.'

'Twelve years ago, Miranda,' continued Prospero, 'I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of 20 retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a 30 powerful prince, who was my enemy.'

'Wherefore,' said Miranda, 'did they not that hour destroy us?'

‘My child,’ answered her father, ‘they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.’

‘O my father,’ said Miranda, ‘what a trouble must I  
10 have been to you then!’

‘No, my love,’ said Prospero, ‘you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.’

‘Heaven thank you, my dear father,’ said Miranda. ‘Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?’

20 ‘Know then,’ said her father, ‘that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.’

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the  
30 empty air.

‘Well, my brave spirit,’ said Prospero to Ariel, ‘how have you performed your task?’

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the



terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea ; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. 'But he is safe,' said Ariel, 'in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before.'

'That's my delicate Ariel,' said Prospero, 'Bring him hither : my daughter must see this young prince. Where 10 is the king, and my brother?'

'I left them,' answered Ariel, 'searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour.'

'Ariel,' said Prospero, 'thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet.'

'Is there more work ?' said Ariel. 'Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, 20 remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.'

'How now !' said Prospero. 'You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ?' Speak ; tell me.'

'Sir, in Algiers,' said Ariel.

'O was she so ?' said Prospero. 'I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. 30 This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors ; and because you were a spirit

too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from.'

'Pardon me, dear master,' said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; 'I will obey your commands.'

'Do so,' said Prospero, 'and I will set you free.' He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

'O my young gentleman,' said Ariel, when he saw him, 'I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.' He then began singing,

'Full fathom five thy father lies :  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong-bell.'

20

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

'Miranda,' said Prospero, 'tell me what you are looking at yonder.'

'O father,' said Miranda, in a strange surprise, 'surely that is a spirit. Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?'

30

‘No, girl,’ answered her father; ‘it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.’

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, 10 thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand’s constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed 20 the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. ‘Follow me,’ said he, ‘I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.’ ‘No,’ said Ferdinand, ‘I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy,’ and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, ‘Why are you so 30 ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.’

‘Silence,’ said the father; ‘one word more will make me

chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban.' This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, 'My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.'

'Come on, young man,' said Prospero to the prince; you have no power to disobey me.'

- 10 'I have not indeed,' answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, 'My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid.'

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the  
20 cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. 'Alas!' said she, do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself.'

- 30 'O my dear lady,' said Ferdinand, 'I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest.'

'If you will sit down,' said Miranda, 'I will carry your logs the while.' But this Ferdinand would by no means

agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his 10 daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, 'I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How 20 features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget.'

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, 'This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples.'

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent 30 Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

'Ah! sir,' said she, 'I am a fool to weep at what I am

glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me.'

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

'Fear nothing, my child,' said he; 'I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test.

10 Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.' He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples.

20 Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant

30 daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel

told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

‘Then bring them hither, Ariel,’ said Prospero: ‘if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.’

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother’s forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, ‘I have a gift in store for you too;’ and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

‘O wonder!’ said Miranda, ‘what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.’

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the

beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. 'Who is this maid?' said he; 'she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.' 'No, sir,' answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, 'she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is  
 10 the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady.'

'Then I must be her father,' said the king; 'but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness.'

'No more of that,' said Prospero: 'let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.' And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him  
 20 of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and  
 30 prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morn-



ing. 'In the meantime,' said he, 'partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island.' He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. 'My quaint Ariel,' said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, 'I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom.' 'Thank you, my dear master,' said Ariel; 'but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!' Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness,

but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

## THE PETITIONERS FOR PARDON.

1720 AND ABOUT 1805.

No one in our own country has deserved warmer or more loving esteem than Helen Walker, the Scottish maiden, who, though she would not utter a word of untruth to save her sister from being sentenced to death, yet came on foot from Edinburgh to London, made her way to the Duke of Argyle, and being introduced to him, by her entreaties obtained that sister's pardon from Queen Caroline, who was acting as Regent in the absence of George II. It is hard to say which was the most glorious, the God-fearing truth that strengthened this peasant-girl to risk a life so 10 dear to her, or the trustful courage and perseverance that carried her through a journey, which in the early part of the eighteenth century was both tedious and full of danger; and it is satisfactory to know that her after-life, though simple and homely, by no means was unworthy of the high excellence of her youth. Her sister, Tibbie, for whom she had done so much, married and left her, and she lived on to be remembered by her neighbours as a religious, quiet, old woman, gaining her living by knitting new feet to old stockings, teaching little children, and keep- 20 ing chickens. Her neighbours respected her, and called her a 'lofty body.' They used to tell that in a thunder-storm she used to move herself with her work and her

Bible to the front of the house, saying that the Almighty could smite as well in the city as in the field. Sir Walter Scott made her the model of the most beautiful character he ever drew, and afterwards placed a monument to her honour in her own village church.

In the beginning of this century, a girl younger than Helen Walker was impelled to a journey beside which that from Edinburgh to London seems only like a summer stroll, and her motive was in like manner deep affection, 10 love truly stronger than death. As Helen Walker served to suggest the Jeanie Deans of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' so Prascovia Lopouloff was the origin of Elizabeth, the heroine of Madame Cottin's 'Exiles of Siberia,' but in both cases the real facts have been a good deal altered in the tales, and we may doubt whether the Russian lady appears to so much advantage, when dressed up by the French authoress, as does the Scotch lassie in the hands of her countryman.

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian 20 army, who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar, Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals are marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders are permitted to live with their families, have a weekly sum allowed for their support, and 30 when it is insufficient, can eke it out by any form of labour they prefer, whether by hunting or by such farming as the climate will allow.

The miseries of the exiles have been much mitigated in

these later times, many more comforts are permitted them, and though closely watched, and suffering from many annoying regulations, those of higher rank receive a sufficient sum out of their own revenues to enable them to live in tolerable ease, and without actual drudgery; and at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia, there is a highly educated and accomplished society of banished Poles and of Russians who have incurred suspicion.

Under the Czars who reigned before the kind-hearted Alexander I., the banishment was far more terrible. It was not only the being absent from home and friends, but it was a fall from all the luxuries of civilised life to the utmost poverty, and that in a climate of fearful severity, with a winter lasting nine months, and the sun unseen for many weeks of that time. Captain Lopouloff was condemned for life, was placed in the village of Ischim, far to the north of Tobolsk, and only obtained an allowance of ten kopeks a day. His wife and their little girl of about three years old, accompanied him, and the former adapted herself patiently to her situation, working hard at the common domestic cares for which she had been used to trust to servants; and as the little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment. He had sent a petition to the Governor of Siberia, in the charge of an officer, who had promised to represent his case strongly, and the watching for an answer, and continued disappointment, whenever a courier arrived from Tobolsk,

rendered him so restless, that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate, in seeing her growing up untaught and working with her hands like the meanest serf.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day darted into her mind like a flash of lightning, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and  
 10 obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine-trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work—this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. Still she durst not mention the project; it seemed so impossible, that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking. The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make  
 20 her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favourably. But prayers are not always soon answered. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: 'Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor,' and he related all the scheme that had been laid before him, with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement.

'She ought to be attending to her work instead of talking nonsense,' said the wife; and when poor Prascovia, more mortified at derision than by anger, began to cry  
 30 bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half-coaxing tone, 'Here, my dear, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease.'

Still day after day Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her, that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to 10 bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded, that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow-exiles who drew up a request in due form 20 for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner, she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was inclosed for her. Her father, however, seized upon it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey.

Prascovia still persevered, and her disappointment worked upon her mother to promise not to prevent her 30 from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. 'What shall we do with this child?' he said; 'we shall have to let her go.' Still he said, 'Do you

think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?' However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the Power to whom she had committed herself, and  
 10 her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all she desired. And at length the consent was won, and the 8th of September fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on  
 20 her. Two of the poorest of the exiles tried to force on her all the money they had—thirty copper kopeks and a silver twenty-kopek piece; and though she refused these, she affectionately promised that the kind givers should share in any favour she should obtain.

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveller. Then, after a few words, also customary, of indifferent conversation, there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling  
 30 down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way—a girl of nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign.



The two poor exiles did their utmost for her by escorting her as far as they were allowed to go from Ischim, and they did not leave her till she had joined a party of girls on their way to one of the villages she had to pass. Once they had a fright from some half-tipsy lads; but they shook them off, and reached the village, where Prascovia was known and hospitably lodged for the night. She was much tired in the morning, and when she first set forth on her way, the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her, till she thought of the angel 10 who succoured Hagar, and took courage; but she had mistaken the road, and by-and-by found herself at the last village she had passed the night before. Indeed, she often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. She knew the names of no nearer places in the way, but fancied that the sacred town of Kief, where the Russian power had first begun, was on the route; so, if people did not know which was the road to Petersburg, she would ask for Kief. One day, when she came to a place where three roads branched 20 off, she asked some travellers in a carriage that passed her, which of them led to Kief. 'Whichever you please,' they answered, laughing; 'one leads as much as the other either to Kief, Paris, or Rome.' She chose the middle one, which was fortunately the right, but she was never able to give any exact account of the course she had taken, for she confused the names of the villages she passed, and only remembered certain incidents that had impressed themselves on her memory. In the lesser hamlets she was usually kindly received in the first cottage 30 where she asked for shelter; but in larger places, with houses of a superior order, she was often treated as a suspicious-looking vagabond. For instance, when not far

from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's march. She hurried on in hopes of reaching the nearest houses; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the  
10 branches, and soaked her to the skin. At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire; she was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm. She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she  
20 saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself, but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off; and she met with no better welcome at any other house. At one, where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harboured neither thieves nor vagabonds. 'At least,' thought the poor wanderer, 'they cannot hunt me from the church;' but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her,  
30 and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial.

At last, however, a kinder woman came up through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starost, or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise, she found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen; indeed, she never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure. The villagers <sup>10</sup> were shocked at their own inhospitality, they fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots. She was often obliged to rest for a day or two, according to the state of her strength, the weather, or the reception she met with, and she always endeavoured to requite the hospitality she received by little services, such as sweeping, washing, or sewing for her hosts. She found it wiser not to begin by telling her story, or people took <sup>20</sup> her for an impostor; she generally began by begging for a morsel of food; then, if she met with a kind answer, she would talk of her weariness and obtain leave to rest, and when she was a little more at home with the people of the house, would tell them her story; and when, if nothing else would do, she was in urgent need, the sight of her passport secured attention to her from the petty authorities, since she was there described as the daughter of a captain in the army. But she always said that she did not, comparatively, often meet with rebuffs, whilst the <sup>30</sup> acts of kindness she had received were beyond counting. 'People fancy,' she used afterwards to say, 'that my journey was most dangerous, because I tell the troubles

and adventures that befel me, and pass over the kind welcomes I received, because nobody cares to hear them.'

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been refused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man, who had been very short and sharp in his rejection, came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than  
 10 himself, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, than she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

'From Ischim. I am going to Petersburg.'

'And you have plenty of money for the journey?'

'Only eighty copper-kopeks now,' said Prascovia, very  
 20 glad just then to have no more.

'That's a lie,' shouted the old woman; 'people don't go that distance without money.'

She vainly declared it was all she had; they did not believe her, and she could hardly keep back her tears of indignation and terror. At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on the great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favourite sleeping places of the poorer Russians. She laid aside her upper garments, and with them her pockets and her pack, hoping  
 30 within herself that the smallness of the sum might at least make her not worth murdering; then praying with all her might, she lay down. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering.

‘She must have more money,’ they said; ‘she certainly has notes.’

‘I saw a string round her neck,’ said the old woman, ‘and a little bag hanging to it. The money must be there.’

Then after some lower murmurs, they said, ‘No one saw her come in here. She is not known to be still in the village.’

And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no money, 10 and entreated for her life, but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag from off her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light; but, at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she, too, fell into a slumber, from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight. There was a plentiful breakfast of 20 peasant fare prepared for her, and both spoke to her much more kindly, asking her questions, in reply to which she told them part of her story. They seemed interested, and assured her that they had only searched her because they thought she might be a dishonest wanderer, but that she would find that they were far from being robbers themselves. Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their house; but when she ventured to look into her little store, she found that her eighty kopecks had become 120. She always fully believed that these people had had the worst 30 intentions, and thanked God for having turned their hearts. Her other greatest alarm was one morning, when she had set out from her night’s lodging before any one

was up, and all the village dogs flew at her. Running and striking with her stick only made them more furious, and one of them was tearing at the bottom of her gown, when she flung herself on her face, recommending her soul to God, as she felt a cold nose upon her neck ; but the beast was only smelling her, she was not even once bitten, and a peasant passing by drove them off.

Winter began to come on, and an eight days' snow-storm forced her to stop till it was over ; but when she wanted to  
 10 set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable, and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges, which were taking provisions to Ekatherinenburg for the Christmas feasts. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter travelling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived at the  
 20 kharstina, or solitary posting station, the intense cold had so affected her, that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten. The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her ; but they said it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly at the thought of missing this excellent escort, and on the other hand, the people of the kharstina would not keep her. The carriers then agreed to club together to buy her a  
 30 sheepskin, but none could be had ; no one at the station would spare theirs, as they were in a lonely place, and could not easily get another. Though the carriers even offered a sum beyond the cost to the maid of the inn, if

she would part with hers, she still refused ; but at last an expedient was found. 'Let us lend her our pelisses by turns,' said one of the carriers. 'Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about every verst.' To this all agreed ; Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at the top of his lungs. Every verst-stone there was a shifting of sheepskins, and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way Prascovia's silent prayers arose, that 10 these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn at which they put up at Ekatherinenburg, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn travelling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she 20 was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose benevolence was everywhere talk<sup>ed</sup> of. 'I am afraid,' said the lady, 'that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated : but come with me, and I will take care of you.'

Pascovia did not much like this way of speaking ; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked the servants whether 30 Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold she had caught on the night of the tempest. At the same time she taught Prascovia many of the common matters of education becoming her station. Captain Lopouloff and his wife had been either afraid to teach their daughter anything that would recall their former condition in life, or else had become too dispirited and indifferent for the exertion, and Prascovia had so entirely forgotten all she  
 10 had known before her father's banishment, that she had to learn to read and write over again. She could never speak of Madame Milin's kindness without tears, but the comfort and ease in which she now lived, made her all the more distressed at the thought of her parents toiling alone among the privations of their snowy wilderness. Madame Milin, however, would not allow her to leave Ekatherinenburg till the spring, and then took a place for her in a barge upon the river Khama, a confluent of the Volga ; and put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishni Novgorod,  
 20 with a cargo of iron and salt.

Unfortunately this person fell sick, and was obliged to be left behind at a little village on the banks of the Khama, and Prascovia was again left unprotected. In ascending the Volga, the barge was towed along by horses on the bank, and in a short sharp storm, the boatmen, in endeavouring to keep the barge from running against the bank, pushed Prascovia and two other passengers overboard with a heavy oar. They were instantly rescued, but there was no privacy in the barge, and as Prascovia could  
 30 not bear to undress herself in public, her wet clothes increased the former injury to her health. Madame Milin trusting to the person to whom she had confided her young friend, to forward her on from Novgorod, had given



her no introductions to any one there, nor any directions how to proceed, and the poor girl was thus again cast upon the world alone, though, thanks to her kind friend, with rather more both in her purse and in her bundle than when she had left Ischim: but on the other hand, with a far clearer knowledge of the difficulties that lay before her, and a much greater dread of cities.

The bargemen set her ashore at the foot of a bridge at the usual landing-place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and, according to her usual custom, 10 she went up to pray there before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. 'If God grants my prayers,' she thought, 'I shall hide myself under such a veil as theirs, for I shall have nothing to do but to thank and praise Him.' After the service she lingered near the convent, dreading to expose herself to the rude remarks she might meet at an inn, and at last, reproaching herself for this failure in 20 her trust, she returned into the church to renew her prayers for faith and courage. One of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to tell her of her repugnance to enter an inn alone, and to beg for a night's shelter in the convent. The sister replied that they did not receive travellers, but that the abbess might give her some assistance. Prascovia showed her purse and explained that the kind friends at Ekatherinenburg had placed her above want, and that all she needed was a night's lodging; and the nun, pleased 30 with her manner, took her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, and by Madame Milin's letters, filled the good sisterhood with excitement and

delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her fall into the Volga, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. Before those few days were over, Prascovia was seized with so dangerous an illness that the physicians themselves despaired of her life; but even at the worst she never gave herself up; 'I do not believe my hour is come' she said. 'I hope God will allow me to finish my work.' And she did recover, though so slowly that all the  
 10 summer passed by before she could continue her journey, and then she was too weak for rough posting vehicles, and could only wait among the nuns for the roads to be fit for sledges.

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T——, and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months  
 20 after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her staff. The merchant took her to his own house, but before he had found out the Princess, he was obliged to go to Riga, and his wife, though courteous and hospitable, did not exert herself to forward the cause of her guest. She tried to find one of the ladies to whom she had been recommended, but the house was on the other side of the Neva, and as it was now February, the ice was in so unsafe a state that no one was allowed to pass. A visitor at the merchant's advised her to get a petition to the Senate, drawn up begging for a revision of her father's  
 30 trial, and offered to get it drawn up for her. Accordingly, day after day, for a whole fortnight, did the poor girl stand on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and

being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to. Holy Week came on and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. On Easter-day, that day of universal joy, she was unusually hopeful; she went out with her hostess in the carriage, and told her that she felt a certainty that another time she should meet with success.

'I would trouble myself no more with senates and senators,' said the lady. 'It is just as well worth while 10 as it would be to offer your petition to yonder iron man,' pointing to the famous statue of Peter the Great.

'Well,' said Prascovia, 'God is Almighty, and if He would, He could make that iron man stoop and take my petition.'

The lady laughed carelessly; but as they were looking at the statue, she observed that the bridge of boats over the Neva was restored, and offered to take Prascovia at once to leave her letter with Mme. de L—. They found this lady at home, and already prepared to 20 expect her; she received her most kindly, and looked at the petition which she found so ignorantly framed and addressed, that it was no wonder that it had not been attended to. She said that she had a relation high in office in the Senate who could have helped Prascovia, but that unfortunately they were not on good terms.

Easter-day, however, is the happy occasion when, in the Greek Church, all reconciliations are made. Families make a point of meeting with the glorious greeting, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed," 30 and the kiss exchanged at these glad tidings seals general pardon for all the bickerings of the year. And while Prascovia was at dinner with her friends, this very gentle-

man came in, with the accustomed words, and, without further delay, she was introduced to him, and her circumstances explained. He took great interest in her, but assured her that her applications to the Senate were useless; for even if she should prevail to have the trial revised, it would be a tedious and protracted affair, and very uncertain; so that it would be far better to trust to the kind disposition of the Czar Alexander himself.

Prascovia went back to the merchant's greatly encouraged, and declaring that, after all, she owed something to the statue of Peter the Great, for but for him they might not have observed that the Neva was open! The merchant himself now returned from Riga, and was concerned at finding her affairs no forwarder. He took her at once to the Princess de T——, a very old lady, who received her kindly, and let her remain in her house; but it was full of grand company and card-playing, and the Princess herself was so aged and infirm, that she, as well as all her guests, forgot all about the young stranger, who, with a heart pining with hope deferred, meekly moved about the house—finding that every opening of promise led only to disappointment. Still she recollected that she had been advised to present a request to M. V——, one of the Secretaries of the Empress Mary, widow of the last, and mother of the present Czar. With this, she went to his house. He had heard of her, but fancying hers a common case of poverty, had put out fifty roubles to be given to her. He was not at home when she called; but his wife saw her, was delighted with her, drew from her the whole history of her perseverance in her father's cause, and kept her to see M. V——. He, too, was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable

women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the Empress that very evening.

Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M. V——, her first exclamation was, 'My God, not in vain have I put my trust in Thee.' Then kissing Mme. V——'s hands, she cried, 'You, you, alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!'

She never disturbed herself as to her dress, or any 10 matter of court etiquette: her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. Mme. V—— merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the Secretary. When she really saw the palace before her, she said: 'Oh if my father could see me, how glad he would be. My God finish Thy work!'

The Empress Mary was a tender-hearted woman of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then praised her self-devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in 20 her behalf to the Emperor—giving her 300 roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her kindness, that when afterwards Mme. V—— asked how she had sped in her interview, she could only weep for gladness.

Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of 5000 roubles, and 30 the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended to

Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her: they admired her face, found out that she had the stamp of high birth, and invited her to their drawing rooms. She was as quiet and unmoved as ever; she never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, enjoying all that was kindly meant. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming, 'Is that the throne? Then  
 10 that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia!' And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors, rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, 'The Emperor's throne!' she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near, and, kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamt as the term of her labours, and she exclaimed aloud, 'Father, father! see whither the Divine Power has led me! My God bless this throne—bless him who sits on it—make him as happy as he is making me!' The ladies could hardly get  
 20 her away from it, and she was so much exhausted by the strength of her feelings, that she could not continue her course of sight-seeing all that day.

She did not forget the two fellow-exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to everyone, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However, when, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that His Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself,  
 30 she replied, that he would overwhelm her with his favours if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness,

readily pardoned them for their offence, which had been of a political nature, and many years old.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thank-offering for her father's pardon, and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nishni, where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. First, however, she went to Kief, the place where the first Christian teaching in Russia had begun, and where the tombs of St. Olga, the pious queen, and Vladimir, the destroyer of idols,<sup>10</sup> were objects of pilgrimage. There she took the monastic vows, a step which seems surprising in so dutiful a daughter, without her parents' consent; but she seems to have thought that only thus could her thankfulness be evinced, and to have supposed herself fulfilling the vows she had made in her distress. From Kief, she returned to Nishni, where she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess, she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of<sup>20</sup> them. 'Excellent tidings,' said the abbess. 'I will tell you in my rooms.' Prascovia followed her in silence, until they reached the reception-room, and there stood her father and mother! The first impulse on seeing the daughter who had done so much for them, was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay, and herself kneeling, exclaimed, 'What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to His providence for the wonders He has wrought in our favour.'

For one week the parents and child were happy to-<sup>30</sup> gether; but then Captain Lopouloff and his wife were forced to proceed on their journey. The rest of Prascovia's life was one long decline, her health had been fatally

injured by the sufferings that she had undergone ; and though she lived some years, and saw her parents again, she was gently fading away all the time. She made one visit to Petersburg, and one of those who saw her there described her as having a fine oval face, extremely black eyes, an open brow, and a remarkable calmness of expression, though with a melancholy smile. It is curious that Scott has made this open-browed serenity of expression a characteristic of his Jeanie Deans.

- 10 Prascovia's illness ended suddenly on the 9th of December, 1809. She had been in church on that same morning, and was lying on her bed, with the sisters talking round her, when they observed that they were tiring her. They went away for one of their hours of prayer, leaving one, who began to chant the devotions aloud, but Prascovia begged her to read instead of singing, as the voice disturbed her prayers. Still she did not complain, and they left her at night without alarm, but in the morning they found her in her last long sleep, her hands forming the  
20 sign of the cross.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE



## THE LITTLE MERCHANTS.

### CHAPTER I.

*Chi di gallina nasce, convien che rozole.*

As the old cock crows, so crows the young.

THOSE who have visited Italy give us an agreeable picture of the cheerful industry of the children of all ages in the celebrated city of Naples. Their manner of living and their numerous employments are exactly described in the following 'Extract from a Traveller's Journal.'

'The children are busied in various ways. A great number of them bring fish for sale to town from Santa Lucia; others are very often seen about the arsenals, or wherever carpenters are at work, employed in gathering up the chips and pieces of wood; or by the sea-side, picking up 10 sticks, and whatever else has drifted ashore, which, when their basket is full, they carry away.

'Children of two or three years old, who can scarcely crawl along upon the ground, in company with boys of five or six, are employed in this petty trade. Hence they proceed with their baskets into the heart of the city, where in several places they form a sort of little market, sitting round with their stock of wood before them. Labourers, and the lower order of citizens, buy it of them to burn in the tripods for warming themselves, or to use in their scanty 20 kitchens.

‘Other children carry about for sale the water of the sulphurous wells, which, particularly in the spring season, is drunk in great abundance. Others again endeavour to turn a few pence by buying a small matter of fruit, of pressed honey, cakes, and comfits, and then, like little peddlers, offer and sell them to other children, always for no more profit than that they may have their share of them free of expense.

‘It is really curious to see how an urchin, whose whole 10 stock and property consist in a board and a knife, will carry about a water-melon, or a half roasted gourd, collect a troupe of children round him, set down his board, and proceed to divide the fruit into small pieces among them.

‘The buyers keep a sharp look out to see that they have enough for their little piece of copper; and the Lilliputian tradesman acts with no less caution as the exigences of the case may require, to prevent his being cheated out of a morsel.’

The advantages of truth and honesty, and the value 20 of a character for integrity, are very early felt amongst these little merchants in their daily intercourse with each other. The fair dealer is always sooner or later seen to prosper. The most cunning cheat is at last detected and disgraced.

Numerous instances of the truth of this common observation were remarked by many Neapolitan children, especially by those who were acquainted with the characters and history of Piedro and Francisco, two boys originally equal in birth, fortune and capacity, but different in their 30 education, and consequently in their habits and conduct. Francisco was the son of an honest gardener, who, from the time he could speak, taught him to love to speak the truth, showed him that liars are never believed—that cheats and

thieves cannot be trusted, and that the shortest way to obtain a good character is to deserve it.

Youth and white paper, as the proverb says, take all impressions. The boy profited much by his father's precepts, and more by his example; he always heard his father speak the truth, and saw that he dealt fairly with everybody. In all his childish traffic, Francisco, imitating his parents, was scrupulously honest, and therefore all his companions trusted him—'As honest as Francisco,' became a sort of proverb amongst them. 10

'As honest as Francisco,' repeated Pedro's father, when he one day heard this saying. 'Let them say so; I say, "As sharp as Pedro"; and let us see which will go through the world best.' With the idea of making his son *sharp* he made him cunning. He taught him, that to make a *good bargain* was to deceive as to the value and price of whatever he wanted to dispose of; to get as much money as possible from customers by taking advantage of their ignorance or of their confidence. He often repeated his favourite proverb—'The buyer has need of a hundred eyes; the 20 seller has need but of one.' And he took frequent opportunities of explaining the meaning of this maxim to his son. He was a fisherman; and as his gains depended more upon fortune than upon prudence, he trusted habitually to his good luck. After being idle for a whole day, he would cast his line or his nets, and if he was lucky enough to catch a fine fish, he would go and show it in triumph to his neighbour the gardener.

'You are obliged to work all day long for your daily bread,' he would say. 'Look here; I work but five 30 minutes, and I have not only daily bread, but daily fish.'

Upon these occasions, our fisherman always forgot, or neglected to count, the hours and days which were wasted

in waiting for a fair wind to put to sea, or angling in vain on the shore.

Little Pedro, who used to bask in the sun upon the sea-shore beside his father, and to lounge or sleep away his time in a fishing-boat, acquired habits of idleness, which seemed to his father of little consequence whilst he was *but a child*.

‘What will you do with Pedro as he grows up, neighbour?’ said the gardener. ‘He is smart and quick  
10 enough, but he is always in mischief. Scarcely a day has passed for this fortnight but I have caught him amongst my grapes. I track his footsteps all over my vineyard.’ ‘*He is but a child* yet, and knows no better,’ replied the fisherman. ‘But if you don’t teach him better now he is a child, how will he know when he is a man?’ said the gardener. ‘A mighty noise about a bunch of grapes, truly!’ cried the fisherman; ‘a few grapes more or less in your vineyard, what does it signify?’ ‘I speak for your son’s sake, and not for the sake of my grapes,’ said the gardener;  
20 ‘and I tell you again, the boy will not do well in the world, neighbour, if you don’t look after him in time.’ ‘He’ll do well enough in the world, you will find,’ answered the fisherman, carelessly. ‘Whenever he casts my nets, they never come up empty. “It is better to be lucky than wise.”’

This was a proverb which Pedro had frequently heard from his father, and to which he most willingly trusted, because it gave him less trouble to fancy himself fortunate than to make himself wise.

30 ‘Come here, child,’ said his father to him, when he returned home after the preceding conversation with the gardener; ‘how old are you, my boy?—twelve years old, is not it?’ ‘As old as Francisco, and older by six months,’

said Pedro. 'And smarter and more knowing by six years,' said his father. 'Here, take these fish to Naples, and let us see how you'll sell them for me. Venture a small fish, as the proverb says, to catch a great one. I was too late with them at the market yesterday, but nobody will know but what they are just fresh out of the water, unless you go and tell them.

'Not I; trust me for that; I'm not such a fool,' replied Pedro, laughing; 'I leave that to Francisco. Do you know, I saw him the other day miss selling a melon for his 10 father by turning the bruised side to the customer, who was just laying down the money for it, and who was a raw servant-boy, moreover—one who would never have guessed there were two sides to a melon, if he had not, as you say, father, been told of it?'

'Off with you to market. You are a droll chap,' said his father, 'and will sell my fish cleverly, I'll be bound. As to the rest, let every man take care of his own grapes. You understand me, Pedro!'

'Perfectly,' said the boy, who perceived that his father 20 was indifferent as to his honesty, provided he sold fish at the highest price possible. He proceeded to the market, and he offered his fish with assiduity to every person whom he thought likely to buy it, especially to those upon whom he thought he could impose. He positively asserted to all who looked at his fish, that they were just fresh out of the water. Good judges of men and fish knew that he said what was false, and passed him by with neglect; but it was at last what he called his *good luck* to meet with the very same young raw servant-boy who would have bought the 30 bruised melon from Francisco. He made up to him directly, crying, 'Fish! Fine fresh fish! fresh fish!'

Was it caught to-day?' said the boy.

‘Yes, this morning; not an hour ago,’ said Pietro, with the greatest effrontery.

The servant-boy was imposed upon; and being a foreigner, speaking the Italian language but imperfectly, and not being expert at reckoning the Italian money, he was no match for the cunning Pietro, who cheated him not only as to the freshness, but as to the price of the commodity. Pietro received nearly half as much again for his fish as he ought to have done.

10 On his road homewards from Naples to the little village of Resina, where his father lived, he overtook Francisco, who was leading his father’s ass. The ass was laden with large panniers, which were filled with the stalks and leaves of cauliflowers, cabbages, broccoli, lettuces, etc.—all the refuse of the Neapolitan kitchens, which are usually collected by the gardeners’ boys, and carried to the gardens round Naples, to be mixed with other manure.

‘Well filled panniers, truly,’ said Pietro, as he overtook Francisco and the ass. The panniers were indeed not only  
20 filled to the top, but piled up with much skill and care, so that the load met over the animal’s back.

‘It is not a very heavy load for the ass, though it looks so large,’ said Francisco. ‘The poor fellow, however, shall have a little of this water,’ added he, leading the ass to a pool by the roadside.

‘I was not thinking of the ass, boy; I was not thinking of any ass, but of you, when I said, ‘Well filled panniers, truly!’ This is your morning’s work, I presume, and you’ll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same  
30 errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough?’

‘Not before *my father* thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself,’ replied Francisco.

‘I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too,’ said Pedro, ‘without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here,’ producing the money he had received for the fish: ‘all this was had for asking. It is no bad thing, you’ll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.’

‘I should be ashamed to beg, or borrow either,’ said Francisco.

‘Neither did I get what you see by begging, or borrowing either,’ said Pedro, ‘but by using my wits; not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised 10 side of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom.’

‘Wisdom I think it still,’ said Francisco.

‘And your father?’ asked Pedro.

‘And my father,’ said Francisco.

‘Mine is of a different way of thinking,’ said Pedro. ‘He always tells me that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market—got it off for 20 fresh just out of the river—got twice as much as the market price for it; and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a sound one if you would have let him. You’ll allow I’m no fool, Francisco, and that I’m in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.’

‘Stay,’ said Francisco; ‘you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough 30 to buy fruit from me, because he will know I shall not cheat him—so you’ll have lost a customer, and I gained one.’

‘With all my heart,’ said Piedro. ‘One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more from me, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples.’

‘And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?’ asked Francisco.

‘If they will be only so good as to give me leave,’ said Piedro, laughing, and repeating his father’s proverb, “‘Venture a small fish to catch a large one.’” He had learned to think that to cheat in making bargains was witty  
10 and clever.

‘And you have never considered, then,’ said Francisco, ‘that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time?’

‘Ay, in time; but it will be some time first. There are a great many of them, enough to last me all the summer, if I lose a customer a day,’ said Piedro.

‘And next summer,’ observed Francisco, ‘what will you do?’

‘Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to  
20 think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish—what then? Are there no trades but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me? as my father says. What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in their market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?’

‘I think not,’ said Francisco; ‘but I think the children  
30 would find out in time if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.’

‘I don’t doubt them. Then *in time* I could, you know, change my trade—sell chips and sticks in the wood-market



—hand about the lemonade to the fine folks, or twenty other things. There are trades enough, boy.'

'Yes, for the honest dealer,' said Francisco, 'but for no other; for in all of them you'll find, as *my* father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are at last.'

'And what am I, pray?' said Piedro, angrily. 'The whole truth of the matter is, Francisco, that you envy my good luck, and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my 10 hand. Ay, stroke the long ears of your ass, and look as wise as you please. It is better to be lucky than wise, as *my* father says. Good morning to you. When I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid ass, with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, *honest Francisco*.'

'Not quite so well. Unless you were *honest Francisco*, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily.'

This was certain, that Francisco was so well known for his honesty amongst all the people at Naples with whom 20 his father was acquainted, that everyone was glad to deal with him; and as he never wronged anyone, all were willing to serve him—at least, as much as they could without loss to themselves: so that after the market was over, his panniers were regularly filled by the gardeners and others with whatever he wanted. His industry was constant, his gains small but certain, and he every day had more and more reason to trust to his father's maxim—That honesty is the best policy.

The foreign servant lad, to whom Francisco had so 30 honestly, or, as Piedro said, so sillily, shown the bruised side of the melon, was an Englishman. He left his native country, of which he was extremely fond, to attend upon

his master, to whom he was still more attached. His master was in a declining state of health, and this young lad waited on him a little more to his mind than his other servants. We must, in consideration of his zeal, fidelity and inexperience, pardon him for not being a good judge of fish. Though he had simplicity enough to be easily cheated once, he had too much sense to be twice made a dupe. The next time he met Piedro in the market, he happened to be in company with several English gentlemen's servants,  
 10 and he pointed Piedro out to them all as an arrant knave. They heard his cry of 'Fresh fish! fresh fish! fine fresh fish!' with incredulous smiles, and let him pass, but not without some expressions of contempt, which though uttered in English, he tolerably well understood; for the tone of contempt is sufficiently expressive in all languages. He lost more by not selling his fish to these people than he had gained the day before by cheating the *English booby*. The market was well supplied, and he could not get rid of his cargo.

20 'Is not this truly provoking?' said Piedro, as he passed by Francisco, who was selling fruit for his father. 'Look, my basket is as heavy as when I left home; and look at 'em yourself, they really are fine fresh fish to-day; and yet, because that revengeful booby told how I took him in yesterday, not one of yonder crowd would buy them; and all the time they really are fresh to-day!'

'So they are,' said Francisco; 'but you said so yesterday, when they were not; and he that was duped then, is not ready to believe you to-day. How does he know that  
 30 you deserve it better?'

'He might have looked at the fish,' repeated Piedro; 'they are fresh to-day. I am sure he need not have been afraid.'

‘Ay,’ said Francisco; ‘but as my father said to you once—the scalded dog fears cold water.’

Here their conversation was interrupted by the same English lad, who smiled as he came up to Francisco, and taking up a fine pine-apple, he said, in a mixture of bad Italian and English—‘I need not look at the other side of this;’ you will tell me if it is not as good as it looks. Name your price; I know you have but one, and that an honest one; and as to the rest, I am able and willing to pay for what I buy; that is to say, my master is, which 10 comes to the same thing. I wish your fruit could make him well, and it would be worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. We must have some of your grapes for him.’

‘Is he not well?’ inquired Francisco. ‘We must, then, pick out the best for him,’ at the same time singling out a tempting bunch. ‘I hope he will like these; but if you could some day come as far as Resina (it is a village but a few miles out of town, where we have our vineyard), you could there choose for yourself, and pluck them fresh from the vines for your poor master.’ 20

‘Bless you, my good boy; I should take you for an Englishman, by your way of dealing. I’ll come to your village. Only write me down the name; for your Italian names slip through my head. I’ll come to the vineyard if it was ten miles off; and all the time we stay in Naples (may it not be so long as I fear it will!), with my master’s leave, which he never refuses me to anything that’s proper, I’ll deal with you for all our fruit, as sure as my name’s Arthur, and with none else, with my good will. I wish all your countrymen would take after you in honesty, indeed I do,’ 30 concluded the Englishman, looking full at Piedro, who took up his unsold basket of fish, looking somewhat silly, and gloomily walked off.

Arthur, the English servant, was as good as his word. He dealt constantly with Francisco, and proved an excellent customer, buying from him during the whole season as much fruit as his master wanted. His master, who was an Englishman of distinction, was invited to take up his residence, during his stay in Italy, at the Count de F.'s villa, which was in the environs of Naples—an easy walk from Resina. Francisco had the pleasure of seeing his father's vineyard often full of generous visitors, and Arthur,  
 10 who had circulated the anecdote of the bruised melon, was, he said, 'proud to think that some of this was his doing, and that an Englishman never forgot a good turn, be it from a countryman or foreigner.'

'My dear boy,' said Francisco's father to him, whilst Arthur was in the vineyard helping to tend the vines, 'I am to thank you and your honesty, it seems, for our having our hands so full of business this season. It is fair you should have a share of our profits.'

'So I have, father, enough and enough, when I see you  
 20 and mother going on so well. What can I want more?'

'Oh, my brave boy, we know you are a grateful, good son; but I have been your age myself; you have companions, you have little expenses of your own. Here; this vine, this fig-tree, and a melon a week next summer shall be yours. With these make a fine figure amongst the little Neapolitan merchants; and all I wish is that you may prosper as well, and by the same honest means, in managing for yourself, as you have done managing for me.'

'Thank you, father; and if I prosper at all, it shall  
 30 be by those means, and no other, or I should not be worthy to be called your son.'

Piedro the cunning did not make quite so successful a summer's work as did Francisco the honest. No extra-

ordinary events happened, no singular instance of bad or good luck occurred ; but he felt, as persons usually do, the natural consequences of his own actions. He pursued his scheme of imposing, as far as he could, upon every person he dealt with ; and the consequence was, that at last nobody would deal with him.

‘It is easy to outwit one person, but impossible to outwit all the world,’ said a man who knew the world at least as well as either Piedro or his father.

Piedro’s father, amongst others, had reason to complain. 10 He saw his own customers fall off from him, and was told, whenever he went into the market, that his son was such a cheat there was no dealing with him. One day, when he was returning from the market in a very bad humour, in consequence of these reproaches, and of his not having found customers for his goods, he espied his *smart* son Piedro at a little merchant’s fruit-board, devouring a fine gourd with prodigious greediness. ‘Where, glutton, do you find money to pay for these dainties?’ exclaimed his father, coming close up to him, with angry gestures. 20 Piedro’s mouth was much too full to make an immediate reply, nor did his father wait for any, but darting his hand in the youth’s pocket, pulled forth a handful of silver.

‘The money, father,’ said Piedro, ‘that I got for the fish yesterday, and that I meant to give you to-day, before you went out.’

‘Then I’ll make you remember it against another time!’ said his father. ‘I’ll teach you to fill your stomach with my money. Am I to loose my customers by your tricks, and then find you here eating my all? You are a rogue, 30 and everybody has found you out to be a rogue ; and the worst of rogues I find you, who scruples not to cheat his own father.’

Saying these words, with great vehemence he seized hold of Pedro, and in the very midst of the little fruit-market gave him a severe beating. This beating did the boy no good ; it was vengeance not punishment. Pedro saw that his father was in a passion, and knew that he was beaten because he was found out to be a rogue, rather than for being one. He recollected perfectly that his father once said to him : 'Let everyone take care of his own grapes.'

- 10 Indeed it is scarcely reasonable to expect that a boy who had been educated to think that he might cheat every customer he could in the way of trade, should be afterwards scrupulously honest in his conduct towards the father whose proverbs encouraged his childhood in cunning.

Pedro writhed with bodily pain as he left the market after his drubbing, but his mind was not in the least amended. On the contrary, he was hardened to the sense of shame by the loss of reputation. All the little merchants were spectators of this scene, and heard his father's words :  
 20 'You *are* a rogue, and the worst of rogues, who scruples not to cheat his own father.'

These words were long remembered, and long did Pedro feel their effects. He once flattered himself that, when his trade of selling fish failed him, he could readily engage in some other ; but he now found, to his mortification, that what Francisco's father said proved true : 'In all trades the best fortune to set up with is a good character.'

Not one of the little Neapolitan merchants would either enter into partnership with him, give him credit, or even  
 30 trade with him for ready money.—'If you would cheat your own father, to be sure you will cheat us,' was continually said to him by these prudent little people.

Pedro was taunted and treated with contempt at home

and abroad. His father, when he found that his son's *smartness* was no longer useful in making bargains, shoved him out of his way whenever he met him. All the food or clothes that he had at home seemed to be given to him grudgingly, and with such expressions as these: 'Take that; but it is too good for you. You must eat this, now, instead of gourds and figs—and be thankful you have even this.'

Piedro spent a whole winter very unhappily. He expected that all his old tricks, and especially what his father 10 had said of him in the market-place, would be soon forgotten; but month passed after month, and still these things were fresh in the memory of all who had known them.

It is not easy to get rid of a bad character. A very great rogue was once heard to say, that he would, with all his heart, give ten thousand pounds for a good character, because he knew that he could make twenty thousand by it.

Something like this was the sentiment of our cunning hero when he experienced the evils of a bad reputation, 20 and when he saw the numerous advantages which Francisco's good character procured. Such had been Piedro's wretched education, that even the hard lessons of experience could not alter its pernicious effects. He was sorry his knavery had been detected, but he still thought it clever to cheat, and was secretly persuaded that, if he had cheated successfully, he should have been happy. 'But I know I am not happy now,' said he to himself one morning, as he sat alone disconsolate by the sea-shore, dressed in tattered garments, weak and hungry, with an empty basket beside him. His 30 fishing-rod, which he held between his knees, bent over the dry sands instead of into the water, for he was not thinking of what he was about; his arms were folded, his head hung

down, and his ragged hat was slouched over his face. He was a melancholy spectacle.

Francisco, as he was coming from his father's vineyard with a large dish of purple and white grapes upon his head, and a basket of melons and figs hanging upon his arm, chanced to see Pedro seated in this melancholy posture. Touched with compassion, Francisco approached him softly; his footsteps were not heard upon the sands, and Pedro did not perceive that anyone was near him till he felt something cold touch his hand; he then started, and, looking up, saw a bunch of ripe grapes, which Francisco was holding over his head.

'Eat them: you'll find them very good, I hope,' said Francisco, with a benevolent smile.

'They are excellent—most excellent, and I am much obliged to you, Francisco,' said Pedro. 'I was very hungry, and that's what I am now, without anybody's caring anything about it. I am not the favourite I was with my father, but I know it is all my own fault.'

20 'Well, but cheer up,' said Francisco; 'my father always says, "One who knows he has been in fault, and acknowledges it, will scarcely be in fault again." Yes, take as many figs as you will,' continued he; and held his basket close to Pedro, who, as he saw, cast a hungry eye upon one of the ripe figs.

'But,' said Pedro, after he had taken several, 'shall not I get you into a scrape by taking so many? Won't your father be apt to miss them?'

30 'Do you think I would give them to you if they were not my own?' said Francisco, with a sudden glance of indignation.

'Well, don't be angry that I asked the question; it was only from fear of getting you into disgrace that I asked it.'



'It would not be easy for anybody to do that, I hope,' said Francisco, rather proudly.

'And to me less than anybody,' replied Pedro, in an insinuating tone, 'I, that am so much obliged to you!'

'A bunch of grapes, and a few figs, are no mighty obligation,' said Francisco, smiling; 'I wish I could do more for you. You seem, indeed, to have been very unhappy of late. We never see you in the markets as we used to do.'

'No; ever since my father beat me, and called me rogue 10 before all the children there, I have never been able to show my face without being giped at by one or t'other. If you would but take me along with you amongst them, and only just *seem* my friend for a day or two, or so, it would quite set me up again; for they all like you.'

'I would rather *be* than *seem* your friend, if I could,' said Francisco.

'Ay, to be sure; that would be still better,' said Pedro, observing that Francisco, as he uttered his last sentence, was separating the grapes and other fruits into two equal 20 divisions. 'To be sure I would rather you would *be* than *seem* a friend to me; but I thought that was too much to ask at first, though I have a notion, notwithstanding I have been so *unlucky* lately—I have a notion you would have no reason to repent of it. You would find me no bad hand, if you were to try, and take me into partnership.'

'Partnership!' interrupted Francisco, drawing back alarmed; 'I had no thoughts of that.'

'But won't you? can't you?' said Pedro, in a supplicating tone; '*can't* you have thoughts of it? You'd find 30 me a very active partner.'

Francisco still drew back, and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was embarrassed; for he pitied Pedro,

and he scarcely knew how to point out to him that something more is necessary in a partner in trade besides activity, and that is honesty.

‘Can’t you?’ repeated Piedro, thinking that he hesitated from merely mercenary motives. ‘You shall have what share of the profits you please.’

‘I was not thinking of the profits,’ said Francisco; ‘but without meaning to be ill-natured to you, Piedro, I must say that I cannot enter into any partnership with you at  
10 present; but I will do what, perhaps, you will like as well,’ said he, taking half the fruit out of his basket; ‘you are heartily welcome to this; try and sell it in the children’s fruit market. I’ll go on before you, and speak to those I am acquainted with, and tell them you are going to set up a new character, and that you hope to make it a good one.’

‘Hey, shall I! Thank you for ever, dear Francisco,’ cried Piedro, seizing his plentiful gift of fruit. ‘Say what you please for me.’

‘But don’t make me say anything that is not true,’ said  
20 Francisco, pausing.

‘No, to be sure not,’ said Piedro; ‘I *do* mean to give no room for scandal. If I could get them to trust me as they do you, I should be happy indeed.’

‘That is what you may do, if you please,’ said Francisco. ‘Adieu, I wish you well with all my heart; but I must leave you now, or I shall be too late for the market.’

## CHAPTER II.

*Chi va piano va sano, e anch’è lontano.*

Fair and softly goes far in a day.

PIEDRO had now an opportunity of establishing a good,  
30 character. When he went into the market with his grapes

and figs, he found that he was not shunned or taunted as usual. All seemed disposed to believe in his intended reformation, and to give him a fair trial.

These favourable dispositions towards him were the consequence of Francisco's benevolent representations. He told them that he thought Piedro had suffered enough to cure him of his tricks, and that it would be cruelty in them, because he might once have been in fault, to banish him by their reproaches from amongst them, and thus to prevent him from the means of gaining his livelihood honestly. 10

Piedro made a good beginning, and gave what several of the younger customers thought excellent bargains. His grapes and figs were quickly sold, and with the money that he got for them he the next day purchased from a fruit dealer a fresh supply; and thus he went on for some time, conducting himself with scrupulous honesty, so that he acquired some credit among his companions. They no longer watched him with suspicious eyes. They trusted to his measures and weights, and they counted less carefully the change which they received from him. 20

The satisfaction he felt from this alteration in their manners was at first delightful to Piedro; but in proportion to his credit, his opportunities of defrauding increased; and these became temptations which he had not the firmness to resist. His old manner of thinking recurred.

'I make but a few shillings a day, and this is but slow work,' said he to himself. 'What signifies my good character, if I make so little by it?'

Light gains, and frequent, make a heavy purse, was one of Francisco's proverbs. But Piedro was in too great haste 30 to get rich to take time into his account. He set his invention to work, and he did not want for ingenuity, to devise means of cheating without running the risk of detection.

He observed that the younger part of the community were extremely fond of certain coloured sugar-plums, and of burnt almonds.

With the money he had earned by two months' trading in fruit he laid in a large stock of what appeared to these little merchants a stock of almonds and sugar-plums, and he painted in capital gold coloured letters upon his board, 'Sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums of all colours ever sold in Naples, to be had here ; and in grati-  
 10 tude to his numerous customers, Piedro adds to these, "Burnt almonds gratis."'

This advertisement attracted the attention of all who could read ; and many who could not read heard it repeated with delight. Crowds of children surrounded Piedro's board of promise, and they all went away the first day amply satisfied. Each had a full measure of coloured sugar-plums at the usual price, and along with these a burnt almond gratis. The burnt almond had such an effect upon the public judgment, that it was universally allowed  
 20 that the sugar-plums were, as the advertisement set forth, the largest, sweetest, most admirable ever sold in Naples ; though all the time they were, in no respect, better than any other sugar-plums.

It was generally reported that Piedro gave full measure—fuller than any other board in the city. He measured the sugar-plums in a little cubical tin box ; and this, it was affirmed, he heaped up to the top, and pressed down before he poured out the contents into the open hands of his approving customers. This belief, and Piedro's popularity,  
 30 continued longer even than he had expected ; and, as he thought his sugar-plums had secured their reputation with *the generous public*, he gradually neglected to add burnt almonds gratis.

One day a boy of about ten years old passed carelessly by, whistling as he went along, and swinging a carpenter's rule in his hand. 'Ha! what have we here?' cried he, stopping to read what was written on Piedro's board. 'This promises rarely. Old as I am, and tall of my age, which makes the matter worse, I am still as fond of sugar-plums as my little sister, who is five years younger than I. Come, Signor, fill me quick, for I'm in haste to taste them, two measures of the sweetest, largest, most admirable sugar-plums in Naples—one measure for myself and one for 10 my little Rosetta.'

'You'll pay for yourself and your sister, then,' said Piedro, 'for no credit is given here.'

'No credit do I ask,' replied the lively boy; 'when I told you I loved sugar-plums, did I tell you I loved them, or even my sister, so well as to run in debt for them? Here's for myself, and here's for my sister's share,' said he, laying down his money; 'and now for the burnt almonds gratis, my good fellow.'

'They are all out; I have been out of burnt almonds 20 this great while,' said Piedro.

'Then why are they in your advertisement here?' said Carlo.

'I have not had time to scratch them out of the board.'

'What! not when you have, by your own account, been out of them a great while? I did not know it required so much time to blot out a few words—let us try'; and as he spoke, Carlo, for that was the name of Piedro's new customer, pulled a bit of white chalk out of his pocket, and drew a broad score across the line on the board which 30 promised burnt almonds gratis.

'You are most impatient,' said Piedro; 'I shall have a fresh stock of almonds to-morrow.' 'Why must the board

tell a lie to-day?' 'It would ruin me to alter it,' said  
 Piedro. 'A lie may ruin you, but I could scarcely think  
 the truth could.' 'You have no right to meddle with me  
 or my board,' said Piedro, put off his guard, and out of his  
 usual soft voice of civility, by this last observation. 'My  
 character, and that of my board, are too firmly established  
 now for any chance customer like you to injure.' 'I never  
 dreamed of injuring you or anyone else,' said Carlo—'I  
 wish, moreover, you may not injure yourself. Do as you  
 10 please with your board, but give me my sugar-plums, for I  
 have some right to meddle with those, having paid for  
 them.' 'Hold out your hand, then.' 'No, put them in  
 here, if you please; put my sister's, at least, in here; she  
 likes to have them in this box: I bought some for her  
 in it yesterday, and she'll think they'll taste the better out  
 of the same box. But how is this? your measure does not  
 fill my box nearly; you give us very few sugar-plums for  
 our money.' 'I give you full measure, as I give to every-  
 body.' 'The measure should be an inch cube, I know,'  
 20 said Carlo; 'that's what all the little merchants have  
 agreed to, you know.' 'True,' said Piedro, 'so it is.'  
 'And so it is, I must allow,' said Carlo, measuring the  
 outside of it with the carpenter's rule which he held in his  
 hand. 'An inch every way; and yet by my eye—and I  
 have no bad one, being used to measuring carpenter's work  
 for my father—by my eye I should think this would have  
 held more sugar-plums.' 'The eye often deceives us,' said  
 Piedro. 'There's nothing like measuring, you find.' 'There's  
 nothing like measuring, I find, indeed,' replied Carlo, as he  
 30 looked closely at the end of his rule, which, since he spoke  
 last, he had put into the tin cube to take its depth in the  
 inside. 'This is not as deep by a quarter of an inch,  
 Signor Piedro, measured within as it is measured without.'

Piedro changed colour terribly, and seizing hold of the tin box, endeavoured to wrest it from the youth who measured so accurately. Carlo held his prize fast, and lifting it above his head, he ran into the midst of the square where the little market was held, exclaiming, 'A discovery! a discovery! that concerns all who love sugar-plums. A discovery! a discovery! that concerns all who have ever bought the sweetest, largest and most admirable sugar-plums ever sold in Naples.'

The crowd gathered from all parts of the square as he spoke.

'We have bought,' and 'We have bought of those sugar-plums,' cried several little voices at once, 'if you mean Piedro's.'

'The same,' continued Carlo—'he who, out of gratitude to his numerous customers, gives, or promises to give, burnt almonds gratis.'

'Excellent they were!' cried several voices. 'We all know Piedro well; but what's your discovery?'

'My discovery is,' said Carlo, 'that you, none of you, know Piedro. Look you here; look at this box—this is his measure; it has a false bottom—it holds only three-quarters as much as it ought to do; and his numerous customers have all been cheated of one-quarter of every measure of the admirable sugar-plums they have bought from him. "Think twice of a good bargain," says the proverb.'

'So we have been finely duped, indeed,' cried some of the bystanders, looking at one another with a mortified air. Full of courtesy, full of craft! 'So this is the meaning of his burnt almonds gratis,' cried others; all joined in an uproar of indignation, except one, who, as he stood behind the rest, expressed in his countenance silent surprise and and sorrow.

'Is this *Piedro* a relation of yours?' said *Carlo*, going up to this silent person. 'I am sorry, if he be, that I have published his disgrace, for I would not hurt *you*. You don't sell sugar-plums as he does, I'm sure; for my little sister *Rosetta* has often bought from you. Can this *Piedro* be a friend of yours?'

'I wished to have been his friend; but I see I can't,' said *Francisco*. 'He is a neighbour of ours; and I pitied him; but since he is at his own old tricks again, there's an end  
10 of the matter. I have reason to be obliged to you, for I was nearly taken in. He has behaved so well for some time past, that I intended this very evening to have gone to him, and to have told him that I was willing to do for him what he has long begged of me to do—to enter into partnership with him.'

'*Francisco*! *Francisco*!—your measure, lend us your measure!' exclaimed a number of little merchants crowding round him. 'You have a measure for sugar-plums; and we have all agreed to refer to that, and to see how much  
20 we have been cheated before we go to break *Piedro's* bench and declare him bankrupt—the punishment for all knaves.'

They pressed on to *Francisco's* board, obtained his measure, found that it held something more than a quarter above the quantity that could be contained in *Piedro's*. The cries of the enraged populace were now most clamorous. They hung the just and the unjust measures upon high poles; and, forming themselves into a formidable phalanx, they proceeded towards *Piedro's* well-known yellow lettered board, exclaiming, as they went along,  
30 'Common cause! common cause! The little Neapolitan merchants will have no knaves amongst them! Break his bench! break his bench! He is a bankrupt in honesty.'

*Piedro* saw the mob, heard the indignant clamour, and,



terrified at the approach of numbers, he fled with the utmost precipitation, having scarcely time to pack up half his sugar-plums. There was a prodigious number, more than would have filled many honest measures, scattered upon the ground and trampled under foot by the crowd. Piedro's bench was broken, and the public vengeance wreaked itself also upon his treacherous painted board. It was, after being much disfigured by various inscriptions expressive of the universal contempt for Piedro, hung up in a conspicuous part of the market-place; and the false 10 measure was fastened like a cap upon one of its corners. Piedro could never more show his face in this market, and all hopes of friendship—all hopes of partnership with Francisco—were for ever at an end.

If rogues would calculate, they would cease to be rogues; for they would certainly discover that it is most for their interest to be honest—setting aside the pleasure of being esteemed and beloved, of having a safe conscience, with perfect freedom from all the various embarrassments and terror to which knaves are subject. Is it not clear that our 20 crafty hero would have gained rather more by a partnership with Francisco, and by a fair character, than he could possibly obtain by fraudulent dealing in comfits?

When the mob had dispersed, after satisfying themselves with executing summary justice upon Piedro's bench and board, Francisco found a carpenter's rule lying upon the ground near Piedro's broken bench, which he recollected to have seen in the hands of Carlo. He examined it carefully, and he found Carlo's name written upon it, and the name of the street where he lived; and though it was consider- 36 ably out of his way, he set out immediately to restore the rule, which was a very handsome one, to its rightful owner. After a hot walk through several streets, he overtook

Carlo, who had just reached the door of his own house. Carlo was particularly obliged to him, he said, for restoring this rule to him, as it was a present from the master of a vessel, who employed his father to do carpenter's work for him. 'One should not praise one's self, they say,' continued Carlo; 'but I long so much to gain your good opinion, that I must tell you the whole history of the rule you have restored. It was given to me for having measured the work and made up the bill of a whole pleasure-boat  
 10 myself. You may guess I should have been sorry enough to have lost it. Thank you for its being once more in my careless hands, and tell me, I beg, whenever I can do you any service. By-the-by, I can make up for you a fruit stall. I'll do it to-morrow, and it shall be the admiration of the market. Is there anything else you could think of for me?'

'Why, yes,' said Francisco; 'since you are so good-natured, perhaps you'd be kind enough to tell me the meaning of some of those lines and figures that I see  
 20 upon your rule. I have a great curiosity to know their use.'

'That I'll explain to you with pleasure, as far as I know them myself; but when I'm at fault, my father, who is cleverer than I am, and understands trigonometry, can help us out.'

'Trigonometry!' repeated Francisco, not a little alarmed at the high sounding word; 'that's what I certainly shall never understand.'

'Oh, never fear,' replied Carlo, laughing. 'I looked just  
 30 as you do now—I felt just as you do now—all in a fright and a puzzle, when I first heard of angles and sines, and co-sines, and arcs and centres, and complements and tangents.'

‘Oh, mercy ! mercy !’ interrupted Francisco, whilst Carlo laughed, with a benevolent sense of superiority.

‘Why,’ said Carlo, ‘you’ll find all these things are nothing when you are used to them. But I cannot explain my rule to you here broiling in the sun. Besides, it will not be the work of a day, I promise you ; but come and see us at your leisure hours, and we’ll study it together. I have a great notion we shall become friends ; and, to begin, step in with me now,’ said Carlo, ‘and eat a little macaroni with us. I know it is ready by this time. Besides, you’ll see 10 my father, and he’ll show you plenty of rules and compasses, as you like such things ; and then I’ll go home with you in the cool of the evening, and you shall show me your melons and vines, and teach me, in time, something of gardening. Oh, I see we must be good friends, just made for each other ; so come in—no ceremony.

Carlo was not mistaken in his predictions ; he and Francisco became very good friends, spent all their leisure hours together, either in Carlo’s workshop or in Francisco’s vineyard, and they mutually improved each other. Francisco, before he saw his friend’s rule, knew but just enough of arithmetic to calculate in his head the price of the fruit which he sold in the market ; but with Carlo’s assistance, and the ambition to understand the tables and figures upon the wonderful rule, he set to work in earnest, and in due time, satisfied both himself and his master.

‘Who knows but these things that I am learning now may be of some use to me before I die ?’ said Francisco, as he was sitting one morning with his tutor, the carpenter.

‘To be sure it will,’ said the carpenter, putting down his 30 compasses, with which he was drawing a circle—‘Arithmetic is a most useful, and I was going to say necessary thing to be known by men in all stations ; and a little

trigonometry does no harm. In short, my maxim is, that no knowledge comes amiss; for a man's head is of as much use to him as his hands; and even more so.

“A word to the wise will always suffice.”

‘Besides, to say nothing of making a fortune, is not there a great pleasure in being something of a scholar, and being able to pass one's time with one's book, and one's compasses and pencil? Safe companions these for young and old. No one gets into mischief that has pleasant things to think  
10 of and to do when alone; and I know, for my part, that trigonometry is——’

Here the carpenter, just as he was going to pronounce a fresh panegyric upon his favourite trigonometry, was interrupted by the sudden entrance of his little daughter Rosetta, all in tears: a very unusual spectacle, for, taking the year round, she shed fewer tears than any child of her age in Naples.

‘Why, my dear good humoured little Rosetta, what has happened? Why these large tears?’ said her brother  
20 Carlo, and he went up to her, and wiped them from her cheeks. ‘And these that are going over the bridge of the nose so fast? I must stop these tears, too,’ said Carlo.

Rosetta, at this speech, burst out laughing, and said that she did not know till then that she had any bridge on her nose.

‘And were these shells the cause of the tears?’ said her brother, looking at a heap of shells, which she held before her in her frock.

‘Yes, partly,’ said Rosetta. ‘It was partly my own  
30 fault, but not all. You know I went out to the carpenter's yard, near the arsenal, where all the children are picking up chips and sticks so busily; and I was as busy as any of’

them, because I wanted to fill my basket soon; and then I thought I should sell my basketful directly in the little wood-market. As soon as I had filled my basket, and made up my faggot (which was not done, brother, till I was almost baked by the sun, for I was forced to wait by the carpenters for the bits of wood to make up my faggot)—I say, when it was all ready, and my basket full, I left it all together in the yard.’ ‘That was not wise to leave it,’ said Carlo. ‘But I only left it for a few minutes, brother, and I could not think anybody would be so dishonest as to take it whilst I was away. I only just ran to tell a boy, who had picked up all these beautiful shells upon the sea-shore, and who wanted to sell them, that I should be glad to buy them from him, if he would only be so good as to keep them for me, for an hour or so, till I had carried my wood to market, and till I had sold it, and so had money to pay him for the shells.’

‘Your heart was set mightily on these shells, Rosetta.’

‘Yes; for I thought you and Francisco, brother, would like to have them for your nice grotto that you are making 10 at Resina. That was the reason I was in such a hurry to get them. The boy who had them to sell was very good-natured; he poured them into my lap, and said I had such an honest face he would trust me, and that as he was in a great hurry, he could not wait an hour whilst I sold my wood; but that he was sure I would pay him in the evening, and he told me that he would call here this evening for the money. But now what shall I do, Carlo? I shall have no money to give him: I must give him back his shells, and that’s a great pity.’ 30

‘But how happened it that you did not sell your wood?’

‘Oh, I forgot; did not I tell you that? When I went back for my basket, do you know it was empty, quite

empty, not a chip left? Some dishonest person had carried it all off. Had not I reason to cry now, Carlo?’

‘I’ll go this minute into the wood market, and see if I can find your faggot. Won’t that be better than crying?’ said her brother. ‘Should you know anyone of your pieces of wood again if you were to see them?’

‘Yes, one of them, I am sure, I should know again,’ said Rosetta. ‘It had a notch at one end of it, where one of the carpenters cut it off from another piece of wood for me.’

10 ‘And is this piece of wood from which the carpenter cut it still to be seen?’ said Francisco. ‘Yes, it is in the yard: but I cannot bring it to you, for it is very heavy.’

‘We can go to it,’ said Francisco, ‘and I hope we shall recover your basketful.’

Carlo and his friend went with Rosetta immediately to the yard, near the arsenal, saw the notched piece of wood, and then proceeded to the little wood-market, and searched every heap that lay before the little factors; but no notched bit was to be found, and Rosetta declared that she  
20 did not see one stick that looked at all like any of hers.

On their part, her companions eagerly untied their faggots to show them to her, and exclaimed, ‘that they were incapable of taking what did not belong to them; that of all persons they should never have thought of taking anything from the good-natured little Rosetta, who was always ready to give to others, and to help them in making up their loads.’

Despairing of discovering the thief, Francisco and Carlo left the market. As they were returning home, they were  
30 met by the English servant Arthur, who asked Francisco where he had been, and where he was going.

As soon as he heard of Rosetta’s lost faggot, and of the bit of wood, notched at one end, of which Rosetta drew the

shape with a piece of chalk, which her brother had lent her, Arthur exclaimed, 'I have seen such a bit of wood as this within this quarter of an hour ; but I cannot recollect where. Stay ! this was at the baker's, I think, where I went for some rolls for my master. It was lying beside his oven.'

To the baker's they all went as fast as possible, and they got there but just in time. The baker had in his hand the bit of wood with which he was that instant going to feed his oven.

'Stop, good Mr. Baker !' cried Rosetta, who ran into 10 the baker's shop first ; and as he heard 'Stop ! stop !' re-echoed by many voices, the baker stopped ; and turning to Francisco, Carlo and Arthur, begged, with a countenance of some surprise, to know why they had desired him to stop.

The case was easily explained, and the baker told them that he did not buy any wood in the little market that morning ; that this faggot he had purchased between the hours of twelve and one from a lad about Francisco's height, whom he met near the yard of the arsenal. 20

'This is my bit of wood, I am sure ; I know it by this notch,' said Rosetta.

'Well,' said the baker, 'if you will stay here a few minutes, you will probably see the lad who sold it to me. He desired to be paid in bread, and my bread was not quite baked when he was here. I bid him call again in an hour, and I fancy he will be pretty punctual, for he looked desperately hungry.'

The baker had scarcely finished speaking when Francisco, who was standing watching at the door, exclaimed, 'Here 30 comes Pietro ! I hope he is not the boy who sold you the wood, Mr. Baker ?' 'He is the boy, though,' replied the baker, and Pietro, who now entered the shop, started at

the sight of Carlo and Francisco, whom he had never seen since the day of disgrace in the fruit-market.

'Your servant, Signor Pietro,' said Carlo; 'I have the honour to tell you that this piece of wood, and all that you took out of the basket, which you found in the yard of the arsenal, belongs to my sister.' 'Yes, indeed,' cried Rosetta.

Pietro being very certain that nobody saw him when he emptied Rosetta's basket, and imagining that he was suspected only upon the bare assertion of a child like Rosetta,  
10 who might be baffled and frightened out of her story, boldly denied the charge, and defied any one to prove him guilty.

'He has a right to be heard in his own defence,' said Arthur, with the cool justice of an Englishman; and he stopped the angry Carlo's arm, who was going up to the culprit with all the Italian vehemence of oratory and gesture. Arthur went on to say something in bad Italian about the excellence of an English trial by jury, which Carlo was too much enraged to hear, but to which Francisco  
20 paid attention, and turning to Pietro, he asked him if he was willing to be judged by twelve of his equals? 'With all my heart,' said Pietro, still maintaining an unmoved countenance, and they returned immediately to the little wood-market. On their way, they had passed through the fruit-market, and crowds of those who were well acquainted with Pietro's former transactions followed, to hear the event of the present trial.

Arthur could not, especially as he spoke wretched Italian, make the eager little merchants understand the nature and  
30 advantages of an English trial by jury. They preferred their own summary mode of proceeding. Francisco, in whose integrity all had perfect confidence, was chosen with unanimous shouts for the judge; but he declined the office,



and another was appointed. He was raised upon a bench, and the guilty but insolent looking Piedro, and the ingenuous, modest Rosetta stood before him. She made her complaint in a very artless manner; and Piedro, with ingenuity, which in a better cause would have deserved admiration, spoke volubly and craftily in his own defence. But all that he could say could not alter facts. The judge compared the notched bit of wood found at the baker's with a piece from which it was cut, which he went to see in the yard of the arsenal. It was found to fit exactly. The 10 judge then found it impossible to restrain the loud indignation of all the spectators. The prisoner was sentenced never more to sell wood in the market; and the moment sentence was pronounced, Piedro was hissed and hooted out of the market-place. Thus a third time he deprived himself of the means of earning his bread.

We shall not dwell upon all his petty methods of cheating in the trades he next attempted. He handed lemonade about in a part of Naples where he was not known, but he lost his customers by putting too much water and too little 20 lemon into this beverage. He then took to the waters from the sulphurous springs, and served them about to foreigners; but one day, as he was trying to jostle a competitor from the coach door, he slipped his foot, and broke his glasses. They had been borrowed from an old woman, who hired out glasses to the boys who sold lemonade. Piedro knew that it was the custom to pay, of course, for all that was broken; but this he was not inclined to do. He had a few shillings in his pocket, and thought that it would be very clever to defraud this poor woman of her 30 right, and to spend his shillings upon what he valued much more than he did his good name—macaroni. The shillings were soon gone.

We shall now for the present leave Piedro to his follies and his fate ; or, to speak more properly, to his follies and their inevitable consequences.

Francisco was all this time acquiring knowledge from his new friends, without neglecting his own or his father's business. He contrived, during the course of autumn and winter, to make himself a tolerable arithmetician. Carlo's father could draw plans in architecture neatly ; and, pleased with the eagerness Francisco showed to receive instruction, 10 he willingly put a pencil and compasses into his hand, and taught him all he knew himself. Francisco had great perseverance, and, by repeated trials, he at length succeeded in copying exactly all the plans which his master lent him. His copies, in time, surpassed the originals, and Carlo exclaimed, with astonishment : ' Why, Francisco, what an astonishing *genius* you have for drawing !—Absolutely you draw plans better than my father !'

' As to genius,' said Francisco, honestly, ' I have none. All that I have done has been done by hard labour. I 20 don't know how other people do things ; but I am sure that I never have been able to get anything done well but by patience. Don't you remember, Carlo, how you and even Rosetta laughed at me the first time your father put a pencil into my awkward, clumsy hands ?'

' Because,' said Carlo, laughing again at the recollection, ' you held your pencil so drolly ; and when you were to cut it, you cut it just as if you were using a pruning-knife to your vines : but now it is your turn to laugh, for you surpass us all. And the times are changed since I set 30 about to explain this rule of mine to you.'

' Ay, that rule,' said Francisco—' how much I owe to it ! Some great people, when they lose any of their fine things, cause the crier to promise a reward of so much money to

anyone who shall find and restore their trinket. How richly have you and your father rewarded me for returning this rule !’

Francisco’s modesty and gratitude, as they were perfectly sincere, attached his friends to him most powerfully ; but there was one person who regretted our hero’s frequent absences from his vineyard at Resina. Not Francisco’s father, for he was well satisfied his son never neglected his business ; and as to the hours spent in Naples, he had so much confidence in Francisco that he felt no apprehensions 10 of his getting into bad company. When his son had once said to him, ‘ I spend my time at such a place, and in such and such a manner,’ he was as well convinced of its being so as if he had watched and seen him every moment of the day. But it was Arthur who complained of Francisco’s absence.

‘ I see, because I am an Englishman,’ said he, ‘ you don’t value my friendship, and yet that is the very reason you ought to value it ; no friends so good as the English, be it spoken without offence to your Italian friend, for whom 20 you now continually leave me to dodge up and down here in Resina, without a soul that I like to speak to, for you are the only Italian I ever liked.’

‘ You *shall* like another, I promise you,’ said Francisco. ‘ You must come with me to Carlo’s, and see how I spend my evenings ; then complain of me, if you can.’

It was the utmost stretch of Arthur’s complaisance to pay this visit ; but, in spite of his national prejudices and habitual reserve of temper, he was pleased with the reception he met with from the generous Carlo and the playful 30 Rosetta. They showed him Francisco’s drawings with enthusiastic eagerness ; and Arthur, though no great judge of drawing, was in astonishment, and frequently repeated,

‘I know a gentleman who visits my master who would like these things. I wish I might have them to show him.’

‘Take them, then,’ said Carlo, ‘I wish all Naples could see them, provided they might be liked half as well as I like them.’

Arthur carried off the drawings, and one day, when his master was better than usual, and when he was at leisure, eating a dessert of Francisco’s grapes, he entered respectfully, with his little portfolio under his arm, and begged  
 10 permission to show his master a few drawings done by the gardener’s son, whose grapes he was eating.

Though not quite so partial a judge as the enthusiastic Carlo, this gentleman was both pleased and surprised at the sight of these drawings, considering how short a time Francisco had applied himself to this art, and what slight instructions he had received. Arthur was desired to summon the young artist. Francisco’s honest, open manner, joined to the proofs he had given of his abilities, and the character Arthur gave him for strict honesty, and  
 20 constant kindness to his parents, interested Mr. Lee, the name of this English gentleman, much in his favour. Mr. Lee was at this time in treaty with an Italian painter, whom he wished to engage to copy for him exactly some of the cornices, mouldings, tablets, and antique ornaments which are to be seen amongst the ruins of the ancient city of Herculaneum.

### CHAPTER III.

*Tutte le gran facienze si fanno di poca cosa.*

What great events from trivial causes spring.

SIGNOR CAMILLO, the artist employed by Mr. Lee to copy some of the antique ornaments in Herculaneum, was a

liberal minded man, perfectly free from that mean jealousy which would repress the efforts of rising genius.

‘Here is a lad scarcely fifteen, a poor gardener’s son, who, with merely the instructions he could obtain from a common carpenter, has learned to draw these plans and elevations, which you see are tolerably neat. What an advantage your instruction would be to him,’ said Mr. Lee, as he introduced Francisco to Signor Camillo. ‘I am interested in this lad from what I have learned of his good conduct. I hear he is strictly honest, and one of the best 10 of sons. Let us do something for him. If you will give him some knowledge of your art, I will, as far as money can recompense you for your loss of time, pay whatever you may think reasonable for his instruction.’

Signor Camillo made no difficulties ; he was pleased with his pupil’s appearance, and every day he liked him better and better. In the room where they worked together there were some large books of drawings and plates, which Francisco saw now and then opened by his master, and which he had a great desire to look over ; but when he was 20 left in the room by himself he never touched them, because he had not permission. Signor Camillo, the first day he came into this room with his pupil, said to him, ‘Here are many valuable books and drawings, young man. I trust, from the character I have heard of you, that they will be perfectly safe here.’

Some weeks after Francisco had been with the painter, they had occasion to look for the front of a temple in one of these large books. ‘What ! don’t you know in which book to look for it, Francisco ?’ cried his master, with some 30 impatience. ‘Is it possible that you have been here so long with these books, and that you cannot find the print I mean ? Had you half the taste I gave you credit for, you

would have singled it out from all the rest, and have it fixed in your memory.'

'But, signor, I never saw it,' said Francisco, respectfully, 'or, perhaps, I should have preferred it.'

'That you never saw it, young man, is the very thing of which I complain. Is a taste for the arts to be learned, think you, by looking at the cover of a book like this? Is it possible that you never thought of opening it?'

'Often and often,' cried Francisco, 'have I longed to open 10 it; but I thought it was forbidden me, and however great my curiosity in your absence, I have never touched them. I hoped indeed, that the time would come when you would have the goodness to show them to me.'

'And so the time is come, excellent young man,' cried Camillo; 'much as I love taste, I love integrity more. I am now sure of your having the one, and let me see whether you have, as I believe you have, the other. Sit you down here beside me; and we will look over these books together.'

The attention with which his young pupil examined 20 everything, and the pleasure he unaffectedly expressed in seeing these excellent prints, sufficiently convinced his judicious master that it was not from the want of curiosity or taste that he had never opened these tempting volumes. His confidence in Francisco was much increased by this circumstance, slight as it may appear.

One day, Signor Camillo came behind Francisco, as he was drawing with much intentness, and tapping him upon the shoulder, he said to him: 'Put up your pencils and follow me, I can depend upon your integrity; I have 30 pledged myself for it. Bring your note-book with you, and follow me; I will this day show you something that will entertain you at least as much as my large book of prints. Follow me.'

Francisco followed, till they came to the pit near the entrance of Herculaneum. 'I have obtained leave for you to accompany me,' said his master, 'and you know, I suppose, that this is not a permission granted to everyone?' Paintings of great value, besides ornaments of gold and silver, antique bracelets, rings, etc., are from time to time found amongst these ruins, and therefore it is necessary that no person should be admitted whose honesty cannot be depended upon. Thus, even Francisco's talents could not have advanced him in the world, unless they had 10 been united to integrity. He was much delighted and astonished by the new scene that was now opened to his view; and as, day after day, he accompanied his master to this subterraneous city, he had leisure for observation. He was employed, as soon as he had gratified his curiosity, in drawing. There are niches in the walls in several places, from which pictures have been dug, and these niches are often adorned with elegant masques, figures and animals, which have been left by the ignorant or careless workmen, and which are going fast to destruction. Signor Camillo, 20 who was copying these for his English employer, had a mind to try his pupil's skill, and, pointing to a niche bordered with grotesque figures, he desired him to try if he could make any hand of it. Francisco made several trials, and at last finished such an excellent copy, that his enthusiastic and generous master, with warm encomiums, carried it immediately to his patron, and he had the pleasure to receive from Mr. Lee a purse containing five guineas, as a reward and encouragement for his pupil.

Francisco had no sooner received this money than he 30 hurried home to his father and mother's cottage. His mother, some months before this time, had taken a small dairy farm; and her son had once heard her express a wish

that she was but rich enough to purchase a remarkably fine brindled cow, which belonged to a farmer in the neighbourhood.

‘Here, my dear mother,’ cried Francisco, pouring the guineas into her lap; ‘and here,’ continued he, emptying a bag, which contained about as much more, in small Italian coins, the profits of trade-money he had fairly earned during the two years he sold fruit amongst the little Neapolitan merchants; ‘this is all yours, dearest mother, 10 and I hope it will be enough to pay for the brindled cow. Nay, you must not refuse me—I have set my heart upon the cow being milked by you this very evening; and I’ll produce my best bunches of grapes, and my father, perhaps, will give us a melon; for I’ve had no time for melons this season; and I’ll step to Naples and invite—may I, mother?—my good friends, dear Carlo and your favourite little Rosetta, and my old drawing master, and my friend Arthur, and we’ll sup with you at your dairy.’

The happy mother thanked her son, and the father 20 assured him that neither melon nor pine-apple should be spared, to make a supper worthy of his friends.

The brindled cow was bought, and Arthur and Carlo and Rosetta most joyfully accepted their invitation.

The carpenter had unluckily appointed to settle a long account that day with one of his employers, and he could not accompany his children. It was a delicious evening; they left Naples just as the sea-breeze, after the heats of the day, was most refreshingly felt. The walk to Resina, the vineyard, the dairy, and most of all, the brindled cow, 30 were praised by Carlo and Rosetta, with all the Italian superlatives which signify, ‘Most beautiful! most delightful! most charming!’ Whilst the English Arthur, with as warm a heart, was more temperate in his praise, declaring



that this was 'the most like an English summer's evening of any he had ever felt since he came to Italy: and that, moreover, the cream was almost as good as what he had been used to drink in Cheshire.' The company, who were all pleased with each other, and with the gardener's good fruit, which he produced in great abundance, did not think of separating till late.

It was a bright moonlight night, and Carlo asked his friend if he would walk with them part of the way to Naples. 'Yes, all the way most willingly,' cried Francisco, 10 'that I may have the pleasure of giving to your father, with my own hands, this fine bunch of grapes, that I have reserved for him out of my own share.' 'Add this fine pine-apple for my share, then,' said his father, 'and a pleasant walk to you, my young friends.'

They proceeded gaily along, and when they reached Naples, as they passed through the square where the little merchants held their market, Francisco pointed to the spot where he found Carlo's rule. He never missed an opportunity of showing his friends that he did not forget their 20 former kindness to him. 'That rule,' said he, 'has been the cause of all my present happiness, and I thank you for——'

'O, never mind thanking him now,' interrupted Rosetta, 'but look yonder, and tell me what all those people are about.' She pointed to a group of men, women and children, who were assembled under a piazza, listening in various attitudes of attention to a man, who was standing upon a flight of steps, speaking in a loud voice, and with much action, to the people who surrounded him. Francisco, Carlo and Rosetta joined his audience. The moon 30 shone full upon his countenance, which was very expressive and which varied frequently according to the characters of the persons whose history he was telling,

and according to all the changes of their fortunes. This man was one of those who are called Improvisatori—persons who, in Italian towns, go about reciting verses or telling stories, which they are supposed to invent as they go on speaking. Some of these people speak with great fluency, and collect crowds round them in the public streets. When an Improvisatore sees the attention of his audience fixed, and when he comes to some very interesting part of his narrative, he dexterously drops his hat  
 10 upon the ground, and pauses till his auditors have paid tribute to his eloquence. When he thinks the hat sufficiently full, he takes it up again, and proceeds with his story. The hat was dropped just as Francisco and his two friends came under the piazza. The orator had finished one story, and was going to commence another. He fixed his eyes upon Francisco, then glanced at Carlo and Rosetta, and after a moment's consideration he began a story which bore some resemblance to one that our young English readers may, perhaps, know by the name  
 20 of 'Cornaro, or the Grateful Turk.'

Francisco was deeply interested in this narrative, and when the hat was dropped he eagerly threw in his contribution. At the end of the story, when the speaker's voice stopped, there was a momentary silence, which was broken by the orator himself, who exclaimed, as he took up the hat which lay at his feet, 'My friends, here is some mistake! this is not my hat; it has been changed whilst I was taken up with my story. Pray, gentlemen, find my hat amongst you; it was a remarkably good one,  
 30 a present from a nobleman for an epigram I made. I would not lose my hat for twice its value. It has my name written withinside of it, Dominicho, Improvisatore. Pray, gentlemen, examine your hats.'

Everybody present examined their hats, and showed them to Dominicho, but his was not amongst them. No one had left the company; the piazza was cleared, and searched in vain. 'The hat has vanished by magic,' said Dominicho. 'Yes, and by the same magic a statue moves,' cried Carlo, pointing to a figure standing in a niche, which had hitherto escaped observation. The face was so much in the shade that Carlo did not at first perceive that the statue was Piedro. Piedro, when he saw himself discovered, burst into a loud laugh, and throwing down 10 Dominicho's hat, which he held in his hand behind him, cried, 'A pretty set of novices! Most excellent players at hide-and-seek you would make.'

Whether Piedro really meant to have carried off the poor man's hat, or whether he was, as he said, merely in jest, we leave it to those who know his general character to decide.

Carlo shook his head. 'Still at your old tricks, Piedro,' said he. 'Remember the old proverb: No fox so cunning but he comes to the furrier's at last.' 20

'I defy the furrier and you, too,' replied Piedro, taking up his own ragged hat. 'I have no need to steal hats; I can afford to buy better than you'll have upon your head. Francisco, a word with you, if you have done crying at the pitiful story you have been listening to so attentively.'

'And what would you say to me?' said Francisco, following him a few steps. 'Do not detain me long, because my friends will wait for me.'

'If they are friends, they can wait,' said Piedro. 'You 30 need not be ashamed of being seen in my company now, I can tell you; for I am, as I always told you I should be, the richest man of the two.'

‘Rich! you rich!’ cried Francisco. ‘Well, then, it was impossible you could mean to trick that poor man out of his good hat.’

‘Impossible!’ said Pedro. Francisco did not consider that those who had habits of pilfering continue to practise them often, when the poverty which first tempted them to dishonesty ceases. ‘Impossible! You stare when I tell you I am rich; but the thing is so. Moreover, I am well with my father at home. I have friends in Naples, and I  
10 call myself Pedro the Lucky. Look you here,’ said he, producing an old gold coin. ‘This does not smell of fish, does it? My father is no longer a fisherman, nor I either. Neither do I sell sugar-plums to children; nor do I slave myself in a vineyard, like some folks; but fortune, when I least expected it, has stood my friend. I have many pieces of gold like this. Digging in my father’s garden, it was my luck to come to an old Roman vessel full of gold. I have this day agreed for a house in Naples for my father. We shall live, whilst we can afford it, like great folks, you  
20 will see; and I shall enjoy the envy that will be felt by some of my old friends, the little Neapolitan merchants, who will change their note when they see my change of fortune. What say you to all this, Francisco the Honest?’

‘That I wish you joy of your prosperity, and hope you may enjoy it long and well.’

‘Well, no doubt of that. Everyone who has it enjoys it *well*. He always dances well to whom fortune pipes.’

‘Yes, no longer pipe, no longer dance,’ replied Francisco; and here they parted; for Pedro walked away abruptly,  
30 much mortified to perceive that his prosperity did not excite much envy, or command any additional respect from Francisco.

‘I would rather,’ said Francisco, when he returned to

Carlo and Rosetta, who waited for him under the portico, when he left them—‘I would rather have such good friends as you, Carlo and Arthur, and some more I could name, and, besides that, have a clear conscience, and work honestly for my bread, than be as lucky as Pietro. Do you know he has found a treasure, he says, in his father’s garden—a vase full of gold? He showed me one of the gold pieces.’

‘Much good may they do him. I hope he came honestly by them,’ said Carlo; ‘but ever since the affair of the 10 double measure, I suspect double dealing always from him. It is not our affair, however. Let him make himself happy his way, and we ours.’

“He that would live in peace and rest,  
Must hear, and see, and say the best.”

All Pietro’s neighbours did not follow this peaceable maxim; for when he and his father began to circulate the story of the treasure found in the garden, the village of Resina did not give them implicit faith. People nodded and whispered, and shrugged their shoulders; then crossed 20 themselves, and declared that they would not, for all the riches of Naples, change places with either Pietro or his father. Regardless, or pretending to be regardless, of these suspicions, Pietro and his father persisted in their assertions. The fishing-nets were sold, and everything in their cottage was disposed of; they left Resina, went to live at Naples, and, after a few weeks, the matter began to be almost forgotten in the village.

The old gardener, Francisco’s father, was one of those who endeavoured to *think the best*; and all that he said 30 upon the subject was, that he would not exchange Francisco the Honest for Pietro the Lucky; that one can’t judge of the day till one sees the evening as well as the morning.

Not to leave our readers longer in suspense, we must inform them that the peasants of Resina were right in their suspicions. Piedro had never found any treasure in his father's garden, but he came by his gold in the following manner :—

After he was banished from the little wood-market for stealing Rosetta's basketful of wood, after he had cheated the poor woman, who let glasses out to hire, out of the value of the glasses which he broke, and, in short, after he  
10 had entirely lost his credit with all who knew him, he roamed about the streets of Naples, reckless of what became of him.

He found the truth of the proverb, 'that credit lost is like a Venice glass broken—it can't be mended again.' The few shillings which he had in his pocket supplied him with food for a few days. At last he was glad to be employed by one of the peasants who came to Naples to load their asses with manure out of the streets. They often follow very early in the morning, or during the night-  
20 time, the trace of carriages that are gone, or that are returning from the opera; and Piedro was one night at this work, when the horses of a nobleman's carriage took fright at the sudden blaze of some fireworks. The carriage was overturned near him; a lady was taken out of it, and was hurried by her attendants into a shop, where she stayed till her carriage was set to rights. She was too much alarmed for the first ten minutes after her accident to think of anything; but after some time, she perceived that she had lost a valuable diamond cross, which she had  
30 worn that night at the opera. She was uncertain where she had dropped it; the shop, the carriage, the street, were searched for it in vain.

Piedro saw it fall as the lady was lifted out of the

arriage, seized upon it, and carried it off. Ignorant as he was of the full value of what he had stolen, he knew not how to satisfy himself as to this point, without trusting someone with the secret.

After some hesitation, he determined to apply to a Jew, who, as it was whispered, was ready to buy everything that was offered to him for sale, without making any *troublesome* inquiries. It was late; he waited till the streets were cleared, and then knocked softly at the back door of the Jew's house. The person who opened the door for Pietro was his own father. Pietro started back; but his father had fast hold of him.

'What brings you here?' said the father, in a low voice, voice which expressed fear and rage mixed.

'Only to ask my way—my shortest way,' stammered Pietro.

'No equivocations! Tell me what brings you here at his time of the night? I *will* know.'

Pietro, who felt himself in his father's grasp, and who knew that his father would certainly search him, to find out what he had brought to sell, thought it most prudent to produce the diamond cross. His father could but just see its lustre by the light of a dim lamp, which hung over their heads in the gloomy passage in which they stood.

'You would have been duped, if you had gone to sell this to the Jew. It is well it has fallen into my hands. How came you by it?' Pietro answered that he had found it in the street. 'Go your ways home, then,' said his father; 'it is safe with me. Concern yourself no more about it.'

30

Pietro was not inclined thus to relinquish his booty, and he now thought proper to vary in his account of the manner in which he found the cross.\* He now confessed that it had

dropped from the dress of a lady, whose carriage was overturned as she was coming home from the opera, and he concluded by saying that, if his father took his prize from him without giving him his share of the profits, he would go directly to the shop where the lady stopped whilst her servants were raising the carriage, and that he would give notice of his having found the cross.

Piedro's father saw that his *smart* son, though scarcely sixteen years of age, was a match for him in villainy. He 10 promised him that he should have half of whatever the Jew would give for the diamonds, and Piedro insisted upon being present at the transaction.

We do not wish to lay open to our young readers scenes of iniquity. It is sufficient to say that the Jew, who was a man old in all the arts of villainy, contrived to cheat both his associates, and obtained the diamond cross for less than half its value. The matter was managed so that the transaction remained undiscovered. The lady who lost the cross, after making fruitless inquiries, gave up the search, 20 and Piedro and his father rejoiced in the success of their manœuvres.

It is said, that 'Ill gotten wealth is quickly spent'; and so it proved in this instance. Both father and son lived a riotous life as long as their money lasted, and it did not last many months. What his bad education began, bad company finished, and Piedro's mind was completely ruined by the associates with whom he became connected during what he called his *prosperity*. When his money was at an end, these unprincipled friends began to look coldly upon him, 30 and at last plainly told him—'If you mean to *live with us*, you must *live as we do*.' They lived by robbery.

Piedro, though familiarized to the idea of fraud, was shocked at the thought of becoming a robber by profession.



How difficult it is to stop in the career of vice! Whether Piedro had power to stop, or whether he was hurried on by his associates, we shall, for the present, leave in doubt.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WE turn with pleasure from Piedro the Cunning to Francisco the Honest. Francisco continued the happy and useful course of his life. By his unremitting perseverance, he improved himself rapidly under the instructions of his master and friend, Signor Camillo; his friend, we say, for the fair and open character of Francisco won, or rather earned, the friendship of this benevolent artist. The 10 English gentleman seemed to take a pride in our hero's success and good conduct. He was not one of those patrons who think that they have done enough when they have given five guineas. His servant Arthur always considered every generous action of his master's as his own, and was particularly pleased whenever this generosity was directed towards Francisco.

As for Carlo and the little Rosetta, they were the companions of all the pleasant walks which Francisco used to take in the cool of the evening, after he had been shut up 20 all day at his work. And the old carpenter, delighted with the gratitude of his pupil, frequently repeated—'That he was proud to have given the first instructions to such a *genius*; and that he had always prophesied Francisco would be a *great* man.' 'And a good man, papa,' said Rosetta; 'for though he has grown so great, and though he goes into palaces now, to say nothing of that place underground, where he has leave to go, yet, notwithstanding all this, he never forgets my brother Carlo and you.'

‘That’s the way to have good friends,’ said the carpenter. ‘And I like his way ; he does more than he says. Facts are masculine, and words are feminine.’

These good friends seemed to make Francisco happier than Pedro could be made by his stolen diamonds.

One morning, Francisco was sent to finish a sketch of the front of an ancient temple, amongst the ruins of Herculaneum. He had just reached the pit, and the men were about to let him down with cords, in the usual manner, 10 when his attention was caught by the shrill sound of a scolding woman’s voice. He looked, and saw at some paces distant this female fury, who stood guarding the windlass of a well, to which, with threatening gestures and most voluble menaces, she forbade all access. The peasants—men, women and children, who had come with their pitchers to draw water at this well—were held at bay by the enraged female. Not one dared to be the first to advance ; whilst she grasped with one hand the handle of the windlass, and, with the other tanned muscular arm extended, 20 governed the populace, bidding them remember that she was padrona, or mistress of the well. They retired, in hopes of finding a more gentle padrona at some other well in the neighbourhood ; and the fury, when they were out of sight, divided the long black hair which hung over her face, and, turning to one of the spectators, appealed to them in a sober voice, and asked if she was not right in what she had done ? ‘I, that am padrona of the well,’ said she, addressing herself to Francisco, who, with great attention, was contemplating her with the eye of a painter—‘I, 30 that am padrona of the well, must in times of scarcity do strict justice, and preserve for ourselves alone the water of our well. There is scarcely enough even for ourselves. I have been obliged to make my husband lengthen the ropes

every day for this week past. If things go on at this rate, there will soon be not one drop of water left in my well.'

'Nor in any of the wells of the neighbourhood,' added one of the workmen, who was standing by; and he mentioned several in which the water had lately suddenly decreased; and a miller affirmed that his mill had stopped for want of water.

Francisco was struck by these remarks. They brought to his recollection similar facts, which he had often heard his father mention in his childhood, as having been observed 10 previous to the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He had also heard from his father, in his childhood, that it is better to trust to prudence than to fortune; and therefore, though the peasants and workmen, to whom he mentioned his fears, laughed, and said, 'That as the burning mountain had been favourable to them for so many years, they would trust to it and St. Januarius one day longer,' yet Francisco immediately gave up all thoughts of spending this day amidst the ruins of Herculaneum. After having inquired sufficiently, after having seen several wells, in which the 20 water had evidently decreased, and after having seen the mill-wheels that were standing still for want of their usual supply, he hastened home to his father and mother, reported what he had heard and seen, and begged of them to remove, and to take what things of value they could to some distance from the dangerous spot where they now resided.

Some of the inhabitants of Resina, whom he questioned, declared that they had heard strange rumbling noises underground; and a peasant and his son, who had been at work the preceding day in a vineyard, a little above the 30 village, related that they had seen a sudden puff of smoke come out of the earth, close to them; and that they had, at the same time, heard a noise like the going off of a pistol.

The villagers listened with large eyes and open ears to these relations ; yet such was their habitual attachment to the spot they lived upon, or such the security in their own good fortune, that few of them would believe that there could be any necessity for removing.—‘ We’ll see what will happen to-morrow ; we shall be safe here one day longer,’ said they.

Francisco’s father and mother, more prudent than the generality of their neighbours, went to the house of a  
10 relation, at some miles’ distance from Vesuvius, and carried with them all their effects.

In the meantime, Francisco went to the villa where his English friends resided. The villa was in a most dangerous situation, near Terre del Greco—a town that stands at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. He related all the facts that he had heard to Arthur, who, not having been, like the inhabitants of Resina, familiarized to the idea of living in the vicinity of a burning mountain, and habituated to trust in St. Januarius, was sufficiently alarmed by Francisco’s  
20 representations. He ran to his master’s apartment, and communicated all that he had just heard. The Count de Flora and his lady, who were at this time in the house, ridiculed the fears of Arthur, and could not be prevailed upon to remove even as far as Naples. The lady was intent upon preparations for her birthday, which was to be celebrated in a few days with great magnificence at their villa ; and she observed that it would be a pity to return to town before that day, and they had everything arranged for the festival. The prudent Englishman had not the  
30 gallantry to appear to be convinced by these arguments, and he left the place of danger. He left it not too soon, for the next morning exhibited a scene—a scene which we shall not attempt to describe.

We refer our young readers to the account of this dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, published by Sir W. Hamilton in the *Philosophical Transactions*. It is sufficient here to say that, in the space of about five hours, the wretched inhabitants of Torre del Greco saw their town utterly destroyed by the streams of burning lava which poured from the mountain. The villa of Count de Flora, with some others, which were at a little distance from the town, escaped; but they were absolutely surrounded by the lava. The count and countess were obliged to fly from 10 their house with the utmost precipitation in the night-time; and they had not time to remove any of their furniture, their plate, clothes, or jewels.

A few days after the eruption, the surface of the lava became so cool that people could walk upon it, though several feet beneath the surface it was still exceedingly hot. Numbers of those who had been forced from their houses now returned to the ruins to try to save whatever they could. But these unfortunate persons frequently found their houses had been pillaged by robbers, who in 20 these moments of general confusion, enrich themselves with the spoils of their fellow-creatures.

‘Has the count abandoned his villa? and is there no one to take care of his plate and furniture? The house will certainly be ransacked before morning,’ said the old carpenter to Francisco, who was at his house giving him an account of their flight. Francisco immediately went to the count’s house in Naples, to warn him of his danger. The first person he saw was Arthur, who, with a face of terror, said to him, ‘Do you know what has happened? It is all 30 over with Resina!’ ‘All over with Resina! What, has there been a fresh eruption? Has the lava reached Resina?’ ‘No; but it will inevitably be blown up.

There,' said Arthur, pointing to a thin figure of an Italian, who stood pale and trembling, and looking up to heaven as he crossed himself repeatedly. 'There,' said Arthur, 'is a man who has left a parcel of his cursed rockets and fireworks, with I don't know how much gunpowder, in the count's house, from which we have just fled. The wind blows that way. One spark of fire, and the whole is blown up.'

Francisco waited not to hear more ; but instantly, without explaining his intentions to anyone, set out for the  
 10 count's villa, and, with a bucket of water in his hand, crossed the beds of lava with which the house was encompassed ; when, reaching the hall where the rockets and gunpowder were left, he plunged them into the water, and returned with them in safety over the lava, yet warm under his feet.

What was the surprise and joy of the poor firework-maker when he saw Francisco return from this dangerous expedition ! He could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw the rockets and the gunpowder all safe.

20 The count, who had given up the hopes of saving his palace, was in admiration when he heard of this instance of intrepidity, which probably saved not only his villa, but the whole village of Resina from destruction. These fireworks had been prepared for the celebration of the countess's birthday, and were forgotten in the hurry of the night on which the inhabitants fled from Torre del Greco.

'Brave young man !' said the count to Francisco, 'I thank you, and shall not limit my gratitude to thanks. You tell me that there is danger of my villa being pillaged  
 30 by robbers. It is from this moment your interest, as well as mine, to prevent their depredations ; for (trust to my liberality) a portion of all that is saved of mine shall be yours.'

‘Bravo ! bravissimo !’ exclaimed one, who started from a recessed window in the hall where all this passed. ‘Bravo ! bravissimo !’—Francisco thought he knew the voice and the countenance of this man, who exclaimed with so much enthusiasm. He remembered to have seen him before, but when, or where, he could not recollect. As soon as the count left the hall, the stranger came up to Francisco. ‘Is it possible,’ said he, ‘that you don’t know me ? It is scarcely a twelvemonth since I drew tears from your eyes.’ ‘Tears from my eyes ?’ repeated Francisco, <sup>10</sup> smiling ; ‘I have shed but few tears. I have had but few misfortunes in my life.’ The stranger answered him by two extempore Italian lines, which conveyed nearly the same idea that has been so well expressed by an English poet :

‘To each their sufferings—all are men  
Condemn’d alike to groan ;  
The feeling for another’s woes,  
Th’ unfeeling for his own.’

‘I know you now perfectly well,’ cried Francisco ; ‘you <sup>20</sup> are the Improvisatore who, one fine moonlight night last summer, told us the story of Cornaro the Turk.’

‘The same,’ said the Improvisatore ; ‘the same, though in a better dress, which I should not have thought would have made so much difference in your eyes, though it makes all the difference between man and man in the eyes of the stupid vulgar. My genius has broken through the clouds of misfortune of late. A few happy impromptu verses I made on the Count de Flora’s fall from his horse attracted attention. The count patronizes me. I am here <sup>30</sup> now to learn the fate of an ode I have just composed for his lady’s birthday. My ode was to have been set to music, and to have been performed at his villa near Torre

del Greco, if these troubles had not intervened. Now that the mountain is quiet again, people will return to their senses. I expect to be munificently rewarded. But, perhaps, I detain you. Go; I shall not forget to celebrate the heroic action you have performed this day. I still amuse myself amongst the populace in my tattered garb late in the evenings, and I shall sound your praises through Naples in a poem I mean to recite on the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Adieu.'

- 10 The Improvisatore was as good as his word. That evening, with more than his usual enthusiasm, he recited his verses to a great crowd of people in one of the public squares. Amongst the crowd were several to whom the name of Francisco was well known, and by whom he was well beloved. These were his young companions, who remembered him as a fruit-seller amongst the little merchants. They rejoiced to hear his praises, and repeated the lines with shouts of applause.

'Let us pass. What is all this disturbance in the  
20 streets?' said a man, pushing his way through the crowd. A lad who held by his arm stopped suddenly on hearing the name of Francisco, which the people were repeating with so much enthusiasm.

'Ha! I have found at last a story that interests you more than that of Cornaro the Turk,' cried the Improvisatore, looking in the face of the youth, who had stopped so suddenly. 'You are the young man who, last summer, had liked to have tricked me out of my new hat. Promise me you won't touch it now,' said he, throwing down the  
30 hat at his feet, 'or you hear not one word I have to say. Not one word of the heroic action performed at the villa of the Count de Flora, near Torre del Greco, this morning, by Signor Francisco.'



'*Signor* Francisco,' repeated the lad with disdain. 'Well, let us hear what you have to tell of him,' added he. 'Your hat is very safe, I promise you; I shall not touch it. What of *Signor* Francisco?'

'*Signor* Francisco I may, without impropriety, call him,' said the Improvisatore, 'for he is likely to become rich enough to command the title from those who might not otherwise respect his merit.'

'Likely to become rich! how?' said the lad, whom our readers have probably before this time discovered to be 10 *Piedro*. 'How, pray, is he likely to become rich enough to be a signor?'

'The Count de Flora has promised him a liberal portion of all the fine furniture, plate and jewels that can be saved from his villa at Torre del Greco. Francisco is gone down thither now with some of the count's domestics to protect the valuable goods against those villainous plunderers, who robbed their fellow-creatures of what even the flames of Vesuvius would spare.'

'Come, we have had enough of this stuff,' cried the 20 man whose arm *Piedro* held. 'Come away,' and he hurried forwards.

This man was one of the villains against whom the honest orator expressed such indignation. He was one of those with whom *Piedro* got acquainted during the time that he was living extravagantly upon the money he gained by the sale of the stolen diamond cross. That robbery was not discovered; and his *success*, as he called it, hardened him in guilt. He was both unwilling and unable to with-draw himself from the 30 bad company with whom his ill-gotten wealth connected him. He did not consider that bad company leads to the gallows.

The universal confusion which followed the eruption of Mount Vesuvius was to these villains a time of rejoicing. No sooner did Piedro's companion hear of the rich furniture, plate, etc., which the imprudent orator had described as belonging to the Count de Flora's villa, than he longed to make himself master of the whole.

'It is a pity,' said Piedro, 'that the count has sent Francisco, with his servants down to guard it.' 'And who is this Francisco of whom you seem to stand in so much  
10 awe?' 'A boy, a young lad only, of about my own age; but I know him to be sturdily honest. The servants we might corrupt; but even the old proverb of "Angle with a silver hook," won't hold good with him.'

'And if he cannot be won by fair means, he must be conquered by foul,' said the desperate villain; 'but if we offer him rather more than the count has already promised for his share of the booty, of course he will consult at once his safety and his interest.'

'No,' said Piedro; 'that is not his nature. I know him  
20 from a child, and we had better think of some other house for to-night's business.'

'None other; none but this,' cried his companion, with an oath. 'My mind is determined upon this, and you must obey your leader: recollect the fate of him who failed me yesterday.'

The person to whom he alluded was one of the gang of robbers who had been assassinated by his companions for hesitating to commit some crime suggested by their leader. No tyranny is so dreadful as that which is exercised by  
30 villains over their young accomplices, who become their slaves. Piedro, who was of a cowardly nature, trembled at the threatening countenance of his captain, and promised submission.

In the course of the morning, inquiries were made secretly amongst the count's servants; and the two men who were engaged to sit up at the villa that night along with Francisco, were bribed to second the views of this gang of thieves. It was agreed that about midnight the robbers should be let into the house; that Francisco should be tied hand and foot, whilst they carried off their booty. 'He is a stubborn chap, though so young, I understand,' said the captain of the robbers to his men; 'but we carry poniards, and know how to use them. Piedro, you look 10 pale. You don't require to be reminded of what I said to you when we were alone just now?'

Piedro's voice failed, and some of his comrades observed that he was young and new to the business. The captain, who, from being his pretended friend during his wealthy days, had of late become his tyrant, cast a stern look at Piedro, and bid him be sure to be at the old Jew's, which was the place of meeting, in the dusk of the evening. After saying this he departed.

Piedro, when he was alone, tried to collect his thoughts 20—all his thoughts were full of horror. 'Where am I?' said he to himself; 'what am I about? Did I understand rightly what he said about poniards? Francisco; oh, Francisco! Excellent, kind, generous Francisco? Yes, I recollect your look when you held the bunch of grapes to my lips, as I sat by the sea-shore deserted by all the world; and now, what friends have I? Robbers and——' The word *murderers* he could not utter. He again recollected what had been said about poniards, and the longer his mind fixed upon the words, and the look that accompanied 30 them, the more he was shocked. He could not doubt but that it was the serious intention of his accomplices to murder Francisco, if he should make any resistance.

Piedro had at this moment no friend in the world to whom he could apply for advice or assistance. His wretched father died some weeks before this time, in a fit of intoxication. Piedro walked up and down the street, scarcely capable of thinking, much less of coming to any rational resolution.

The hours passed away, the shadows of the houses lengthened under his footsteps, the evening came on, and when it grew dusk, after hesitating in great agony of mind for some time, his fear of the robbers' vengeance prevailed over every other feeling, and he went at the appointed hour to the place of meeting.

The place of meeting was at the house of that Jew to whom he, several months before, sold the diamond cross. That cross which he thought himself so lucky to have stolen, and to have disposed of undetected, was, in fact, the cause of his being in his present dreadful situation. It was at the Jew's that he connected himself with this gang of robbers, to whom he was now become an absolute slave.

20 'Oh, that I dared to disobey!' said he to himself, with a deep sigh, as he knocked softly at the back door of the Jew's house. The back door opened into a narrow, unfrequented street, and some small rooms at this side of the house were set apart for the reception of guests who desired to have their business kept secret. These rooms were separated by a dark passage from the rest of the house, and numbers of people came to the shop in the front of the house, which looked into a creditable street, without knowing anything more, from the ostensible appearance of the shop, than that it was a kind of pawnbroker's, where old clothes, old iron, and all sorts of refuse goods, might be disposed of conveniently.

At the moment Piedro knocked at the back door, the

front shop was full of customers ; and the Jew's boy, whose office it was to attend to these signals, let Piedro in, told him that none of his comrades were yet come, and left him in a room by himself.

He was pale and trembling, and felt a cold dew spread over him. He had a leaden image of Saint Januarius tied round his neck, which, in the midst of his wickedness, he superstitiously preserved as a sort of charm, and on this he kept his eyes stupidly fixed, as he sat alone in this gloomy place. 10

He listened from time to time, but he heard no noise at the side of the house where he was. His accomplices did not arrive, and, in a sort of impatient terror, the attendant upon an evil conscience, he flung open the door of his cell, and groped his way through the passage which he knew led to the public shop. He longed to hear some noise, and to mix with the living. The Jew, when Piedro entered the shop, was bargaining with a poor, thin-looking man about some gunpowder.

'I don't deny that it has been wet,' said the man, 'but 20 since it was in the bucket of water, it has been carefully dried. I tell you the simple truth, that so soon after the grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the people of Naples will not relish fireworks. My poor little rockets, and even my Catharine-wheels, will have no effect. I am glad to part with all I have in this line of business. A few days ago I had fine things in readiness for the Countess de Flora's birthday, which was to have been celebrated at the count's villa.'

'Why do you fix your eyes on me, friend? What is 30 your discourse to me?' said Piedro, who imagined that the man fixed his eyes upon him as he mentioned the name of the count's villa.

‘I did not know that I fixed my eyes upon you ; I was thinking of my fireworks,’ said the poor man, simply. ‘But now that I do look at you and hear your voice, I recollect having had the pleasure of seeing you before.’

‘When ? where ?’ said Pedro.

‘A great while ago ; no wonder you have forgotten me, said the man ; ‘but I can recall the night to your recollection. You were in the street with me the night I let off that unlucky rocket, which frightened the horses, and was  
10 the cause of overturning a lady’s coach. Don’t you remember the circumstance ?’

‘I have a confused recollection of some such thing,’ said Pedro, in great embarrassment ; and he looked suspiciously at this man, in doubt whether he was cunning, and wanted to sound him, or whether he was so simple as he appeared.

‘You did not, perhaps, hear, then,’ continued the man, ‘that there was a great search made, after the overturn, for a fine diamond cross, belonging to the lady in the carriage ? That lady, though I did not know it till lately, was the  
20 Countess de Flora.’

‘I know nothing of the matter,’ interrupted Pedro, in great agitation. His confusion was so marked, that the firework-maker could not avoid taking notice of it ; and a silence of some moments ensued. The Jew, more practised in dissimulation than Pedro, endeavoured to turn the man’s attention back to his rockets and his gunpowder—agreed to take the gunpowder—paid for it in haste, and was, though apparently unconcerned, eager to get rid of him. But this was not so easily done. The man’s curiosity  
30 was excited, and his suspicions of Pedro were increased every moment by all the dark changes of his countenance. Pedro, overpowered with the sense of guilt, surprised at the unexpected mention of the diamond cross, and of the

Count de Flora's villa, stood like one convicted, and seemed fixed to the spot, without power of motion.

'I want to look at the old cambric that you said you had—that would do for making—that you could let me have cheap for artificial flowers,' said the firework-maker to the Jew ; and as he spoke, his eye from time to time looked towards Pedro.

Pedro felt for the leaden image of the saint, which he wore round his neck. The string which held it cracked, and broke with the pull he gave it. This slight circumstance affected his terrified and superstitious mind more than all the rest. He imagined at this moment his fate was decided ; that Saint Januarius deserted him, and that he was undone. He precipitately followed the firework-man the instant he left the shop, and seizing hold of his arm, whispered, 'I must speak to you.' 'Speak, then,' said the man, astonished. 'Not here ; this way,' said he, drawing him towards the dark passage : 'what I have to say must not be overheard. You are going to the Count de Flora's, are you not ?' 'I am,' said the man. He was going there to speak to the countess about some artificial flowers ; but Pedro thought he was going to speak to her about the diamond cross. 'You are going to give information against me ? Nay, hear me, I confess that I purloined that diamond cross ; but I can do the count a great service, upon condition that he pardons me. His villa is to be attacked this night by four well armed men. They will set out five hours hence. I am compelled, under the threat of assassination, to accompany them ; but I shall do no more. I throw myself upon the count's mercy. Hasten to him—we have no time to lose.'

The poor man, who heard this confession, escaped from Pedro the moment he loosed his arm. With all possible

expedition he ran to the count's palace in Naples, and related to him all that had been said by Piedro. Some of the count's servants, on whom he could most depend, were at a distant part of the city attending their mistress, but the English gentleman offered the services of his man Arthur. Arthur no sooner heard the business, and understood that Francisco was in danger, than he armed himself without saying one word, saddled his English horse, and was ready to depart before anyone else had finished their  
 10 exclamations and conjectures.

'But we are not to set out yet,' said the servant; 'it is but four miles to Torre del Greco; the sbirri (officers of justice) are summoned—they are to go with us—we must wait for them.'

They waited, much against Arthur's inclination, a considerable time for these sbirri. At length they set out, and just as they reached the villa, the flash of the pistol was seen from one of the apartments in the house. The robbers were there. This pistol was snapped by their  
 20 captain at poor Francisco, who had bravely asserted that he would, as long as he had life, defend the property committed to his care. The pistol missed fire, for it was charged with some of the damaged powder which the Jew had bought that evening from the firework maker, and which he had sold as excellent immediately afterwards to his favourite customers—the robbers who met at his house.

Arthur, as soon as he perceived the flash of the piece, pressed forward through all the apartments, followed by the count's servants and the officers of justice. At the  
 30 sudden appearance of so many armed men, the robbers stood dismayed. Arthur eagerly shook Francisco's hand, congratulating him upon his safety, and did not perceive, till he had given him several rough friendly shakes, that



his arm was wounded, and that he was pale with the loss of blood.

'It is not much—only a slight wound,' said Francisco; 'one that I should have escaped, if I had been upon my guard; but the sight of a face that I little expected to see in such company took from me all presence of mind; and one of the ruffians stabbed me here in the arm, whilst I stood in stupid astonishment.'

'Oh! take me to prison! take me to prison—I am weary of life—I am a wretch not fit to live!' cried Piedro, holding his hands to be tied by the shirri.

The next morning Piedro was conveyed to prison; and as he passed through the streets of Naples he was met by several of those who had known him when he was a child. 'Ay,' said they, as he went by, 'his father encouraged him in cheating when he was *but a child*; and see what he is come to, now he is a man!' He was ordered to remain twelve months in solitary confinement. His captain and his accomplices were sent to the galleys, and the Jew was banished from Naples. 20

And now, having got these villains out of the way, let us return to honest Francisco. His wound was soon healed. Arthur was no bad surgeon, for he let his patient get well as fast as he pleased; and Carlo and Rosetta nursed him with so much kindness, that he was almost sorry to find himself perfectly recovered.

'Now that you are able to go out,' said Francisco's father to him, 'you must come and look at my new house, my dear son.' 'Your new house, father?' 'Yes, son, and a charming one it is, and a handsome piece of land near it—30 all at a safe distance, too, from Mount Vesuvius; and can you guess how I came by it?—it was given to me for having a good son.'

‘Yes,’ cried Carlo ; ‘the inhabitants of Resina, and several who had property near Terre del Greco, and whose houses and lives were saved by your intrepidity in carrying the materials for the fireworks and the gunpowder out of this dangerous place, went in a body to the duke, and requested that he would mention your name and these facts to the king, who, amongst the grants he has made to the sufferers by the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, has been pleased to say that he gives this house and garden to  
 10 your father, because you have saved the property and lives of many of his subjects.’

The value of a handsome portion of furniture, plate, etc., in the Count de Flora’s villa, was, according to the count’s promise, given to him ; and this money he divided between his own family and that of the good carpenter who first put a pencil into his hands. Arthur would not accept of any present from him. To Mr. Lee, the English gentleman, he offered one of his own drawings—a fruit-piece. ‘I like this very well,’ said Arthur, as he examined the drawing, ‘but  
 20 I should like this melon better if it was a little bruised. It is now three years ago since I was going to buy that bruised melon from you ; you showed me your honest nature then, though you were but a boy ; and I have found you the same ever since. A good beginning makes a good ending—an honest boy will make an honest man ; and honesty is the best policy, as you have proved to all who wanted the proof, I hope.’

‘Yes,’ added Francisco’s father, ‘I think it is pretty plain that Piedro the Cunning has not managed quite so well as  
 30 Francisco the Honest.’

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE name we are now to mention is perhaps the most distinguished to be found in the annals of self-education. Of all those, at least, who, by their own efforts, and without any usurpation of the rights of others, have raised themselves to a high place in society, there is no one, as has been remarked, the close of whose history presents so great a contrast to its commencement as that of Benjamin Franklin. It fortunately happens, too, in his case, that we are in possession of abundant information as to the methods by which he contrived to surmount the many disadvantages 10 of his original condition ; to raise himself from the lowest poverty and obscurity to affluence and distinction ; and above all, in the absence of instructors, and of the ordinary helps to the acquisition of knowledge, to enrich himself so plentifully with the treasures of literature and science, as not only to be enabled to derive from that source the chief happiness of his life, but to succeed in placing himself high among the most famous writers and philosophers of his time. It is in this latter point of view, chiefly, that at present we propose to consider him ; and we shall avail ourselves, as 20 liberally as our limits will permit, of the ample details, respecting the early part of his life especially, that have been given to the public, in order to present to the reader as full and distinct an account as possible of the successive

steps of a progress so eminently worthy of being recorded, both from the interesting nature of the story, and from its value as an example and lesson, perhaps the most instructive to be anywhere found, for all who have to be either the architects of their own fortunes, or their own guides in the pursuit of knowledge.

Franklin has himself told us the story of his early life inimitably well. The narrative is given in the form of a letter to his son ; and does not appear to have been written  
 10 originally with any view to publication. 'From the poverty and obscurity,' he says, 'in which I was born, and in which I passed my earliest years, I have raised myself to a state of affluence, and some degree of celebrity in the world. As constant good fortune has accompanied me, even to an advanced period of life, my posterity will perhaps be desirous of learning the means which I employed, and which, thanks to Providence, so well succeeded with me. They may also deem them fit to be imitated, should any of them find themselves in similar circumstances.' It is not  
 20 many years since this letter was, for the first time, given to the world by the grandson of the illustrious writer, only a small portion of it having previously appeared, and that merely a re-translation into English from a French version of the original manuscript which had been published at Paris.

Franklin was born at Boston, in North America, on the 17th of January, 1706 ; the youngest, with the exception of two daughters, of a family of seventeen children. His father, who had emigrated from England about twenty-four  
 30 years before, followed the occupation of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, a business to which he had not been bred, and by which he seems with difficulty to have been able to support his numerous family. At first it was proposed to

make Benjamin a clergyman; and he was accordingly, having before learned to read, put to the grammar-school at eight years of age;—an uncle, whose namesake he was, and who appears to have been an ingenious man, encouraging the project by offering to give him several volumes of sermons to set up with, which he had taken down, in a short-hand of his own invention, from the different preachers he had been in the habit of hearing. This person, who was now advanced in life, had been only a common silk-dyer, but had been both a great reader and writer in his day, 10 having filled two quarto volumes with his own manuscript poetry. What he was most proud of, however, was his short-hand, which he was very anxious that his nephew should learn. But young Franklin had not been quite a year at the grammar-school, when his father began to reflect that the expense of a college education for him was what he could not very well afford; and that, besides, the church in America was a poor profession after all. He was accordingly removed, and placed for another year under a teacher of writing and arithmetic; after which his father 20 took him home, when he was no more than ten years old, to assist him in his own business. He was now, therefore, employed, he tells us, in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going errands, and other drudgery of the same kind. He showed so much dislike, however, to this business, that his father, afraid he would break loose and go to sea, as one of his elder brothers had done, found it advisable, after a trial of two years, to look about for another occupation for him; and after he had been taken round to see a great many 30 different sorts of tradesmen at their work, it was agreed upon that he should be bound apprentice to a cousin of his own, who was a cutler. But he had been only for some

days on trial at this business when, his father thinking the apprentice-fee which his cousin asked too high, he was again taken home. In this state of things it was finally resolved to place him with his brother James, who had been bred a printer, and had just returned from England and set up on his own account at Boston. To him, therefore, Benjamin was bound apprentice, when he was yet only in his twelfth year, on an agreement that he should remain with him in that capacity till he reached the age of twenty-one.

- 10 One of the principal reasons which induced his father to determine upon this profession for him was the fondness he had from his infancy shown for reading. All the money he could get hold of used to be eagerly laid out in the purchase of books. His father's small collection consisted principally of works in controversial divinity, a subject of little interest to a reader of his age; but, such as they were, he went through most of them. Fortunately there was also a copy of *Plutarch's Lives*, which he says he read abundantly. This and a book by Daniel Defoe, called *An*
- 20 *Essay on Projects*, he seems to think were the two works from which he derived the most advantage. His new profession of a printer, by procuring him the acquaintance of some booksellers' apprentices, enabled him considerably to extend his acquaintance with books, by frequently borrowing a volume in the evening, which he sat up reading the greater part of the night, in order that he might return it in the morning, lest it should be missed. But these solitary studies did not prevent him from soon acquiring a great proficiency in his business, in which he was every day
- 30 becoming more useful to his brother. After some time, too, his access to books was greatly facilitated by the kindness of a liberal-minded merchant who was in the habit of frequenting the printing-office, and, being possessed of a

tolerable library, invited young Franklin, whose industry and intelligence had attracted his attention, to come to see it; after which he allowed him to borrow from it such volumes as he wished to read.

Our young student was now to distinguish himself in a new character. The perusal of the works of others suggested to him the idea of trying his own talent at composition; and his first attempts in this way were a few pieces of poetry. Verse, it may be observed, is generally the earliest sort of composition attempted either by nations or 10 individuals, and for the same reasons in both cases—namely, first, because poetry has peculiar charms for the unripe understanding; and, secondly, because people at first find it difficult to conceive what composition is at all, independently of such measured cadences and other regularities as constitute verse. Franklin's poetical fit, however, did not last long. Having been induced by his brother to write two ballads, he was sent to sell them through the streets; and one of them, at least, being on a subject that had just made a good deal of noise in the place, sold, as he 20 tells us, prodigiously. But his father, who, without much literary knowledge, was a man of a remarkably sound and vigorous understanding, soon brought down the rising vanity of the young poet, by pointing out to him the many faults of his performances, and convincing him what wretched stuff they really were. Having been told, too, that verse-makers were generally beggars, with his characteristic prudence he determined to write no more ballads.

He had an intimate acquaintance of the name of Collins, who was, like himself, passionately fond of books, and with 30 whom he was in the habit of arguing upon such subjects as they met with in the course of their reading. Among other questions which they discussed in this way, one accidentally

arose on the abilities of women, and the propriety of giving them a learned education. Collins maintained their natural unfitness for any of the severer studies, while Franklin took the contrary side of the question—‘perhaps,’ he says, ‘a little for dispute’s sake.’ His antagonist had always the greater plenty of words; but Franklin thought that, on this occasion in particular, his own arguments were rather stronger; and, on their parting without settling the point, he sat down and put a summary of what he advanced in  
 10 writing, which he copied out and sent to Collins. This gave a new form to the discussion, which was now carried on for some time by letters, of which three or four had been written on both sides, when the correspondence fell into the hands of Franklin’s father. His natural acuteness and good sense enabled him here again to render an essential service to his son, by pointing out to him how far he fell short of his antagonist in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, though he had the advantage of him in correct spelling and punctuation, which he evidently owed to his  
 20 experience in the printing-office. From that moment Franklin determined to spare no pains in endeavouring to improve his style; and we shall give in his own words, the method he pursued for that end.

‘About this time,’ says he, ‘I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*; I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent; and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each  
 30 sentence, laid them by a few days; and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that



should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my 10 mind, and make me master of it. Therefore, I took some of the tales in the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion; and, after some weeks, endeavoured to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I some-20 times had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.'

Even at this early age nothing could exceed the perseverance and self-denial which he displayed, in pursuing his favourite object of cultivating his mental faculties to the utmost of his power. When only sixteen, he chanced to meet with a book in recommendation of a vegetable diet, 30 one of the arguments at least in favour of which made an immediate impression upon him—namely, its greater cheapness; and from this and other considerations, he determined

to adopt that way of living for the future. Having taken this resolution, he proposed to his brother, if he would give him weekly only half what his board had hitherto cost, to board himself; an offer which was immediately accepted. He presently found that by adhering to his new system of diet he could still save half what his brother allowed him. 'This,' says he, 'was an additional fund for buying of books: but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals,

10 I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastrycook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking.' It was about this time that, by means of Cocker's Arithmetic, he made himself master of that science, which he had twice attempted in vain to learn while at school;

20 and that he also obtained some acquaintance with the elements of geometry, by the perusal of a treatise on Navigation. He mentions, likewise, among the works which he now read, *Locke on the Human Understanding*, and the Port-Royal *Art of Thinking*, together with two little sketches on the arts of Logic and Rhetoric, which he found at the end of an English Grammar, and which initiated him into the Socratic mode of disputation, or that way of arguing by which an antagonist, by being questioned, is imperceptibly drawn into admissions which are afterwards dexterously

30 turned against him. Of this method of reasoning he became, he tells us, excessively fond, finding it very safe for himself and very embarrassing for those against whom he used it; but he afterwards abandoned it, apparently

from a feeling that it gave advantages rather to cunning than to truth, and was better adapted to gain victories in conversation than either to convince or to inform.

A few years before this his brother had begun to publish a newspaper, the second that had appeared in America. This brought most of the literary people of Boston occasionally to the printing-office; and young Franklin often heard them conversing about the articles that appeared in the newspaper, and the approbation which particular ones received. At last, inflamed with the ambition of sharing 10 in this sort of fame, he resolved to try how a communication of his own would succeed. Having written his paper, therefore, in a disguised hand, he put it at night under the door of the printing-office, where it was found in the morning, and submitted to the consideration of the critics when they met as usual. 'They read it,' says he; 'commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation; and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity.' 20 'I suppose,' he adds, 'that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be.' Encouraged, however, by the success of this attempt, he sent several other pieces to the press in the same way, keeping his secret, till, as he expresses it, all his fund of sense for such performances was exhausted. He then discovered himself, and immediately found that he began to be looked upon as a person of some consequence by his brother's literary acquaintances.

This newspaper soon after afforded him, very unex- 30 pectedly, an opportunity of extricating himself from his indenture to his brother, who had all along treated him with great harshness, and to whom his rising literary repu-

tation only made him more an object of envy and dislike. An article which they had admitted having offended the local government, his brother, as proprietor of the paper, was not only sentenced to a month's imprisonment, but prohibited from any longer continuing to print the offensive journal. In these circumstances, it was determined that it should appear for the future in the name of Benjamin, who had managed it during his brother's confinement; and, in order to prevent it being alleged that the former proprietor  
 10 was only screening himself behind one of his apprentices, the indenture by which the latter was bound was given up to him; he at the same time, in order to secure to his brother the benefit of his services, signing new indentures for the remainder of his time, which were to be kept private. 'A very flimsy scheme it was,' says Franklin; however, it was immediately executed; and the paper was printed accordingly under my name for several months. At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming  
 20 that he would not venture to produce the new indenture. It was not fair in me to take this advantage; and this I therefore reckon one of the first *errata* of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.'

Finding, however, that his brother, in consequence of this exploit, had taken care to give him such a character to  
 30 all those of his own profession in Boston that nobody would employ him there, he now resolved to make his way to New York, the nearest place where there was a printer; and accordingly, after selling his books to raise a little

money, he embarked on board a vessel for that city, without communicating his intention to his friends, who he knew would oppose it. In three days he found himself at the end of his voyage, near three hundred miles from his home, at the age of seventeen, without the least recommendation, as he tells us, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in his pocket. Worst of all, upon applying to the only printer likely to give him any employment, he found that this person had nothing for him to do, and that the only way in which he could serve 10 him was by recommending him to proceed to Philadelphia, a hundred miles farther, where he had a son, who, he believed, might employ him. We cannot follow our runaway through the disastrous incidents of this second journey; but, for the reason which he states himself, we shall allow him to give his own most graphic description of his first appearance in Philadelphia.

After concluding the account of his voyage, 'I have been the more particular,' says he, 'in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, 20 that you may, in your mind, compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings; and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on 30 account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his

being thought to have but little. I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston ; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different  
10 sorts of bread, I told him to give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it ; and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street, as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my  
20 roll all the way, and coming round found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water ; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among  
30 them ; and after looking round a while, and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy, through labour and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to

rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or  
‘slept in, in Philadelphia.’

Refreshed by his brief sojourn in this cheap place of repose, he then set out in quest of a lodging for the night. Next morning he found the person to whom he had been directed, who was not, however, able to give him any employment; but upon applying to another printer in the place, of the name of Keimer, he was a little more fortunate, being set by him, in the first instance, to put an old press to rights, and afterwards taken into regular work. He had 10 been some months at Philadelphia, his relations in Boston knowing nothing of what had become of him, when a brother-in-law, who was the master of a trading sloop, happening to hear of him in one of his voyages, wrote to him in very earnest terms to entreat him to return home. The letter which he sent in reply to this application reaching his brother-in-law when he chanced to be in company with Sir William Keith, the Governor of the Province, it was shown to that gentleman, who expressed considerable surprise on being told the age of the writer, and imme- 20 diately said that he appeared to be a young man of promising parts, and that if he would set up on his own account in Philadelphia, where the printers were wretched ones, he had no doubt he would succeed; for his part he would procure him the public business, and do him every service in his power. Some time after this, Franklin, who knew nothing of what had taken place, was one day at work along with his master near the window, when ‘we saw,’ says he, ‘the Governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware), 30 finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door. Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him but the Governor

inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French, to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer stared with astonishment.'

The reader already perceives that Sir William must have  
10 been rather an odd sort of person; and this becomes still more apparent in the sequel of the story. Having got his young protégé to the tavern, he proposed to him, over their wine, that he should as soon as possible set up in Philadelphia as a master printer, only continuing to work with Keimer till an opportunity should offer of a passage to Boston, when he would return home, to arrange the matter with his father, who, the Governor had no doubt, would, upon a letter from him, at once advance his son the necessary funds for commencing business. Accordingly,  
20 Franklin set out for Boston by the first vessel that sailed; and, upon his arrival, was very kindly received by all his family, except his brother, and surprised his father not a little by presenting him with the Governor's letter. For some time his father said little or nothing on the subject, merely remarking, that Sir William must be a person of small discretion, to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. But at last he decidedly refused to have anything to do with the arrangement; and Franklin returned to his patron to tell  
30 him of his bad success, going this time, however, with the consent and blessing of his parents, who, finding how industrious he had been while in Philadelphia, were willing that he should continue there. When Franklin presented



himself to Sir William with his father's answer to the letter he had been honoured with from that functionary, the Governor observed that he was too prudent: 'but since he will not set you up,' added he, 'I will do it myself.' It was finally agreed that Franklin should proceed in person to England, to purchase types and other necessary articles, for which the Governor was to give him letters of credit to the extent of one hundred pounds.

After repeated applications to the Governor for the promised letters of credit, Franklin was at last sent on <sup>10</sup> board the vessel, which was just on the point of sailing for England, with an assurance that Colonel French should be sent to him with the letters immediately. That gentleman soon after made his appearance, bearing a packet of dispatches from the Governor: in this packet Franklin was informed his letters were. Accordingly, when they got into the British Channel, the Captain having allowed him to search for them among the others, he found several addressed to his care, which he concluded of course to be those he had been promised. Upon presenting one of <sup>20</sup> them, however, to a stationer, to whom it was directed, the man, having opened it, merely said, 'Oh, this is from Riddlesdon (an attorney in Philadelphia, whom Franklin knew to be a thorough knave); I have lately found him to be a complete rascal;' and, giving back the letter, turned on his heel, and proceeded to serve his customers. Upon this, Franklin's confidence in his patron began to be a little shaken; and, after reviewing the whole affair in his own mind, he resolved to lay it before a very intelligent mercantile gentleman, who had come over from America <sup>30</sup> with them, and with whom he had contracted an intimacy on the passage. His friend very soon put an end to his doubts. 'He let me,' says Franklin, 'into Keith's charac-

ter; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one who knew him had the smallest dependence on him; and he laughed at the idea of the Governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give.'

Thus thrown once more on his own means, our young adventurer found there was no resource for him but to endeavour to procure some employment at his trade in London. Accordingly, having applied to a Mr. Palmer, 10 a printer of eminence in Bartholomew Close, his services were accepted, and he remained there for nearly a year. During this time, although he was led into a good deal of idleness by the example of a friend, somewhat older than himself, he by no means forgot his old habits of reading and study. Having been employed in printing a second edition of Wollaston's *Religion of Nature*, his perusal of the work induced him to compose and publish a small pamphlet in refutation of some of the author's positions, which, he tells us, he did not afterwards look back upon as altogether 20 a wise proceeding. He employed the greater part of his leisure more profitably in reading a great many works, which (circulating libraries, he remarks, not being then in use) he borrowed, on certain terms that were agreed upon between them, from a bookseller, whose shop was next door to his lodgings in Little Britain, and who had an immense collection of second-hand books. His pamphlet, however, was the means of making him known to a few of the literary characters then in London, among the rest to the noted Dr. Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the* 30 *Bees*; and to Dr. Pemberton, Sir Isaac Newton's friend, who promised to give him an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing that great man: but this, he says, never happened. He also became acquainted about the same

time with the famous collector and naturalist, Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, who had heard of some curiosities which Franklin had brought over from America. Among these was a purse made of *asbestos*, which Sir Hans purchased from him.

While with Mr. Palmer, and afterwards with Mr. Watts, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, he gave very striking evidence of those habits of temperance, self-command, industry, and frugality, which distinguished him through after-life, and were undoubtedly the source of much of the success that<sup>10</sup> attended his persevering efforts to raise himself from the humble condition in which he passed his earlier years. While Mr. Watts' other workmen spent a great part of every week's wages on beer, he drank only water, and found himself a good deal stronger, as well as much more clear-headed, on his light beverage, than they on their strong potations. 'From my example,' says he, 'a great many of them left off their muddling breakfast of beer, bread and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot<sup>20</sup> water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz.,—three half-pence. This was a more comfortable, as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with their beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer,—*their light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their<sup>30</sup> accounts. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never

making a *St. Monday*) recommended me to the master ; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon works of dispatch, which are generally better paid : so I went on now very agreeably.'

He spent about eighteen months altogether in London, during most part of which time he worked hard, he says, at his business, and spent but little upon himself except in seeing plays, and in books. At last his friend Mr. Denham, the gentleman with whom, as we mentioned before, he had  
 10 got acquainted on his voyage to England, informed him he was going to return to Philadelphia to open a store, or mercantile establishment there, and offered him the situation of his clerk at a salary of fifty pounds. The money was less than he was now making as a compositor ; but he longed to see his native country again, and he accepted the proposal. Accordingly they set sail together ; and, after a long voyage, arrived in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1726. Franklin was at this time only in his twenty-first year ; and he mentions having formed, and committed to  
 20 writing, while at sea, a plan for regulating the future conduct of his life. This unfortunately has been lost ; but he tells us himself, that, although conceived and determined upon when he was so young, it had yet 'been pretty faithfully adhered to quite through to old age.'

Mr. Denham had only begun business in Philadelphia for a few months when he died ; and Franklin was once more left upon the world. He now engaged again with his old master, Keimer, the printer, who had got a better house, and plenty of new types, though he was still as ignorant of  
 30 his business as he was at the time of Franklin's former connexion with him. While in this situation Franklin got acquainted with several persons, like himself, fond of literary pursuits ; and as the men never worked on Saturday, that

being Keimer's self-appointed Sabbath, he had the whole day for reading. He also showed his ingenuity, and the fertility of his resources on various occasions. They wanted some new types, which, there being no letter-foundry in America, were only to be procured from England; but Franklin, having seen types cast in London, though he had paid no particular attention to the process, contrived a mould, made use of the letters they had as punches, struck the matrices in lead, and thus supplied, as he tells us, in a pretty tolerable way, all deficiencies. 'I also,' he adds, 10 'engraved several things, on occasion; made the ink; I was warehouseman; and, in short, quite a *factotum*.'

He did not, however, remain long with Keimer, who had engaged him only that he might have his other workmen taught through his means; and, accordingly, when this object was in some sort attained, contrived to pick a quarrel with him, which produced an immediate separation. He then entered into an agreement with one of his fellow-workmen, of the name of Meredith, whose friends were possessed of money, to begin business in Philadelphia in 20 company with him, the understanding being that Franklin's skill should be placed against the capital to be supplied by Meredith. While he and his friend, however, were secretly preparing to put their plan in execution, he was induced to return for a few months to Keimer, on his earnest invitation, to enable him to perform a contract for the printing of some paper-money for the State of New Jersey, which required a variety of cuts and types that nobody else in the place could supply; and, the two having gone together to Burlington to superintend this business, Franklin was fortunate enough, during the three months he remained in that city, to acquire, by his agreeable manners and intelligent conversation, the friendship of several of the principal

inhabitants, with whom his employment brought him into connexion. Among these he mentions particularly, Isaac Decow, the surveyor-general. 'He was,' says Franklin, 'a shrewd, sagacious, old man, who told me that he began for himself, when young, by wheeling clay for the brickmakers, learned to write after he was of age, carried the chain for surveyors, who taught him surveying, and he had now by his industry acquired a good estate ; and, said he, I foresee that you will soon work this man (Keimer) out of his  
 10 business, and make a fortune in it at Philadelphia. He had then not the least intimation of my intention to set up there or any where.'

Soon after he returned to Philadelphia, the types that had been sent for from London arrived ; and, settling with Keimer, he and his partner took a house, and commenced business. 'We had scarce opened our letters,' says he, 'and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street, inquiring for a printer. All our  
 20 cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned ; and, from the gratitude I felt towards House, has made me often more ready than perhaps I otherwise should have been, to assist young beginners.' He had, in the autumn of the preceding year, suggested to a number of his acquaintances a scheme for forming themselves into a club for mutual improvement ; and they had accordingly  
 30 been in the habit of meeting every Friday evening under the name of the Junto. All the members of this association exerted themselves in procuring business for him ; and one of them, named Breinthal, obtained from the Quakers the

printing of forty sheets of a history of that sect of religionists, then preparing at the expense of the body 'Upon these,' says Franklin, 'we worked exceeding hard, for the price was low. It was a folio. I composed a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press. It was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work; for the little jobs sent in by our other friends, now and then, put us back. But so determined was I to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having imposed my 10 forms, I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages (the half of the day's work) reduced to *pie*, I immediately distributed and composed it over again before I went to bed; and this industry, visible to our neighbours, began to give us character and credit.' The consequence was that business, and even offers of credit, came to them from all hands.

They soon found themselves in a condition to think of establishing a newspaper; but, Franklin having inadvertently mentioned this scheme to a person who came to him 20 wanting employment, that individual carried the secret to their old master, Keimer, with whom he, as well as themselves, had formerly worked; and he immediately determined to anticipate them by issuing proposals for a paper of his own. The manner in which Franklin met and defeated this treachery is exceedingly characteristic. There was another paper published in the place, which had been in existence for some years; but it was altogether a wretched affair; and owed what success it had merely to the absence of all competition. For this print, however, 30 Franklin, not being able to commence his own paper immediately, in conjunction with a friend, set about writing a series of amusing communications under the title

of the 'Busy Body,' which the publisher printed, of course, very gladly. 'By this means,' says he, 'the attention of the public was fixed on that paper; and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqued and ridiculed, were disregarded. He began his paper, however; and before carrying it on three-quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he offered it me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly, and it proved in a few years extremely profitable to me.'

10 The paper, indeed, had no sooner got into Franklin's hands than its success equalled his most sanguine expectations. Some observations which he wrote and printed in it on a colonial subject, then much talked of, excited so much attention among the leading people of the place, that it obtained the proprietors many friends in the House of Assembly, and they were, on the first opportunity, appointed printers to the house. Fortunately, too, certain events occurred about this time which ended in the dissolution of Franklin's connexion with Meredith, who was  
 20 an idle, drunken fellow, and had all along been a mere incumbrance upon the concern. His father failing to advance the capital which had been agreed upon, when payment was demanded at the usual time by their paper-merchant and other creditors, he proposed to Franklin to relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in his hands, if the latter would take upon him the debts of the company, return to his father what he had advanced on their commencing business, pay his little personal debts, and give him thirty pounds and a new saddle. By the  
 30 kindness of two friends, who, unknown to each other, came forward unasked to tender their assistance, Franklin was enabled to accept of this proposal; and thus, about the year 1729, when he was yet only in the twenty-fourth year of his



age, he found himself, after all his disappointments and vicissitudes, with nothing, indeed, to depend upon but his own skill and industry for gaining a livelihood, and for extricating himself from debt, but yet in one sense fairly established in life, and with at least a prospect of well-doing before him.

Having followed his course thus far with so minute an observance of the several steps by which he arrived at the point to which we have now brought him, we shall not attempt to pursue the remainder of his career with the same particularity. His subsequent efforts in the pursuit <sup>10</sup> of fortune and independence were, as is well known, eminently successful; and we find in his whole history, even to its close, a display of the same spirit of intelligence and love of knowledge, and the same active, self-denying, and intrepid virtues, which so greatly distinguished its commencement. The publication of a pamphlet, soon after Meredith had left him, in recommendation of a paper currency, a subject then much debated in the province, obtained him such popularity, that he was employed by the government in printing the notes after they had <sup>20</sup> resolved upon issuing them. Other profitable business of the same kind succeeded. He then opened a stationer's shop, began gradually to pay off his debts, and soon after married. By this time his old rival, Keimer, had gone to ruin; and he was (with the exception of an old man, who was rich, and did not care about business) the only printer in the place. We now find him taking a leading part as a citizen. He established a circulating library, the first ever known in America, which, although it commenced with only fifty subscribers, became in course of time a large and <sup>30</sup> valuable collection, the proprietors of which were eventually incorporated by royal charter. While yet in its infancy, however, it afforded its founder facilities of improvement

of which he did not fail to avail himself, setting apart, as he tells us, an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself. In 1732 he first published his celebrated Almanack, under the name of 'Richard Saunders,' but which was commonly known by the name of Poor Richard's Almanack. He continued this publication annually for twenty-five years. The proverbs and pithy sentences scattered up and down in the different numbers of it were afterwards thrown together into a con-  
 10 nected discourse under the title of *The Way to Wealth*, a production which has become so extensively popular, that every one of our readers is probably familiar with it.

We shall quote, in his own words, the account he gives of the manner in which he pursued one branch of his studies:—

'I had begun,' says he, 'in 1733, to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with  
 20 him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which task the vanquished was to perform upon honour before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains-taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I  
 30 had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find,

on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it; and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way.'

In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and, being soon after appointed Deputy-postmaster for the State, he turned his thoughts to public affairs, beginning, however, as he says, with small matters. He first occupied himself in improving the city watch; then suggested and 10 promoted the establishment of a fire-insurance company; and afterwards exerted himself in organizing a philosophical society, an academy for the education of youth, and a militia for the defence of the province. In short, every part of the civil government, as he tells us, and almost at the same time, imposed some duty upon him. 'The Governor,' he says, 'put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the common council, and soon after alderman; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in the 20 assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I grew at length tired with sitting there to hear the debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so uninteresting that I was induced to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or anything to avoid weariness; and I conceived my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my ambition was not flattered by all these promotions,—it certainly was: for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were 30 still more pleasing as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited.'

G. L. CRAIK.

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET Observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,  
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good : 10  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice :  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart, 15  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art :  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20  
But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold

Fall in the general massacre of gold ;  
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell, where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30  
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord.  
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;  
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35  
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee ? Crush th' upbraiding joy ;  
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy. 40  
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade ;  
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,  
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails, 45  
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;  
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth : 50  
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.  
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,  
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;

Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner died, 55  
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;  
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;  
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws,  
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ; 60  
 How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe,  
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,  
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye !  
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, 65  
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :  
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.  
     Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
 Renew'd at every glance on humankind ; 70  
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
 Search every state, and canvass every prayer.  
     Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,  
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, 75  
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ; 80  
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies.  
 From every room descends the painted face,  
 That hung the bright palladium of the place ;  
 And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85  
 To better features yields the frame of gold :  
 For now no more we trace in every line

Heroic worth, benevolence divine :  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90  
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal ?  
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95  
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full, to riot and to rail.  
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand : 100  
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,  
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
His smile alone security bestows.  
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower, 105  
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power :  
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to seize.  
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110  
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :  
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115  
The liveried army, and the menial lord.  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest ;  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?  
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, 125  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?  
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,  
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ? 130  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings allied ?  
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,  
 And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name, 135  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;  
 Thro' all his veins the fever of renown  
 Burns from the strong contagion of the gown :  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140  
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat  
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;  
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145  
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ; 150  
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,



Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155  
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.  
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160  
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows, 165  
The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;  
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,  
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent, 170  
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,  
And fatal learning leads him to the block :  
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,  
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175  
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
For such the steady Romans shook the world ; 180  
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;  
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm  
Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game, 185  
Where wasted nations raise a single name ;

And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.  
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign : 200  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;  
 'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain,  
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'  
 The march begins, in military state, 205  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay !—  
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day : 210  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;  
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not Chance at length her error mend ? 215  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ; 220  
He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
In gay hostility, and barbarous pride, 225  
With half mankind embattled at his side,  
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
And starves exhausted regions in his way.  
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more. 230  
Fresh praise is tried, till madness fires his mind,  
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;  
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,  
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;  
The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235  
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.  
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;  
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
Through purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power ;  
With unexpected legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.  
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms, 245  
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;  
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;  
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,  
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war : 250  
The baffled prince, in honour's flattering bloom  
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;

His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,  
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days !' 255

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
That life protracted is protracted woe.  
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
And shuts up all the passages of joy : 260

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;  
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;  
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines, 265  
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,  
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ; 270  
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,  
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
Perversely grave, or positively wrong ;  
The still returning tale, and lingering jest, 275  
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,  
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :

The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280  
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,  
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains, 285

And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :  
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;  
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away ;  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears, 295  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;  
The general favourite, as the general friend :  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings,  
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings, 300  
New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305  
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;  
New forms arise, and different views engage,  
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,  
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315  
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise !  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ; 320  
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,  
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.  
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325  
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;  
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;  
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ? 330  
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,  
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,  
 Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;  
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery reign, 335  
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend :  
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied,  
 To Interest, Prudence ; and to Flattery, Pride. 340  
 Here beauty falls, betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,  
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.  
 Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?  
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?  
 Inquirer, cease : petitions yet remain,  
 Which Heav'n may hear : nor deem religion vain. 350  
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.  
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355  
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ; 360  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;  
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;  
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain, 365  
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain ;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND  
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5  
'Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair 10  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride 15  
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied, 'I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done. 20



‘I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go.’

25

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, ‘That’s well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find, . 30  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side 45  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin, 50

When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
'The wine is left behind !' 60

'Good lack !' quoth he—'yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)  
Had two stone bottles found, 65  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew, 70  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, 75  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried, 85  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright, 90  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got 95  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;  
Away went hat and wig ;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ; 110

And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
'He carries weight!' 'He rides a race!' 115  
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced; 130  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash 135  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose, at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!’ 145  
They all at once did cry;  
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired;’—  
Said Gilpin—‘So am I!’

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there! 150  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to 155  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender’s  
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim.  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

‘What news? what news? your tidings tell; 165  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke; 170

And thus unto the calender  
 In merry guise he spoke :

‘I came because your horse would come,  
 And, if I well forebode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here,— 175  
 They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Returned him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in ; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;  
 A wig that flowed behind,  
 A hat not much the worse for wear,  
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185  
 Thus showed his ready wit,  
 ‘My head is twice as big as yours,  
 They therefore needs must fit.

‘But let me scrape the dirt away  
 That hangs upon your face ; 190  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case.’

Said John, ‘It is my wedding-day,  
 And all the world would stare,  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195  
 And I should dine at Ware.’

So turning to his horse, he said,  
 ‘I am in haste to dine ;  
 ’Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine.’ 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !

For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he 205  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig : 210  
He lost them sooner than at first ;  
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away, 215  
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
'This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.' 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain :  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant, 225  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels, 230

The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235  
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
And Gilpin, long live he ! 250  
And when he next doth ride abroad  
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER.



THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

It was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured forth  
For some great festival. The fisher came  
From his green islet, bringing o'er the waves  
His wife and little one ; the husbandman  
From the Firm Land, with many a friar and nun,                   5  
And village-maiden, her first flight from home,  
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived ;  
And in his straw the prisoner turned to hear,  
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young  
Thronged her three hundred bridges ; the grave Turk, 10  
Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew  
In yellow hat and thread-bare gaberdine,  
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,  
The noblest sons and daughters of the State,  
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,                   15  
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon a distant murmur through the crowd  
Rising and rolling on, proclaimed them near ;  
And never from their earliest hour was seen  
Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two,                 20  
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them)  
First came the Brides ; each in her virgin-veil,  
Nor unattended by her bridal maids,  
The two that, step by step, behind her bore

The small but precious caskets that contained 25  
 The dowry and the presents. On she moved  
 In the sweet seriousness of virgin-youth ;  
 Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand  
 A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-plumes.  
 Her veil, transparent as the gossamer, 30  
 Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;  
 And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,  
 Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;  
 A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,  
 Wreathing her gold brocade. 35

Before the Church,

That venerable structure now no more,  
 On the sea-brink, another train they met,  
 No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,  
 Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest ;  
 Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume, 40  
 And, as he walked, with modest dignity  
 Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate  
 They join ; and slowly up the bannered aisle,  
 Led by the choir, with due solemnity  
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there 45  
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows.  
 Who can look on unmoved—the dream of years  
 Just now fulfilling ! Here a mother weeps,  
 Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son  
 Blesses the day that is to make her his ; 50  
 While she shines forth through all her ornament,  
 Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.  
 At length the rite is ending All fall down,  
 All of all ranks ; and, stretching out his hands,  
 Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds 55  
 To give the blessing—not a stir, a breath ;

When hark, a din of voices from without,  
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle!  
And lo, the door is burst, the curtain rent,  
And armed ruffians, robbers from the deep, 60  
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barberigo  
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,  
Are standing on the threshold! Statue-like  
Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,  
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike; 65  
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,  
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon  
Are gone again—amid no clash of arms  
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now?—ploughing the distant waves, 70  
Their sails outspread and given to the wind,  
They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,  
Steering for Istria; their accursed barks  
(Well are they known, the galliot and the galley)  
Freighted, alas, with all that life endears! 75  
The richest argosies were poor to them!

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore  
The matrons running wild, their festal dress  
A strange and moving contrast to their grief;  
And through the city, wander where thou wouldst, 80  
The men half armed and arming—everywhere  
As roused from slumber by the stirring trump;  
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;  
One with an axe severing in two the chain  
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank, 85  
But on that day was drifting. In an hour  
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,  
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,  
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,

Lying at anchor near the Arsenal ; 90  
 Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,  
 To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower  
 The watchman gives the signal. In the East  
 A ship is seen, and making for the Port ;  
 Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point, 95  
 Over the waters like a sea-bird flying !  
 Ha, 'tis the same, 'tis theirs ! from stern to prow  
 Green with victorious wreaths, she comes to bring  
 All that was lost.

Coasting, with narrow search,  
 Friuli—like a tiger in his spring, 100  
 They had surprised the Corsairs where they lay  
 Sharing the spoil in blind security  
 And casting lots—had slain them, one and all,  
 All to the last, and flung them far and wide  
 Into the sea, their proper element ; 105  
 Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long  
 Had hushed the babes of Venice, and who yet,  
 Breathing a little, in his look retained  
 The fierceness of his soul.

Thus were the Brides  
 Lost and recovered ; and what now remained 110  
 But to give thanks ? Twelve breast-plates and twelve  
 crowns,

By the young Victors to their Patron-Saint  
 Vowed in the field, inestimable gifts  
 Flaming with gems and gold, were in due time  
 Laid at his feet ; and ever to preserve 115  
 The memory of a day so full of change,  
 From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,  
 Through many an age, as oft as it came round,

'Twas held religiously. The Doge resigned  
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting 120  
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine ;  
And through the city, in a stately barge  
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies  
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were  
In bridal white with bridal ornaments, 125  
Each in her glittering veil ; and on the deck,  
As on a burnished throne, they glided by ;  
No window or balcony but adorned  
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof  
But covered with beholders, and the air 130  
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars  
Moving in concert with the harmony,  
Through the Rialto to the Ducal Palace,  
And at a banquet, served with honour there,  
Sat representing, in the eyes of all, 135  
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears,  
Their lovely ancestors, the Brides of Venice.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE

### THE COMBAT.

#### I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,  
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;— 5  
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

#### II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,  
Mutter'd their soldier matins by, 15  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,

And, true to promise, led the way, 20  
By thicket green and mountain grey.  
A wildering path !—they winded now  
Along the precipice's brow,  
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain 30  
Assistance from the hand to gain ;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear ! 35

## III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on, 40  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still, 50

Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;  
 And oft both path and hill were torn,  
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55  
 So toilsome was the road to trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few, 60  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;  
 Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,  
 'I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65  
 When here, but three days since, I came,  
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
 All seem'd as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,  
 Though deep perchance the villain lied.'  
 'Yet why a second venture try ?'  
 'A warrior thou, and ask me why !— 75  
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—



A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid :  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone.'— 85

## V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar ?'  
 —'No, by my word ;—of bands prepared 90  
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'— 95  
 'Free be they flung ! for we were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung !—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 100  
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?'—  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105  
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :  
 Yet this alone might from his part 110  
 Sever each true and loyal heart.'

## VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade? 115  
 Heard'st thou, that shameful word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood  
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?  
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120  
 If it were in the court of heaven.'—  
 'Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command, 125  
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain 130  
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

## VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,— 135  
 'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,  
 Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140

With gentle slopes and groves between :—  
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land. 145  
 Where dwell we now ! See, rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household bread ;  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 "To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore!  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest." 155  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey ?  
 Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain 160  
 The Saxou rears one shock of grain ;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,—  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share. 165  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution true ?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'—

## VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—‘ And, if I sought, 170  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?

What deem ye of my path waylaid ?  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ?'—  
 'As of a meed to rashness due :  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,— 175  
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,  
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180  
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,  
 Save to fulfil an augury.'—  
 'Well, let it pass ; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185  
 Enough, I am by promise tied  
 To match me with this man of pride :  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
 In peace ; but when I come again,  
 I come with banner, brand and bow 190  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before, me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band !' 195

## IX.

'Have, then, thy wish !'—He whistled shrill,  
 And he was answer'd from the hill ;  
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
 From crag to crag the signal flew.  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;  
 On right, on left, above, below,

Sprang up at once the lurking foe ;  
 From shingles grey their lances start,  
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205  
 The rushes and the willow-wand  
 Are bristling into axe and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.  
 That whistle garrison'd the glen 210  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still. 215  
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now? 225  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;  
 And, Saxon,—I am Röderick Dhu !'

## X.

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart  
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air, 230  
 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before :—

'Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I.' 235  
 Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand : 240  
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
 Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low ; 245  
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.  
 The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone. 255

## XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed  
 The witness that his sight received ;  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260  
 And to his look the Chief replied,  
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word

As far as Coilāntogle ford : 265  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ;—I only meant 270  
To show the reed on which you lent,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'  
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive : 275  
Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonour'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round  
The vanish'd guardians of the ground, 285  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind 290  
The pass was left ; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

## XII.

The chief in silence strode before,  
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,  
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300  
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.  
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,  
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305  
 And to the Lowland warrior said—  
 'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan, 310  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
 See, here all vantageless I stand, 315  
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

## XIII.

The Saxon paused :—'I ne'er delay'd,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade; 320  
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved:



Can naught but blood our feud atone? 325  
Are there no means?'—'No, Stranger, none!  
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
For thus spoke Fate by prophet, bred  
Between the living and the dead; 330  
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife."  
'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,  
'The riddle is already read.  
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,— 335  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus fate hath solved her prophecy,  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favour free,  
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,  
That, to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand, 345  
That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

## XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—  
'Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valour light 355

As that of some vain carpet-knight,  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair.'  
 'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ! 360  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone, 365  
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370  
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain, 375  
 As what they ne'er might see again ;  
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
 He practised every pass and ward, 385  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;

While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ; 390  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like winter rain :  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof, 395  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

## XVI.

'Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !'  
 'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ! 405  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'  
 —Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ; 410  
 Receiv'd, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel, 415  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—  
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,  
 His knee was planted on his breast ; 420  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—  
 —But hate and fury ill supplied 425  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye. 430  
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close, 435  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,  
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;  
 Next on his foe his look he cast,  
 Whose every gasp appear'd his last ; 440  
 In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—  
 'Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :  
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
 The praise that faith and valour give.'  
 With that he blew a bugle note, 445  
 Undid the collar from his throat,  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.

Then faint afar are heard the feet  
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ; 450  
The sounds increase, and now are seen  
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;  
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;  
Each onward held his headlong course, 455  
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—  
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—  
—'Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—  
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
And bind the wounds of yonder knight ; 460  
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,  
We destined for a fairer freight,  
And bring him on to Stirling straight ;  
I will before at better speed,  
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465  
The sun rides high ;—I must be boune,  
To see the archer-game at noon ;  
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—  
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

## XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand !'—the steed obey'd, 470  
With arching neck and bended head,  
And glancing eye and quivering ear,  
As if he loved his lord to hear.  
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,  
No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475  
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,  
And lightly bounded from the plain,  
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,  
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.

Bounded the fiery steed in air,	480
The rider sate erect and fair,	
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow	
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.	
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,	
And up Carhonie's hill they flew ;	485
Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,	
His merry-men follow'd as they might.	
Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,	
And in the race they mock thy tide ;	
Torry and Lendrick now are past,	490
And Deanstown lies behind them cast ;	
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,	
They sink in distant woodland soon ;	
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,	
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre ;	495
They mark just glance and disappear	
The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;	
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,	
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,	
And on the opposing shore take ground,	500
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.	
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !	
And soon the bulwark of the North,	
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,	
Upon their fleet career look'd down.	505

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,	
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd ;	
A signal to his squire he flung,	
Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—	
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,	510

Who town-ward holds the rocky way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
 With which he scales the mountain-side?  
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?' 515  
 'No, by my word;—a burly groom  
 He seems, who in the field or chase  
 A baron's train would nobly grace.'—  
 'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye? 520  
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I knew;  
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! 525  
 The uncle of the banish'd Earl.  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe:  
 The King must stand upon his guard;  
 Douglas and he must meet prepared.' 530  
 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight  
 They won the castle's postern gate.

## XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,  
 Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf, 535  
 Held sad communion with himself:—  
 'Yes! all is true my fears could frame;  
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540  
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—

God grant the ransom come not late !  
 The abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of heaven ;—  
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear ! 545  
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent !—but that is by,  
 And now my business is—to die.  
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ; 550  
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !  
 That oft has heard the death-axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,  
 In motley groups what masquers meet ! 560  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers come.  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.  
 James will be there ; he loves such show, 565  
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
 As well as where, in proud career,  
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.  
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570  
 And play my prize ;—King James shall mark  
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,  
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.'



## XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575  
The quivering draw-bridge rock'd and rung,  
And echo'd loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low.  
To his white jennet's saddlebow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame, 585  
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.  
Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—  
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'  
Behind the King throng'd peer and knight, 595  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way.  
—But in the train you might discern  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern ; 600  
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,  
And the mean burgher's joys disdain'd ;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were each from home a banish'd man,  
There thought upon their own grey tower, 605

Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
And deem'd themselves a shameful part  
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

## XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.	610
There morricers, with bell at heel, And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ; But chief, beside the butts, there stand Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—	
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl, Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone, Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John ; Their bugles challenge all that will, In archery to prove their skill.	615
The Douglas bent a bow of might,— His first shaft centred in the white, And when in turn he shot again, His second split the first in twain.	620
From the King's hand must Douglas take A silver dart, the archer's stake ; Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye, Some answering glance of sympathy,— No kind emotion made reply !	625
Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.	630

## XXIII.

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
Two o'er the rest superior rose,

And proud demanded mightier foes, 635  
Nor call'd in vain ; for Douglas came.  
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
Whom senseless home his comrades bare.  
Prize of the wrestling match, the King 640  
To Douglas gave a golden ring,  
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
His struggling soul his words suppress'd ; 645  
Indignant then he turn'd him where  
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
To hurl the massive bar in air.  
When each his utmost strength had shown,  
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky,  
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;  
And still in Stirling's royal park,  
The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past, 655  
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
And moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang, '  
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660  
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd  
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad,  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan, 665

And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;  
 Till whispers rose among the throng,  
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,  
 Must to the Douglas blood belong ;  
 The old men mark'd and shook the head, 670  
 To see his hair with silver spread,  
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,  
 Of feats upon the English done,  
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand  
 Was exiled from his native land. 675  
 The women prais'd his stately form,  
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;  
 The youth with awe and wonder saw  
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.  
 Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 680  
 Till murmur rose to clamours loud.  
 But not a glance from that proud ring  
 Of peers who circled round the King,  
 With Douglas held communion kind,  
 Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ; 685  
 No, not from those who, at the chase,  
 Once held his side the honour'd place,  
 Begirt his board, and, in the field,  
 Found safety underneath his shield ;  
 For he, whom royal eyes disown, 690  
 When was his form to courtiers known ?

## XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,  
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
 Two favourite greyhounds should pull down, 695  
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,

Might serve the archery to dine.  
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North,— 700  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.  
She left the royal hounds mid-way,  
And dashing on the antler'd prey,  
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing life-blood drank. 705  
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport  
By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and with his leash unbound,  
In anger struck the noble hound.  
—The Douglas had endured, that morn, 710  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,  
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;  
But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
To share his board, to watch his bed, 715  
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck  
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;  
They were such playmates, that with name  
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.  
His stifed wrath is brimming high, 720  
In darken'd brow and flashing eye ;  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride ;  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725  
Such blow no other hand could deal,  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

## XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,  
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain,  
 But stern the Baron's warning—'Back ! 730  
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !  
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes ! behold,  
 King James ! The Douglas, doom'd of old,  
 And vainly sought for near and far,  
 A victim to atone the war, 735  
 A willing victim, now attends,  
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'—  
 'Thus is my clemency repaid ?  
 Presumptuous Lord !' the Monarch said ;  
 'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan, 740  
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
 The only man, in whom a foe  
 My woman-mercy would not know :  
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
 Injurious blow, and haughty look ?— 745  
 What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !  
 Give the offender fitting ward.—  
 Break off the sports !'—for tumult rose,  
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—  
 'Break off the sports !' he said, and frown'd, 750  
 'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray  
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day.  
 The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,  
 Repell'd by threats and insult loud ; 755  
 To earth are borne the old and weak,  
 The timorous fly, the women shriek ;

With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,  
The hardier urge tumultuous war.  
At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760  
The royal spears in circle deep,  
And slowly scale the pathway steep ;  
While on the rear in thunder pour  
The rabble with disorder'd roar.  
With grief the noble Douglas saw 765  
The Commons rise against the law,  
And to the leading soldier said—  
'Sir John of Hyndford ! 'twas my blade,  
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ;  
For that good deed, permit me then 770  
A word with these misguided men.

## XXVIII.

'Hear, gentle friends ! ere yet for me,  
Ye break the bands of fealty.  
My life, my honour, and my cause,  
I tender free to Scotland's laws. 775  
Are these so weak as must require  
The aid of your misguided ire ?  
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low, 780  
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,  
These cords of love I should unbind,  
Which knit my country and my kind ?  
O no ! Believe, in yonder tower  
It will not soothe my captive hour, 785  
To know those spears our foes should dread,  
For me in kindred gore are red ;  
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,

For me, that mother wails her son ;	
For me, that widow's mate expires ;	790
For me, that orphans weep their sires ;	
That patriots mourn insulted laws,	
And curse the Douglas for the cause.	
O let your patience ward such ill,	
And keep your right to love me still !'	795

## XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again	
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.	
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd	
For blessings on his generous head,	
Who for his country felt alone,	800
And prized her blood beyond his own.	
Old men, upon the verge of life,	
Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife ;	
And mothers held their babes on high,	
The self-devoted Chief to spy,	805
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,	
To whom the prattlers owed a sire :	
E'en the rough soldier's heart was moved ;	
As if behind some bier beloved,	
With trailing arms and drooping head,	810
The Douglas up the hill he led,	
And at the Castle's battled verge,	
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.	

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,	
With bitter thought and swelling heart,	815
And would not now vouchsafe again	
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.	



'O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?  
 Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim,                   820  
 With which they shout the Douglas name?  
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat  
 Strain'd for King James their morning note;  
 With like acclaim they hail'd the day,  
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway:                   825  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,                   830  
 And fickle as a changeful dream;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy king!                   835

## XXXI.

'But soft! what messenger of speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?  
 I guess his cognizance afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?'—  
 'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound                   840  
 Within the safe and guarded ground:  
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—  
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew;                   845  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose banditti stand array'd.  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,

To break their muster march'd, and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle fought ; 850  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride.'

## XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—  
 I should have earlier look'd to this : 855  
 I lost it in this bustling day.  
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy need.  
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860  
 We do forbid the intended war :  
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,  
 Was made our prisoner by a knight ;  
 And Douglas hath himself and cause  
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865  
 The tidings of their leaders lost  
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,  
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.  
 Bear Mar our message, Braco ; fly !' 870  
 He turn'd his steed.—' My liege, I hie,—  
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.'  
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,  
 And to his towers the King return'd. 875

## XXXIII.

Ill with King James' mood that day,  
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;

Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,  
And soon cut short the festal song.  
Nor less upon the sadden'd town 880  
The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,  
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
All up in arms :—the Douglas too, 885  
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,  
'Where stout Earl William was of old.'  
And there his word the speaker staid,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890  
But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
At evening to the Castle press'd;  
And busy talkers said they bore  
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore :  
At noon the deadly fray begun, 895  
And lasted till the set of sun.  
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,  
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

WALTER SCOTT.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, 5  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track : 10  
Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, 15  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart. 20

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

### I.

OF Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;        5  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

### II.

Like leviathans afloat,        10  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path,        15  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

### III.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ;        20

And her van the fleeter rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 'Hearts of oak !' our captain cried ; when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

## IV.

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30  
 To our cheering sent us back ;—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
 Or, in conflagration pale, 35  
 Light the gloom.—

## V.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;  
 'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
 And we conquer but to save :— 40  
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our King.'— 45

## VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose ;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief

From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day. 50  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

## VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise ! 55  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep, 60  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true, 65  
On the deck of fame that died ;—  
With the gallant good Riou :  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
' And the mermaid's song condoles, 70  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE REVENGE.

### A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

#### I.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away :  
'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !'  
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard : 'Fore God I am no  
coward ;  
'But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear, 5  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-  
three ?'

#### II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : 'I know you are no  
coward ;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again. -  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore. 10  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

#### III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;



But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land 15  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left 20  
to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred<sup>61</sup> seamen to work the ship and to  
fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in  
sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
'Shall we fight or shall we fly ? 25  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'  
And Sir Richard said again : ' We be all good English men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,  
and so  
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick  
below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were 35  
seen,  
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane  
between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks  
 and laugh'd,  
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little  
 craft  
 Running on and on, till delay'd  
 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred 40  
 tons,  
 And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of  
 guns,  
 Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like  
 a cloud  
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
 Long and loud, 45  
 Four galleons drew away  
 From the Spanish fleet that day,  
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and 50  
 went  
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;  
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand  
 to hand,  
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
 musquetæers,  
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes  
 his ears  
 When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over  
the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the  
fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame ;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her  
dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could  
fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before ?

## X.

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night  
was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over  
the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in  
a ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we  
still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.  
 And we had not fought them in vain,  
 But in perilous plight were we, 75  
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;  
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
     stark and cold,  
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder 80  
     was all of it spent ;  
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;  
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
 ' We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
 As may never be fought again !  
 We have won great glory, my men ! 85  
 And a day less or more  
 At sea or ashore,  
 We die—does it matter when ?  
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in  
     twain !  
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !' 90

## XII.

And the gunner said ' Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply :  
 ' We have children, we have wives,  
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
 We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let us go ;  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.' 95  
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
     at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign  
grace ;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100  
‘I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and  
true ;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !’  
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and 105  
true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few.  
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew, 110  
And away she sail’d with her loss and long’d for her own ;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin’d awoke from  
sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake 115  
grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts  
and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter’d  
navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## NOTES.

### THE TEMPEST.

[THE real writer of the Tale from Shakespeare called *The Tempest* was Mary Lamb, the sister of Charles Lamb, the well-known essayist and poet. He was born in London in 1775, and died at Edmonton, in Middlesex, in 1834. His fame chiefly rests on his essays, called *The Essays of Elia*, and his *Tales from Shakespeare*, which latter were written by himself and his sister Mary. "He thus describes," says Ainger (Lamb, in *English Men of Letters Series*), "a joint task in which he and his sister were engaged": "She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Midsummer Night*, *Much Ado*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Cymbeline*; and the *Merchant of Venice* is in forwardness. I have done *Othello* and *Macbeth*, and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think." Mary herself supplements this account in a way that makes curiously vivid to us the homely realities of their joint life. She writes about the same time: "Charles has written *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and has begun *Hamlet*. You would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table, (but not on one cushion sitting), like *Hermia* and *Helena* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it." Writing these *Tales from Shakespeare* was no doubt task-work to the brother and sister, but it was task-work on a congenial theme, and one for which they had special qualifications. They had, to start with, a profound and intimate acquaintance with their original, which set them at an infinite distance from the usual compilers of such books for children. They had, moreover, command of a style, Wordsworthian in its simplicity

and purity, that enabled them to write down to the level of a child's understanding without any appearance of condescension. The very homeliness of the style may easily divert attention from the rare critical faculty, the fine analysis of character that marks the writer's treatment of the several plays. It is no wonder that the publisher in announcing a subsequent edition was able to boast that a book designed for young children had been found suitable for those of more advanced age. There is, indeed, no better introduction to the study of Shakespeare than these *Tales*—no better initiation into the mind of Shakespeare, and into the subtleties of his language and rhythm.”]

P. 1, l. 9. **much affected by all learned men.** All men of learning in those days *showed a fondness for* the study of magic. Distinguish between ‘affected’ and ‘effected,’ p. 3, l. 30.

14. **by virtue of,** by the strength or power of.

15. **bodies,** trunks.

19. **sprite,** an old form of spirit.

P. 2, l. 13. **quills.** This word is more correctly used when speaking of a porcupine. A hedgehog has bristles, or ‘prickles.’ In the original the word is ‘pricks’:

‘Like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in any barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks (i.e. raise their bristles) at my footfall.’

—*Tempest*, Act II. sc. ii., 10.

14. **such-like.** This is an example of redundancy. The ‘ch’ in *such* = *lic*, or *like*, and *such* is a corruption of *so-like*.

21. **in the midst of which, and struggling,** etc. This sentence is somewhat awkwardly constructed. Omit ‘and’ before ‘struggling.’ Give the construction of ‘struggling.’

27. **souls,** people.

31. **amazed,** full of wonder and fear.

P. 3, l. 24. **did dedicate.** We should now write ‘dedicated.’ ‘Did’ should only be used in negation or emphatic assertion. *E.g.* A. He ran away. B. He *did not* run away. A. I say he *did* run away.

P. 4, l. 1. **durst.** In more modern English we should say ‘dared,’ which form, says Skeat, “grew up by way of distinguishing to some extent the uses of the verb.”

4. **tackle,** ropes and rigging.

29. **as would seem to her,** an idiomatic elliptical expression for ‘as it would seem.’

P. 5, l. 9. **That's my delicate Ariel.** That is just like my dainty refined spirit, Ariel. Cp. ‘That's a good boy,’ or ‘That's my good boy.’ ‘Delicate’ = fine and tender. Prospero says to Ariel, ‘Thou

wast a spirit too *delicate* to act her earthly and abhorred commands,'  
 i. ii. 272. Again, Ariel, entering like a water nymph, Prospero exclaims: 'Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel.'

25. *forgot*. The past tense, where strict accuracy requires the past participle, is not uncommon in old writers. The original passage is as follows:—

'Hast thou forgot  
 The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
 Was grown into a hoop.'

32. *to enter human hearing*, for the ears of human beings. The expression in the text is a quaint one, directly from the play.

P. 6, l. 19. *a sea-change*, a change caused by the sea. Thus his bones are poetically represented as being turned into coral, and his eyes into pearls.

P. 7, l. 20. *advancing forward*, a pleonasm, since 'to advance' implies a forward motion.

26. *entertainment*, treatment.

31. *ungentle*, unkind.

P. 8, l. 4. *excel this*. The ellipsis of 'man' after this is not to be imitated.

19. *kept F. not long*, etc. We should now write 'Did not keep F. long,' etc.

33. *the while*, meanwhile, during the *time* you are resting.

P. 9, l. 18. *exceeded all the women*, etc. There is here an allowable ellipsis of 'that of' after 'exceeded.'

21. *abroad*, outside this island.

P. 11, l. 6. *dainty*, delicate, 'fine spirit.'

13. *open boat*, a boat without any covering, without a cabin of any kind, and so a small boat.

23. *engaging*, undertaking.

31. *a brave world*, a fine, splendid world.

P. 12, l. 7. *immortal Providence*. This use of 'immortal' for 'eternal' is unusual. The words are Shakespeare's own.

P. 13, l. 6. *uncouth*, strange. Lit. the word means 'unknown.'

P. 14, l. 5. *under the safe convoy*, etc. On p. 13, l. 17, Ariel says, 'But give me leave to attend your ship home,' etc. During naval wars it is customary to send a great many merchant ships in one fleet under the care of men-of-war, whose business it is to see them safe to their destination. Thus Ariel goes with the kings and princes to conduct their ship safely to Naples.



## THE PETITIONERS FOR PARDON.

[THIS summary of the story of Prascovia Lopouloff, the origin of Elizabeth in the *Exiles of Siberia*, is by Miss Charlotte Yonge, who died on 24th March, 1901. Miss Yonge was born in 1823, and wrote a great many books during her long life. Her chief work of fiction is, perhaps, *The Heir of Redclyffe*.]

P. 15, l. 2. **Helen Walker.** The story of Helen Walker is given by Scott in his Introduction to his *Heart of Midlothian*. She is the character in real life referred to under the name of Jeanie Deans in Scott's novel, and lived in the early part of the 18th century, or in 1720.

8. **absence of George II.** George II. was at this time on the Continent, and the regency was in the Queen's hands.

22. **'lofty body,'** a proud woman, one who held herself aloft from her neighbours.

P. 16, l. 11. **'Heart of Midlothian.'** The name of a very famous novel by Sir Walter Scott. The "Heart of Midlothian" is a name given to the Tolbooth or great prison of Edinburgh.

13. **Madame Cottin.** Her maiden name was Sophie Ristaud. She was born in 1773 and died in 1807. She wrote several novels, but is best known for her tale (founded on fact) called *Elisabeth, ou les Exilés en Sibirie*, i.e. "Elizabeth, or the Exiles in Siberia."

16. **dressed up by,** described by the pen of.

30. **eke it out by,** add to it by.

P. 17, l. 13. **that.** A peculiar idiomatic use of "that," meaning "this *fall* was in a climate," etc.

18. **kopeks.** 100 kopeks make a silver rouble, which is now of the value of 2s. 1'6d. In official calculations, 9'37 roubles go to the pound sterling.

27. **iron,** very severe; so severe as to freeze everything as hard as iron.

P. 18, l. 4. **serf.** A Russian term for a labourer rendering forced service on an estate under a great Russian. In 1861 the serfs in Russia were emancipated.

9. **Petersburg.** Named after Peter the Great. It is often, but *incorrectly*, called St. Petersburg.

P. 19, l. 1. **returned to the charge,** urged her parents to let her go to Petersburg.

P. 20, l. 11. **that her undertaking... disobedient.** It would be better English to write the sentence thus: "That her undertaking should not be *in disobedience to her parents* was all," etc.

P. 21, l. 8. **much tired.** It is unusual to use "much" in such a sentence without "very" before it. We say, "I am *much* obliged," "I am *much* mistaken," but, as a rule, "I am *very* much tired."

10. **was almost too much for her,** almost made her break down, almost took away her strength and prevented her continuing her journey.

10-11. **angel who succoured Hagar.** See Genesis, xvi. 8.

P. 22, l. 21. **shelling peas,** turning peas out of their pods or shells.

P. 23, l. 18. **requite,** make up for, pay back.

25. **when if nothing else ... need.** The words in this sentence should be rearranged thus: "And when she was in urgent need, if nothing else, etc., the sight of," etc.

26. **do,** suffice.

P. 26, l. 25. **pelisse,** a furred robe or coat. Derived from the Latin *pellis*, a skin. The Russian winter robes for protection against the severe weather are usually of prepared sheepskin with the wool turned inside.

P. 27, l. 4. **verst.** Where we measure by miles the Russians measure by 'versts.' A verst is 3500 feet, or two-thirds of a statute mile, i.e. not quite 1174 yards.

P. 28, l. 8. **indifferent for,** unwilling to undertake.

9-11. **Prascovia had so entirely forgotten.** The authoress has made a slip here. In page 17, line 18, she tells us that Prascovia was only "about three years old" at the time of her parent's banishment. She could not therefore have known how to read and write.

P. 31, l. 5. **Easter-day.** The most sacred of Christian festivals, commemorating the rising of Christ from the dead.

P. 32, l. 14. **no forwarder,** in no more advanced state.

P. 34, l. 27. **a ukase.** A Russian term for an edict, authoritative order, or decree.

P. 36, ll. 7-9. **It is curious that Scott,** etc. In the *Heart of Midlothian*, ch. ix., Scott thus describes Jeanie Deans: "She was short and rather too stoutly made for her size, had grey eyes, light coloured hair, a round good-humoured face much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, which a good conscience, kind feelings, contented temper, and the regular discharge of all her duties, spread over her features."

## THE LITTLE MERCHANTS.

[THIS interesting tale is by Miss Maria Edgeworth, who was born in England in 1767, but after the age of 13 passed the greater part of her long life in Ireland. She devoted herself to literature, and wrote many novels and stories for the young. She died in Ireland in 1849.]

P. 37. **Chi di gallina**, etc. The scene of the tale of the *Little Merchants* is placed in Italy (Naples). Miss Edgeworth takes Italian proverbs for the mottoes of her chapters.

7. **Santa Lucia**, a fishing village near Naples.

P. 38, l. 5. **comfits**, dried sweetmeats.

9. **urchin**. Properly a small hedgehog, but here used to mean a small boy.

15. **Lilliputian**, little, tiny. In *Gulliver's Travels* we read of a country called Lilliput inhabited by a race of pigmies.

P. 40, l. 33. **is not it?** The correct form is 'is it not'?

P. 41, l. 3. **Venture a small fish**, etc. This is a translation of the Italian proverb. The corresponding English proverb is, 'Throw out a sprat to catch a whale.'

12. **raw**, inexperienced.

P. 42, l. 2. **effrontery**, boldness and impudence.

P. 43, l. 10. **novice**, one who is new to any business, a mere beginner.

32. **and I gained**. 'Gained' is here the past participle. Supply 'shall have' between 'I' and 'gained.'

P. 45, l. 16. **honest Francisco**. Piedro here uses 'honest' in a sneering manner.

P. 46, l. 2. **in a declining state of health**. That is, he was in a bad state of health, and his strength was gradually declining or getting less.

3. **a little more to his mind**, in a way that pleased him better.

17. **the English booby**. A 'booby' is a stupid bird, but here it means a 'blockhead,' a 'stupid' fellow. See p. 43, lines 23 and 27.

P. 48, l. 5. **of distinction**, of high rank in society.

12. **a good turn**, an act of kindness. The 'good turn' done by Francisco was honestly showing him that the melon he proposed to buy was somewhat damaged. See p. 41.

19. **enough and enough**. This is not quite idiomatic English. We should say 'enough and more than enough.'

P. 49, l. 4. **imposing upon**, cheating, taking in.

11. **fall off from**, desert.

32. **I find you, who scruples not**, etc. The grammar of this sentence is defective. It should either be 'I find you, who scruple not . . . *your own*,' etc., or 'I find *him* who scruples not,' etc.

P. 52, l. 1. **slouched over**, made to hang down over.

17. **that's what I am now**. There would appear to be the omission of some word here. If 'often' be inserted after 'I' the sense would be improved.

P. 53, l. 4. **insinuating tone**, a gentle tone of voice calculated to win the affection of the hearer.

12. gibed at, taunted, mocked at (as a cheat).

P. 54, l. 2. *besides*, 'more . . . besides,' is hardly idiomatic, say better 'than.'

16. *Hey*, an exclamation expressive of joy.

P. 55, l. 19. *measures and weights*. It is more idiomatic to reverse the order of these words and say 'weights and measures.'

P. 58, l. 19. *an inch cube*, an inch in length, breadth, and depth. As a matter of fact, Pedro's measure, though an inch on the outside in depth was only  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch deep inside, showing that it had a false bottom.

P. 60, l. 21. *bankrupt*. Alluding to the Italian practice of *breaking up the bench* of moneylenders who could not continue their business. They used to display the money they had to lend on a banco or bench.

P. 62, l. 31. *angles and sines*, etc. Terms used in trigonometry (or the science of determining the sides and angles of triangles).

P. 63, l. 9. *eat a little macaroni*. Just as a native of India might invite a caste friend to go and eat rice with him. Macaroni is made of the dough of fine wheat flour formed in ribbons or in long pipes.

P. 65, l. 8. *That*. This is an emphatic use of 'that' instead of 'It was not wise,' etc.

32. 'did not I tell you?' The authoress is fond of this negative interrogative form, but the more usual form is 'Did I not tell you?' etc. See next page, line 2. Instead of 'Had not I reason?' we should say 'Had I not reason?'

P. 67, l. 4. *Stay*, equivalent to 'Stop a minute, let me think.'

*this*, that is 'this *sight* of a similar bit of wood.'

P. 72, l. 9. *portfolio*, a case the size of the cover of a large book used for keeping loose papers in.

P. 73, l. 6. *elevations*. An architectural term.

P. 75, l. 2. *Herculaneum*. During a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius on 24th August A.D. 79, the great Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and buried beneath ashes and lava. In modern times the ruins of these cities have been exposed and laid bare.

P. 76, l. 2. *brindled*, marked with brown streaks, as if burned in.

P. 78, l. 2. *Improvisatori*, the plural of an Italian word *improvisatore* (see l. 7).

28. *taken up with*, absorbed in.

P. 79, l. 33. *the richest man of the two*. The grammar is faulty.

P. 80, l. 8. *well with*, on good terms with.

22. *change their note*, no longer shun and abuse me.

P. 81, l. 11. *double dealing*, cheating, dishonesty.

20. **shrugged**, to imply suspicion and contempt.

**crossed**, made the sign of the cross, as Roman Catholics do to avert evil.

P. 82, l. 8. **out of**. The appropriate prepositions after 'cheated' in the previous line. To *cheat* a person *out of* anything is correct and idiomatic.

P. 83, l. 17. **No equivocations**, do not try to evade giving me a straightforward answer : speak out and tell the truth.

P. 85, l. 27. **that place underground**, the ruins of Herculaneum. See note on page 75, line 2.

P. 86, l. 2. **Facts are masculine**, etc., facts are strong and reliable, but words or promises are weak and not always to be relied on.

19. **tanned**, browned by exposure to the sun.

P. 87, l. 17. **St. Januarius**, the patron saint of Naples and its neighbourhood. St. Januarius was martyred on Sept. 19th, 305.

P. 88, l. 1. **large eyes**, eyes staring with wonder, and perhaps fear.

2. **relations**, accounts.

3. **security**, safety they felt.

P. 89, l. 2. **Sir W. Hamilton**, born in 1730, died in 1815. In 1764 he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Naples : while there he made numerous observations on Mount Vesuvius, Ætna, and other volcanoes in the Mediterranean.

P. 91, l. 13. **extempore**, made up off hand, on the spur of the moment. To be pronounced *ex-tem-po-rè* (4 syllables), and not *extempore* (3 syllables).

l. 14. **An English Poet**. Gray.

P. 93, l. 19. **would**, were willing.

P. 96, l. 19. **was now become**. 'Had now become' is more in accordance with modern usage.

P. 97, l. 5. **a cold dew**, a cold perspiration, the result of terror.

25. **Catherine-wheels**, a sort of firework. Saint Catherine, for confessing the Christian faith before the Emperor Maximinus, was put to death by torture by means of a wheel like that of a chaff-cutter.

P. 100, l. 27. **of the piece**, of the pistol.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[THIS life of Franklin is taken from Craik's *Pursuit of Knowledge*. G. L. Craik was born in 1799, and died in 1866. He was the author of several useful works, such as a *Manual of English Literature*, *The English of Shakespeare*, and a volume of biographies of great and successful men called *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*.]

P. 103, l. 1. **The name**, that of Benjamin Franklin.

12. **affluence and distinction**, wealth and prominence among men.

P. 104, l. 31. **chandler**, a maker and seller of candles. In old days candles were always made of tallow.

P. 105, l. 11. **manuscript**. Implying that he never printed his poetry, but merely copied it into blank books.

P. 106, l. 15. **works in controversial divinity**, books dealing with disputed points of Christian doctrine.

18. **Plutarch's Lives**. Plutarch, a philosopher and historian, was born at Cheronæa in Bœotia (Greece). He died about A.D. 120. His works are his 'Lives' and 'Morals.' The former book, referred to in the text, consists of the memoirs of illustrious Greeks and Romans, and has always been highly esteemed for its impartiality. There are well-known translations of the work by Langhorne and Clough. Franklin no doubt read the *Lives* in Langhorne's translation.

19. **abundantly**, a curious use of the word. We should have expected some such word as 'frequently' or 'thoroughly.'

**Daniel Defoe**, the well-known author of *Robinson Crusoe*. He was born in 1663, and died in 1731.

23. **considerably to extend**. The words are in the wrong order—say 'to extend considerably.'

P. 107, l. 13. **unripe**, the opposite of mature.

P. 108, l. 6. **greater plenty**, an awkward phrase—say rather the 'greater flow.'

25. **them**, that is, the volumes of the *Spectator*. In 1711 a paper called the *Tatler*, edited by Steele, to which Addison had been a very frequent contributor, ceased to exist, and was succeeded by the *Spectator*, the joint production of Addison and Steele. It was published daily (Sundays excepted) from 1st March, 1711 to 6th September, 1712. In it, over the signature of Clio, Addison wrote many excellent papers—papers which are to this day regarded as models of style and thought.

P. 110, l. 10. **dispatching**, finishing.

**light repast**, simple meal.

17. **Cocker's Arithmetic**. Edward Cocker, who was born in 1631, and died in 1677, was the author of a celebrated Arithmetic. He was in his day eminent as a schoolmaster and calligrapher. His name is proverbial for accuracy. If we want to imply that a statement is inaccurate we say it is 'not according to Cocker.' The phrase was popularised by Murphy in his farce called *The Apprentice*.

23. **Locke**. John Locke, a celebrated philosophical writer, was born in 1632, and died in 1704. His best works are *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690) and *Thoughts Concerning Education* (1693).

23. **Port Royal.** In 1637 there sprung up in France a semi-religious society called the Society of Port Royal. It was started by Le Maitre, at the time a well-known advocate, and four of his brothers. From time to time it was joined by other distinguished persons. They published many works of an educational character, among them *The Art of Thinking*, referred to in the text.

27. **the Socratic mode.** What this mode is the text explains. Socrates, the greatest of ancient philosophers, was the intellectual father of Plato and Xenophon. He lived in Attica in the fifth century B.C.

P. 112, l. 2. **they had admitted**, had published in their newspaper.

15. **fimsy**, shallow.

22. **errata**, things to be corrected. Franklin was a printer by trade, and here uses a word taken from his trade in a metaphorical way. After the formes or sheets of a book are printed off it is too late to make corrections. If it is thought necessary to draw attention to any printing errors a list of the mistakes is given on a slip with their corrections, and at the head of the list the word *Errata*, (i.e. things to be corrected), is placed.

P. 114, l. 7. **Philadelphia**, the third city of the United States of America. It now contains a population of about 1,300,000. The name signifies the city of 'brotherly love.'

15, 19. **Fourth Street ... Chestnut Street**, etc. The city, founded by 'Penn the Apostle,' is built very regularly at the confluence of the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and the streets that run parallel to these rivers are named First, Second, Third, *Fourth Street*, etc., while the streets that cross them at right angles are named *Chestnut Street*, *Walnut Street*, etc., from the fact that formerly groves of these trees existed on the spot where they are built. Cf. :—

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
(Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the Apostle,  
Stands on the banks of the beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the *names of the trees of the forest*.

Longfellow, *Evangeline* ii. 5.

P. 116, l. 7. **Madeira**, a kind of wine made in the island of Madeira.

12. **protégé**, French, meaning 'one under another person's protection.'

P. 117, l. 7. **letters of credit**, a mercantile term. A letter of credit is usually issued from one banking house to another in a foreign country, asking that the bearer should be allowed to draw any money he might require up to a certain amount. In this case the Governor promised to give Franklin a letter on some one in England who would on the guarantee of the Governor advance him £100.

15. **dispatches** or **despatches**, letters, written documents.

16. **his letters**, the promised 'letters of credit.'

33. **let me into**, acquainted me with, disclosed to me.

P. 118, l. 16. **Wollaston**. William Wollaston was a graduate of Cambridge. He was born in 1659, and died in 1724. His treatise, *The Religion of Nature Delineated*, published the year of his death, has gone through many editions.

18. **positions**, grounds of argument.

25. **Little Britain**, the name given to a part of London.

29. **Dr. Mandeville**. Bernard de Mandeville, M.D., was born in Holland about 1670. He published *The Fable of the Bees* in 1723, and was attacked by Bishop Berkeley. Died in 1733.

30. **Dr. Pemberton** was Professor of Medicine in Gresham College. His principal work is a View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy. Born in London, 1694; died 1771.

**Sir Isaac Newton**, the prince of English philosophers. He was born in 1642, died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

P. 119, l. 1. **Sir Hans Sloane**, a celebrated physician. He went on a voyage to Jamaica, and made a great collection of plants and other curiosities, which he left to the public on condition that £20,000 should be paid for it to his family, which was consented to by Parliament. Thus commenced the British Museum, which was opened in 1759. He was born in 1660, and died in 1752.

4. **asbestos**, a curious mineral fibrous substance which fire cannot consume.

25. **soetting**, etc., make themselves stupid by drinking beer all day.

32. **riggite**, a slang expression, once, apparently, common, but no longer in use. Its meaning is given in the text.

**consequence**, importance.

P. 120, l. 1. **St. Monday**, Monday spent by workmen in idleness, through not having recovered from the effects of their drinking on Saturday and Sunday. It is called 'Saint' by way of a joke, as if it were some church festival.

• P. 121, l. 1. **Sabbath**, day of rest. From the Hebrew *Shabbath*, rest.

9. **matrices**, moulds for casting the types in.

12. **factotum**, one who is employed on all kinds of work.

P. 122, l. 20. **particulars**, special articles connected with our business as printers. It is a peculiar use of the word and not to be imitated.

31. **Junto**, a meeting of men joined together for some purpose, in this case for mutual improvement.



P. 123, l. 7. **distribution**, that is, of the type which had been used during the day. When type is arranged in words and lines and pages, before it can be again used it must be 'distributed,' that is, each letter must be put back into the division of the case set apart for it. Five minutes in a printing room will make this all clear.

10. **imposed my forms**, etc., a technical term in printing. Briefly, it means had arranged his type ready in what are called 'chases,' and had put them on the imposing stone. One of the 'forms' was upset by accident, and the type all disarranged. When type is broken up in this way it is said to be in *pie*, that is, in a confused mass.

P. 126, l. 7. **Poor Richard**. This was the assumed name of Benjamin Franklin in a series of almanacks published from 1732 to 1757. These almanacks contain maxims and precepts on temperance, economy, and cleanliness, chastity, and other homely virtues; and to several of the maxims are added the words "as poor Richard says." Nearly a century before, Robert Herrick had brought out a series of almanacks under the name of *Poor Robin's Almanack*.—*Brewer*.

P. 127, l. 11. **the city watch**, or, as we should now say, 'the police of the city.'

18. **put me into the commission**, etc., conferred the powers of a J.P. or Justice of the Peace upon him, gave him magisterial powers.

### JOHNSON'S *VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield in 1709. His biography, written by Boswell, is always regarded as the best in the language. Johnson was the leading literary man of his day. His greatest work was his *English Dictionary*. That he was no mean poet the *Vanity of Human Wishes* is a sufficient proof. Other well-known works of his are the *Lives of the Poets* and *Rasselas*. He died in 1784.

The *Vanity of Human Wishes* was published in 1749, and is an imitation—not a translation—of the tenth satire of Juvenal.

"The general opinion is that of the few poetical works of which he was the author this is decidedly the best. It contains delineations of character the most interesting; views of human nature, society, and manners, which display accurate observation; and moral reflections of inestimable value. Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.'"

Byron wrote: "Tis a grand poem . . . all the examples and mode of giving them sublime."

The following criticism of the first two lines of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* is taken from De Quincey:—

"There is a little biographic sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well-known lines from the Doctor's imitation of Juvenal :

' Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru';

and contends, with some reason, that this is saying in effect, 'Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively.'"

1. **Observation.** The abstract for the concrete.

2. **From China to Peru,** all the world over. Similarly to take in the whole of India we use the phrase, 'From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.'

3. **Remark,** etc. Observe the labour and contention.

4. **Of crowded life,** where men are crowded together in populous cities.

6. **O'erspread with snares,** etc., beset with difficulties and temptations, the unknown and intricate paths of human life.

8. **To tread,** etc., to enter upon the difficulties of life without seeking counsel.

9. **As = when.**

**treacherous phantoms.** An allusion to the *ignis fatuus*.

10. **Shuns.** The subject is 'man' in line 7.

**fancied, unreal,** existing only in the imagination.

**airy, unsubstantial, unreal.**

11. **the stubborn choice,** a foolish choice, made in spite of the warnings of reason.

13, 14. **How nations sink,** etc. The sense is: "When vengeance grants to nations their foolish requests, and thus allows them to ruin themselves by what they have most eagerly desired." The imitation of the original satire is pretty close. Juvenal says: "The easy gods (*Di faciles*) have ruined whole families, themselves requesting it."

15. **wings,** gives speed to.

**th' afflictive dart.** The meaning is that men's wishes if granted would often only hasten on their affliction. Just as arrows have feathers fastened to them, (like wings to guide them in their flight), so, to every wish or desire of man's heart, some affliction or sorrow is added as well as to every natural gift and acquired grace.

16. **gift ... grace,** objective cases governed by 'with.'

17. **impetuous courage,** etc. This is one of the 'gifts of nature.' The meaning is that the heat or zeal shown in great courage is often fatal to its possessor.

18. **elocution**, one of the 'graces of art.' The sweetness of a man's elocution may be fatal to him, for he may be impeached—that is, brought to trial on account of his speech.

20. **restless fire**, eager and impetuous zeal.

**precipitates on**, hastens on.

22. **massacre of gold**, destruction caused by the eager quest of gold, i.e. money.

23. **pest**, plague, in apposition to 'gold.'

25. **hireling**, a diminutive form from *hire*, meaning one who works solely for hire, and not from a sense of duty. Hence it is always used in an opprobrious sense.

28. **rise**, increase.

\* 29. **Let history tell**=history shows.

30. **dubious title**, doubtful claim to the throne.

**maddened land**, the enraged adherents of the rival kings. *Maddened* is the perf. part. of the intrans. verb *to mad*, which has long been obsolete except in the form of the imperf. part. *madding*, which is still sometimes used in poetry :—

"Far from the *madding* crowd's ignoble strife."—Gray's *Elegy*.

31. When those who are not killed in battle are executed according to law.

32. **How**, etc. This line consists of two noun sentences. 'How much more safe the vassal is' 'than the lord is' both gov. by *tell* in line 29. Lines 29-32 are well illustrated by the history of England during the period of the Wars of the Roses.

33. **hind**, peasant or servant.

34. **the Tower**, the Tower of London, the great State prison of England.

36. **confiscation's vultures**, the hirelings of a rapacious government ready to bring charges against persons of property, so as to confiscate the same.

**vultures**. The vulture being a rapacious bird, the word *vultures* is here used figuratively for the officers employed by government to seize the property of offenders.

37. **serene and gay**, because he has nothing that he is afraid of being robbed of.

38. Goes to the most unfrequented places and beguiles the weary way with a song.

37, 38. There is a Tamil proverb exactly equivalent to the Latin of Juvenal. Translated it runs: "No money in the girdle, no fear on the road."

39. **th' upbraiding joy**, his joy, which offends you.

39, 40. If you are envious of his happiness, you may destroy it by increasing his wealth.

41. **Now ... invade**, increase his riches, and, in a moment (*now*) fears spring up in dreadful succession.

42. The rich traveller, afraid of being robbed, is frightened by the sound of the wind amongst the bushes and by the shadows cast by them. Juvenal says, "He trembles at the shadow of a reed shaken in the moonshine."

43. **Nor light nor darkness bring**, the word *bring* is not strictly grammatical, as two singular nominatives separated by *nor* require a verb in the singular.

44. **One ... one**. In referring to the former of two objects we say *one*, and to the latter (as a rule, here broken) *the other*.

45, 46. The one universal prayer addressed to God is for gain and grandeur.

45. **cry, prayer, wish.**

**the skies assails, rises to heaven.**

47. **Few know**, etc., few think of the evils that attend upon wealth and grandeur, when they so eagerly wish for them. The statesman, for instance, has to undergo much labour, fear, and care; he is exposed to the treachery of rivals and to the ill wishes of his greedy heir.

48. **gaping, greedy; craving for the inheritance.**

49. **Democritus**, a celebrated Greek philosopher, born at Abdera in Thrace about B.C. 460. Having inherited a large fortune from his father, he travelled over a great part of Asia, and spent some time in Egypt in the pursuit of knowledge. He was a man of great diligence and simplicity of life. There is a tradition that he deprived himself of sight in order that his attention might not be distracted from his studies; but this is probably a fiction. His cheerful disposition caused him to look always at the bright side of human affairs, a circumstance which caused later writers to say that he always laughed at the follies of men.

"Heraclitus, the philosopher, out of a serious meditation of men's lives, fell *a weeping*, and with continual tears bewailed their misery, madness, and folly. Democritus, on the other side, burst out *a laughing*; their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous."—Burton.

51. **motley**, the primary meaning of this word is a mixture of various colours; here it means *varied*. **Life = men**. The line means, see how fantastically men of all classes dress.

**trappings, tawdry, showy clothes and ornaments.**

52. **feed**, etc.; keep up a constant strain of ridicule by laughing at the fools that exist among all classes of people.

53. **where want enchain'd caprice**, where poverty kept men from making such fickle changes in dress and modes of life as are common in modern times.

54. **Toil** crush'd conceit, labour kept men from growing conceited or proud.

**man** was of a piece, men were consistent in character and conduct.

56. **was fed**, was supported.

**pride**, proud wealthy men.

55, 56. Where a person who had no claims to the love of others, but his wealth, might die without anybody's professing love for him (in hopes of getting his wealth); and hardly any were so mean as to become flatterers to gain the support of the rich.

57. In this line, allusion is made to the great corruption that at one time existed in the British parliament, when votes were bought, and members voted as they were paid to vote, and not according to the merits of a question as shown in debate (hence 'mock debate.')

58. **unwieldy**, unmanageably great. The author in this line refers to the procession that takes place in London on Lord Mayor's day.

60. The allusion here is much the same as in line 57. Men who were bribed had, of course, made up their minds (judged) before a question came on at all.

61. **shake**, that is, with laughter.

Note the connexion between lines 53 and 61—Thou who couldst laugh in such a simple and uncorrupted state of society—how wouldst thou laugh to see the present state of things among us?

**modish** tribe, fashionable people.

62. **edge the piercing gibe**, use bitter, sneering language, such as wounds the feelings.

63. **Attentive**, intent, eager.

**descry**, detect, discover. *Descry* must be carefully distinguished from *decry* (Fr. *decrier*), which means to cry down, to disparage. '*Descry*' means literally to make an outcry on discovering something for which one is on the watch, as sailors do on discovering land, or spies on seeing the approach of an enemy; then simply to 'discover.'

64. **And pierce**, etc. That is, not resting satisfied with mere external appearances, but searching into the inward nature and principles of men and things.

with **philosophic eye**, with the careful scrutiny of the philosopher, that is, of a man bent on knowing the truth.

65. **were**, with *robes* and *veils* of the next line for subjects.

**solemn** toys, an example of *Oxymoron*, a figure of speech in which an epithet is joined to a noun of quite contrary signification. *Solemn*, that is *grave*, *serious*, is an epithet expressing the

very opposite of the qualities of a *toy* or plaything. A solemn toy is something that has, at first sight, a show of gravity, but, when more closely examined, is found to be no more serious than a toy. In a similar way, we describe that which professes to be solemn, but is really ridiculous, as a *solemn farce*.

65. **empty show**, pretence, show accompanied by real joy or grief.

68. **or whose griefs**. Some editions read 'and whose griefs.' Or seems to be the correct reading. Democritus might well laugh at either class, those whose joys are causeless, or those whose griefs are vain.

69. **Such**, such as that just described.

71. **ere yet**, before.

72. **canvass**, examine, consider. Canvas is rough cloth; used among other things, for *the bottom of a sieve*. A sieve *tries, examines*; so *to canvass* means to examine, discuss. A candidate *canvasses* before an election, i.e. examines the votes—tries which are for and which against him.

73. **Preferment**, an abs. noun personified. It is therefore printed with a capital. The language is figurative. As people crowd about the house of the great man whose favour they desire, so those who are seeking for advancement are said to crowd about the gate of Preferment.

74. **Athirst for**, greedily after.

75. **Fortune**. Fortune is here the name of the goddess *Fortuna*, and is therefore printed with a capital. Termed 'delusive,' as gratifying up to a certain point, only to make the subsequent disappointment the greater, as explained in the next line.

**hears**, listens to and grants their prayers.

76. **They mount**, they obtain wealth and rank.

**shine**, are distinguished.

**evaporate**, lose their wealth and popularity.

77. **stage**, step in the progress of the ambitious man, as indicated by the words *mount, shine, evaporate, fall* in the preceding line.

**foes of peace**, care, toil, envy, etc., the evils which attend on the pursuit of wealth and ambition.

78. **dogs**, pursues incessantly. Compare *to hound on*=to urge on; *to badger*=to worry.

**their**. The antecedent of this pronoun is 'suppliants,' line 73.

79. **Love ends with hope**. When the dependants and courtiers of a great man have nothing further to hope for, their professed love for him ceases.

**sinking statesman**, the statesman whose power is declining.

80. **morning worshipper.** Visits of respect used to be paid to great men at their *levée*, or rising, while they were getting up.

79, 80. **the door pours in.** 'Door' must be taken as nom. to 'pours,' which has 'worshipper' for obj. pours in = admits in crowds.

81. **growing.** This word is opposed to *sinking* in the preceding line. The meaning is that the writer in the weekly paper, forsaking him whose influence is declining, flatters the man who is rising to power.

82. **the dedicator flies.** It was the fashion, in and before Johnson's time, for authors to seek the patronage of great and wealthy men by dedicating their works to them.

83. **From every,** etc. The portrait, which was once honoured as the image of the patron and guardian of the family, is pulled down to make room for the picture of a more popular man.

84. **palladium.** The original Palladium was an image of Pallas Athené, which was said to have fallen from heaven. It was carefully guarded at Troy, as the safety of that city was supposed to depend on its possession. Hence the use of palladium, in English, to mean—'infallible safeguard.'

85. **smok'd in kitchens,** hanging exposed to the smoke of the kitchen—the meanest room.

86. **frame of gold, gilded frame.** Picture frames are never actually made of gold, but of wood gilded or overlaid with gold.

87. **in every line,** that is, of the countenance. Now that the man is no longer popular, we do not pretend to see in his face indications of heroic worth and divine benevolence, but honestly declare that a man with a face so distorted deserves his fate.

90. **indignant wall.** This expression is an example of that inferior kind of personification called 'personal metaphor,' in which some quality only of living beings is attributed to things inanimate. Cf. the '*thirsty* ground'; 'a *dying* lamp'; 'the *angry* sea'; 'the *smiling* year.'

91. **the last appeal,** that is, the last appeal of the falling statesman.

92. **Sign her foes' doom,** punish her foes. The expression *sign* is adopted from the signing of a warrant for the execution of a criminal.

**guard her favourites' zeal,** protect her favourites when zealously trying to serve her.

93. **Through,** amongst.

94. This line probably alludes rather to Magna Charta than to the Petition of Right, the grand Remonstrance, or the Revolution of 1688. Johnson was a strong Jacobite, and would hardly approve of any of these latter, though they did much for English liberty.

95. **supple**, literally *pliant, easily bent*. Hence, self-interested; ready to adopt any line of conduct that may prove advantageous to their own interest.

tribes, masses, the common people.

repress their patriot throats, no longer profess great concern about the interests of their country. *Throat* is often used in the poets by synecdoche for 'voices.'

96. **price of votes**, what bribes will be offered to induce them to vote for a particular person.

97. **septennial ale**. The English Parliament lasts for *seven* years, unless it is dissolved before that term expires. A new parliament is then elected. Formerly the time of an election was a period of great rioting and drunkenness. The expression *septennial ale* therefore denotes the ale drunk at the time of a new election.

98. **Their wish is full**, Their only wish is, all that they wish for is.

to riot, that is, with *septennial ale*.

to rail, that is, with *weekly libels*.

99. **full-blown**. 'Blow,' from the A.S. *blowan*, means to blossom, and *full-blown* is an epithet applied to a flower when it has fully expanded, and has, therefore, attained its greatest beauty. As applied to dignity, *full-blown* means *highest, most splendid*.

**Wolsey**. Thomas Wolsey was a celebrated cardinal and minister of State under Henry VIII. He was born at Ipswich in 1471 and educated at Oxford, where he was distinguished for his abilities. Being introduced to Henry VII. he succeeded in gaining that monarch's favour, and was made dean of Lincoln. He was afterwards raised successively to the sees of Lincoln and York. His influence over Henry VIII. was very great, and when at the height of his glory, his wealth and power were enormous. But when the King wanted to divorce Catharine of Aragon, Wolsey was afraid to promote his master's wishes, and he thus fell into disgrace. His property was confiscated, and he was apprehended. But, as he was being taken to London, he fell ill and died in 1530.

100. **Law, fortune**, nominatives absolute.

-101. **church, realm**, the clergy and laity.

102. Through him the favour of the king is dispensed.

103. **nod**. A nod is a token of assent. The meaning of the line is,—The slightest sign of his favour is sufficient to raise a man to honour.

106. **Claim leads to claim**. The successful prosecution of one claim increases his desire for power, and causes him to put forward another.

107. **ceas'd**. With the exception of lines 107 and 108, the verbs in this passage are in the present tense, as though the circumstances



described were now going on. This mode of describing past actions in the historical present, as it is called, gives them greater vividness. To be consistent, however, the verbs in the whole passage should be in the present tense. 'Ceased' should be *ceases*, and *left* should be *leave*. It will be observed that the rhythm of line 107 does not admit of *ceases*; but if *conquest* had been put in the plural, '*conquests*,' then *cease* might have been written, and the line would have been correct in grammar as well as rhythm.

108. *submitted*. One edition reads 'subverted.' Submit is thus defined—"Resign without resistance to authority," in which sense it appears to be used in this line. The rights would be *submitted* by those whose they were; *subverted* by Wolsey. *Submitted* seems to be the correct reading.

109. *the train of state*, the courtiers.

110. *to hate*, a gerundial infinitive showing the purpose for which the sign is given; 'the sign to hate.' 'The signal for hating.' The *keen glance* is, of course, an indication of the monarch's displeasure; and is followed by the hatred of the courtiers.

111. *a stranger's eye*, a look of careless indifference.

112. *suppliants*, followers, that is, *his* former suppliants and followers.

114. *The golden canopy*, the decorated covering over his throne.

Canopy is derived from the Gr. *konopeion*, an Egyptian bed with mosquito curtains, from *konops*, a gnat, or mosquito.

*plate*. This is particularly specified with reference, doubtless, to the fact that quantities of gold and silver plate were found in Wolsey's palace when his effects were seized by royal order.

115. *regal palace*. While in the height of his glory, Wolsey lived in great state. He built the palace of Hampton Court, which he presented to the king.

116. *liveried army*, the multitude of servants in livery.

*the menial lord*, the lords belonging to Wolsey's train of attendants.

118. *monastic rest*. It has been already mentioned that Wolsey was arrested on a charge of high treason. But on his way to London he was seized with dysentery, and was not able to proceed farther than Leicester, at the abbey of which place he died. Just before he expired, he said to the officer who had him in charge, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." This is referred to in the two next lines. See Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.*, Act III. ii. 456.

119. *remember'd folly stings*, the recollection of his foolishness causes him poignant grief. The folly particularly referred to is his ambition.

122. *Shall Wolsey's wealth ... be thine?* The auxiliary *shall*

here indicates more than simple futurity. The meaning is 'Dost thou wish Wolsey's wealth to be thine?'

125. *steeps*, steep and therefore dangerous places. The word is here used figuratively for the great dangers that beset the career of the ambitious man.

126. The danger attending great power resting on another's will, as Wolsey's did, is here compared to that of a heavy building resting on a weak foundation.

127. *but*. The force of *but* here is 'if not'; 'except.'

129. *great Villiers*. After the disgrace of the Earl of Rochester, Villiers became the chief favourite of James I., who knighted him and afterwards made him Duke of Buckingham. He was a man of great personal attractions, but haughty and insolent. His great influence over Charles I. made him very obnoxious to the parliament. In 1627 he commanded a fleet, sent to assist the protestants of La Rochelle; but the expedition proved a failure. He was preparing to go a second time to the relief of the same place when he was assassinated at Portsmouth by John Felton.

130. *Harley*. Harley, Earl of Oxford, was a distinguished statesman in the reign of Queen Anne. The peace of Utrecht is the event for which he is chiefly noted. On the accession of George I. he was impeached by the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower; but after an imprisonment of two years, he was acquitted. He then retired from public life, and died in 1724. He showed his attachment to literature both by his patronage of Swift, Pope, and others, and by collecting at great trouble and expense, a most valuable library of books and manuscripts, the latter of which were after his death purchased by parliament for £10,000, and now form what is known as the Harleian collection in the British Museum.

131. *Wentworth*, a statesman in the reign of Charles I. He was at first opposed to the king; but he afterwards joined the royalists, was made Earl of Stafford, and became the chief adviser of Charles. The popular leaders of the time regarded Stafford as the main instigator of the arbitrary government of the king, and therefore resolved on his destruction. He was impeached of high treason, condemned, and executed in 1641.

*Hyde*. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, was a devoted adherent of Charles II. during the time of his exile, and contributed much to the Restoration. On the return of Charles, he was made Lord Chancellor. He subsequently became unpopular, and to avoid being impeached went into voluntary exile, and died at Rouen in 1764. His daughter Anne was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

132. *By kings protected*, as were Villiers and Wentworth.

*to kings allied*. Hyde was related to James II., as stated above.

133. *indulg'd*, gratified, granted by fortune.

134. Power greater than they could retain, which they were yet so fond of as to be unable to give up, and which was, therefore, violently taken from them.

137. *fever of renown*, eager desire for distinction.

138. *contagion of the gown*. The gown referred to is the academic gown worn by university students, which, with the other accompaniments of a learned occupation, serves to excite the ardour of the young student.

139. *Bodley's dome*, the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Sir Thomas Bodley rebuilt the University Library of Oxford, and bequeathed his fortune for its support and augmentation. The library was founded in 1598, and opened in 1602. It is free to the public. Already one of the largest libraries in existence, it is continually increasing in size, as one copy of every work published in England must be sent to it. For rare MSS. it is said to be second only to the Vatican.

140. *Bacon's mansion*. The Bacon here referred to is Roger Bacon. He was born in 1214; studied at Oxford and Paris; and after joining the order of the Franciscans, he returned to Oxford, where he spent a life of unbroken study. He died in 1294. There was a tradition that Bacon's study, which was built over an arch of the bridge at Oxford, would fall when a greater man than he was should pass under it. The line, therefore, really means—And he feels confident of even excelling Bacon.

To prevent the bridge's falling it was long since pulled down!

139, 140. The simple meaning of these two lines is: 'The student, in anticipation, imagines he has become deeply versed in literature and science.'—He sees himself, in the future, well read in the volumes treasured up in the Bodleian, and fondly hopes to be the rival of Bacon in science.

Studying in the Bodleian Library is put symbolically for the pursuit of literature; as to 'emulate friar Bacon,' is put for the pursuit of scientific knowledge.

143. *indulge the generous heat*, cherish such noble aims.

146. *day*, light.

Reason is said to pour *resistless* light on what was before doubtful, because it makes its conclusions so plain that none can refuse to admit them.

147. *loose delight*, idleness, dissipation, etc.

148. *relax*, cause you to relax your efforts.

150. And idleness fail to lure you to inaction. Sloth is spoken of as a narcotic, the fumes arising from which induce sleep.

152. *of a letter'd heart*, over the heart of a scholar. *The triumph of a letter'd heart* is ambiguous. Properly the expression

should mean 'the triumph gained by a scholar.' *Over* is the proper preposition to convey the meaning intended by the author.

151, 152. If the attractions of beauty (*i.e.* beautiful women) should enslave only the frivolous, and exercise no influence over you, a learned youth.

153. **torpid veins**, sluggish blood. As scholars generally lead sedentary lives, their blood is often more sluggish than that of persons who lead active lives, and they are more subject to disease.

154. **Melancholy...shade**, and should you be free from all feelings of depression and despondency in your solitude.

160. **the patron**. The following quotation from Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is interesting as bearing on this passage: "There is a curious minute circumstance which struck me, in comparing the various editions of Johnson's *Imitations of Juvenal*."

"In the tenth satire, one of the couplets upon the vanity of wishes even for literary distinction stood thus:

'Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail.'

"But after experiencing the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield's fallacious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *garret* from the sad group, and in all the subsequent editions the line stands

'Toil, envy, want, the *patron*, and the jail.'"

161, 162. **slowly...just**, long in arriving at a just estimation, and, even when they have done so, rendering but scant justice to the dead by raising a paltry bust.

162. **the tardy bust**, the statue erected long after the man's death.

163. **If dreams yet flatter**, if, after all that has been said, the prospect before you still seems bright.

164. **Lydiat's life**. The following note on Lydiat is condensed from Boswell: "A very learned divine and mathematician who wrote among many others, a Latin treatise '*De naturâ cœli*,' etc., in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle, not bearing to hear it urged, *that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity*. He wrote above 600 sermons. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in prison till Bishop Usher, Doctor Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned king Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, etc., to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliamentary forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in (for) three months. without he borrowed it, and died very poor in 1646."

**Galileo's end**. Galileo, 1564-1642, a celebrated mathematician and astronomer, was born at Pisa. He became professor of mathematics at Pisa and afterwards at Padua, and made many discoveries

in mechanics and astronomy. He was twice persecuted by the Inquisition for maintaining the truth of the Copernican system of astronomy, viz., that the sun is the centre of the solar system and that the earth revolves round it. On the last occasion, although to save himself, he abjured the Copernican system, he stamped his foot upon the ground and muttered, "Yet it moves!" The latter years of his life were spent at his country-house near Florence, where he devoted himself to the perfecting of his telescope.

165. **last prize**, greatest prize, that is fame, or high office.

168. **Rebellion**. Here metaphorically spoken of as a bird of prey.

**Laud**, a learned divine born in 1573. In the reign of Charles I., he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The zeal he displayed in endeavouring to force the Puritans into conformity with the English Church and to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland created him many enemies. As soon as the Long Parliament met, he was impeached and sent to the Tower, where he remained for three years. He was then found guilty of high treason, and beheaded in 1644.

170. **palace, rent**, in app. to *finis*.

171. **Mark'd out by dangerous parts**, distinguished by his learning and ability, which are called *dangerous*, because they make him dangerous to the opposite party. **Parts** is still often used for ability, as in the expression 'a man of parts.'

he; **Laud**.

172. **fatal learning**. Fatal, because it was the cause of his death.

**to the block**, the block on which the criminal lays his head when it is struck off by the executioner. Hence 'the block' is often used by synecdoche for decapitation, as 'the scaffold,' or 'the gallows,' is for hanging.

174. **death**, the account of his death.

**sleep**. This word expresses the author's contempt for those he addresses as blockheads. Men distinguished in art or for their genius, he knows, will be deeply affected by the story of **Laud**; but the blockhead listens with a vacant stare and sinks into his drowsy apathy again.

175-8. In these three lines are enumerated some of the chief rewards of the victorious soldier.

175. **festal blazes**, bonfires, rejoicings.

177. **the gazette's pompous tale**, the story of the victory which is printed in the gazette. This is an honour peculiar to modern times; the preceding ones belong in common to ancient and modern times. Note that the accent is here placed on the first syllable of the word 'gazette.' The second syllable is the one usually accented.

178. **Irresistibly influence the soldier**.

179. **bribes**, attractions, inducements.

179. **the rapid Greek**, Alexander the Great. He crossed the Hellespont in the spring of B.C. 334 with an army of 35,000 men, defeated the Persians on the banks of the Granicus in Mysia, and soon captured the most important towns on the W. coast of Asia Minor. In 333 he marched through Asia Minor, and encountered the Persians again under Darius near Issus, a city in the S.E. of Asia Minor, where he completely defeated them. He then marched through Palestine into Egypt, where he founded the city of Alexandria. In 331 he set out again to meet Darius, who had collected another army; he marched through Phœnicia and Syria, crossed the Euphrates and Tigris, and came up with the Persians near Arbela.

The battle fought there ended in the total defeat of the Persians, and Babylon and Persepolis surrendered to Alexander. Darius escaped into Parthia, where he was murdered. The years 329-327 Alexander spent in subduing Sogdiana and Bactria. In 327 he crossed the Indus into India. On the banks of the Hydaspes he was met by Porus, who was defeated and taken prisoner, but afterwards restored to his kingdom. Alexander continued his march to the Hyphasis. Beyond this his soldiers refused to follow him. He returned into Mesopotamia, and died at Babylon B.C. 323. By the rapidity of his movements Alexander frequently fell upon his enemies unexpectedly. Hence the propriety of the epithet *rapid*.

180. **Romans**. Some editions read Roman, which is evidently wrong, as the Romans, generally, are spoken of; while in the preceding line one particular man is alluded to.

182. **the Danube**, as at the battle of Blenheim, fought in 1704.

**the Rhine**, as at Zutphen (on the Yssel, one of the effluents of the Rhine), where Sir Philip Sidney was killed in 1587; and Dettingen (on the Maine, a tributary of the Rhine) in 1743. The author may, however, refer to the great victories gained by Marlborough at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, for, though those places are at some distance from the Rhine, they are still in the basin of that river.

183. **This power has praise**, such power has praise. The comparison between the powers of praise and virtue would have been better brought out if *such* had been used instead of *this*. In Juvenal's satire the corresponding passage reads "the thirst for fame is so much greater than that for virtue."

**warm**, excite the feelings.

184. **universal charm**, powerful influence that affects everybody.

185. **frowns on**, disapproves of.

**unequal game**. War is called an unequal game, because so much is given for so small a return. As is pointed out in the next line, nations are wasted to 'raise a single name,' i.e. to bring renown to a single general.

186. **Where**, in which (game).

187. **mortgag'd states**, indebted nations. The meaning is that future generations of the people of a country that wastes its money in unnecessary wars will have cause to regret their ancestors' folly.

**wreaths**, honours gained in war.

189-90. Honours, which, though obtained at so great a cost, only procure an inscription on a medal or a monument, both of which perish in time.

192. **Swedish Charles**, Charles XII. of Sweden, called the Alexander of the North.

193. **frame, soul**. These words may be parsed as in the obj. case gov'd. by *having*; or as in apposition to *him*.

**frame of adamant**, a hardy constitution, a body capable of undergoing the greatest hardships without injury.

**a soul of fire**, a fiery and energetic spirit.

195-6. Insensible alike to love and fear; neither pleasure nor pain can subdue him.

197. **pacific sceptres**, a peaceful rule.

199. **surrounding kings their pow'rs combine**. Russia, Denmark, and Poland united against Charles. But he subdued Denmark, defeated the Russians at the great battle of Narva, and afterwards dethroned Augustus, the king of Poland.

200. **one capitulate**, one, viz., the King of Denmark.

**one resign**, the King of Poland.

201. **courts his hand**. Peace is personified as a female who seeks the hand of the warrior king in marriage, 'Courts' = woos. The meaning of the passage is that the foes of the king seek in vain to make peace with him.

202. **till naught remain**, till nothing remains to be accomplished.

**naught** = no whit = not anything = nothing. Whitt is still commonly used in the expression 'not a whit.' Sometimes 'no whit' is used in poetry, as in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* :—

'But no whit weary did he seem.'

202-4. In these lines Charles is addressing his soldiers. "Be not satisfied," he says, "until you have completely conquered your enemies, taken possession of Moscow, and subdued for me the whole of Northern Europe."

203. **Gothic standards**, that is Swedish standards. The Swedes, as Johnson thought, belonged to the Gothic race, but they are really Scandinavians. The Russians are Slavonic. "Moscow being the capital of Russia, the capture of that city is here used to denote the conquest of Russia."

206. The policy of nations (*i.e.* whether they shall prepare for war or not) depends on the intentions he manifests.

208. Winter covers the country and blocks up the roads with snow and ice.

209. *delay* should be 'delays.'

210. *blushing glory*, glory blushing for shame at his defeat.

*Pultowa's day*. At the battle of Pultowa, fought in June, 1709, the Swedes were completely defeated, and Charles with difficulty escaped to Bender in Turkey. Here, after having performed great exploits of valour, he was captured, and remained a prisoner till 1714.

214. *While ladies interpose*, etc. This refers to his efforts while at Bender to induce the Sultan and his Viziers, as well as the ladies of the Seraglio, to side with him. In the end he was outbribed by Russia.

215. Did not fortune at length favour him again? The disasters sustained by the Swedish king are attributed to mistakes made by chance or fortune, here personified as a goddess.

216-19. The circumstances mentioned in those lines are such as make the death of a soldier illustrious, and such as might well become the fall of so brave a conqueror as Charles XII.

216. *mark his end*, add distinction to his fall.

219. To this line prefix the words—'on the contrary,' or 'so far from this being the case.'

220. *A petty fortress*, Frederickshall in Norway, at the siege of which place Charles XII. was killed in 1718.

*fortress, hand*, in the objective case governed by 'to.'

*a dubious hand*. The common belief was that a shot from the fortress killed him; but by the word '*dubious*' Johnson appears to allude to the passage in Voltaire's Charles XII., in which the story is told of M. Siquier, an officer of his suite, having been charged with assassinating the king.

['Le bruit se répandit alors en Allemagne que c'était M. Siquier lui-même qui avait tué le roi de Suède: ce brave officier fut longtemps désespéré de cette calomnie, etc.']

The rumour then spread in Germany that it was M. Siquier himself who had killed the king of Sweden. This brave officer was for a long time driven to despair by this calumny, etc.]

221. *the name*. This passage is commonly quoted inaccurately, 'the' being changed into 'a.' *The* is plainly the correct article, as 'name' is restricted by the following clause, '*at which the world grew pale*.' The statement is not simply that he left *a name* to point a moral, etc., but that he left *that* name at which the world grew pale, to point a moral, etc.

222. *To point a moral*, to enforce by exemplifying. The metaphor is adopted from the pointing of an arrow or a dart. As the blunt arrow makes no impression on a target, so a moral lesson that is not exemplified is apt to be vague and unimpressive. The moral



lesson taught in lines 191-222 of this poem is that the ambitious projects of great conquerors end in disappointment and ruin, but if this truth were stated merely in general terms it would be very tame compared with the impressiveness of the passage as it now stands, the moral being *pointed* by the history of Charles XII.

223. times, ages.

**pompous woes**, the calamities of those who have lived in greatness and splendour.

224. **Persia's tyrant**, i.e. Xerxes, who, with the intention of carrying out his father's design of conquering Greece, invaded that country with an immense army, B.C. 481. In order to transport his vast multitude of followers across the Hellespont, he caused a bridge of boats to be built. But it was destroyed soon after it was completed by a violent storm, at which Xerxes was so enraged, that he not only caused the heads of the chief engineers to be struck off, but commanded the Hellespont to be scourged, and a set of fetters cast into it. This bridge was replaced by two others, parallel to each other, across one of which he led his army while the baggage crossed by the other. The first resistance Xerxes met with was at the pass of Thermopylæ, where Leonidas, the king of Sparta, with three hundred of his countrymen, was slain while defending the pass. The Persians then marched into Attica and took possession of Athens. But the Greeks having destroyed the Persian fleet at Salamis, Xerxes feared so much for his own safety, that he returned to Asia, leaving Mardonius with 300,000 men to complete the conquest of Greece.

**Bavaria's lord**, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who, after the death of Charles VI., laid claim to the throne of Austria in opposition to Maria Theresa, the daughter of that monarch. Being supported by France, Charles was for a time very successful and was raised to the throne, with the title of Charles VII. At length, however, fortune deserted him; he was driven not only from his conquests, but from his hereditary dominions. He sought refuge in Frankfurt, where he lived in indigence and obscurity.

225. **gay hostility**. The Persian army was not only the largest the world had ever seen, but the most splendidly equipped. The spears of many of the chosen troops were decorated with gold and silver pomegranates.

226. **half mankind**. The number of fighting men in the land and sea forces of Xerxes is said to have amounted to 2,641,610, while the attendants, slaves, etc., are said to have been still more numerous. So that, if Herodotus is to be believed, the Persian host must have contained more than 5,283,220 men.

227. **to seize the certain prey**, to seize upon countries the conquest of which he considered certain.

228. The principal cities through which Xerxes passed had to furnish a day's meal for his army, for which they made preparations

for months beforehand. The cost of feeding such a multitude brought many cities to the brink of ruin. The island of Thasos alone, which had to undertake this onerous duty on account of its possessions on the mainland, expended no less a sum than 400 talents, or nearly £100,000 in our money; and a witty citizen of Abdera recommended his countrymen to return thanks to the gods, because Xerxes was satisfied with one meal a day.

229. His attendants flattered his vanity by counting the numbers of his host. "The mode he employed for numbering the foot-soldiers of his army was remarkable. Ten thousand men were first numbered, and packed together as closely as they could stand; a line was drawn, and a wall built round the place they had occupied, into which all the soldiers entered successively, till the whole army was thus measured."

232. It has been mentioned in the note on line 224, that, when the first bridge across the Hellespont was destroyed, Xerxes caused the Hellespont to be whipped, and had a set of fetters thrown into it. Herodotus says nothing about Xerxes enchaining the wind, but Juvenal says he used to vent his rage with scourges on Corus (the N.W. wind) and Eurum (the S.E. wind).

[When some one attacked Garrick for being vain, Johnson said: No, sir, I should not be surprised though Garrick "chained the ocean and lashed the winds." Boswell: "should it not be, sir, lashed the ocean and chained the winds?" Johnson: "No, sir: recollect the original:

*'In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis  
Barbarus, Æolis nunquam hoc in carcere passos,  
Ipsum compedibus quæ vinxerat Ennosigæum.'*"

This does very well, when both the winds and the sea are personified, and mentioned by their mythological names, as in Juvenal; but when they are mentioned in plain language, the application of the epithets suggested is the most obvious; and accordingly my friend himself, in his imitation of the passage which describes Xerxes has,

"The waves he lashes and enchains the wind."

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.]

234. *lops*, checks the power of.

237. *Th' insulted sea*. Reference is here again made to the whipping of the Hellespont.

*gains*, reaches, arrives at.

238. *A single skiff*. It is an exaggeration to say that the fleet of Xerxes was reduced to a single boat. The sufferings of the Persian army were exaggerated by Æschylus, and by the later poets and moralists, who delighted in heightening the contrast between the proud magnificence of the monarch's advance, and the ignominious humiliation of his retreat.

Here again Johnson closely follows Juvenal, who says that Xerxes

escaped from Salamis in a single ship through blood-stained waves, the prow of his vessel being retarded by the crowded corpses.

239 *encumber'd*, that is, with dead bodies. This is of course gross exaggeration, but Johnson is not answerable for it. See previous note.

240. *purple*, with the blood of the slain.

*floating host*, of dead bodies.

241. *The bold Bavarian*, Charles Albert. See note on line 224.

242. Attains the position of emperor.

243. *unexpected*, that is, unexpected by the Austrians, whom the Bavarians attacked.

245. *sway*, nom. to *was* understood, "Short was the sway."

*Austria*, here used, by metonymy, for the queen of Austria, Maria Theresa.

245. *fair Austria spread*, etc. The following extract from Macaulay well illustrates this:—Speaking of Maria Theresa, after Charles of Bavaria had been made Emperor, and Frederick of Prussia had seized Silesia, and invaded Moravia, he says: "Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people rude indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she risen from her couch, when she hastened to Presburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could restrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabres, and with eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then, her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye; but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came again before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, 'Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!'"

246. *sets the world in arms*, draws all nations into the contest.

It was Frederick the Great of Prussia, rather than Charles, Elector of Bavaria, who was the real cause of the war known as the Seven Years' War into which *nearly all the States of Europe were dragged*. After Frederick had occupied Silesia, and defeated the Austrians at Molwitz, then the French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, where the Saxons joined them : Prague was taken and the Elector of Bavaria was raised to the Imperial throne.

248. Attracts soldiers from far in the hope of plunder and the fame awarded to feats of arms.

249. **Croatian.** Croatia is a province of Austria.

**wild Hussar.** The Hussars were light cavalry of Poland and Hungary, supposed to have taken their name from the *huzzas* or shouts they made at their first onset. They "were oddly clothed, having the skins of tigers and other wild beasts hanging on their backs against bad weather, and wore fur caps with a cock's feather."

250. **sons of ravage.** After the events mentioned in the note on line 246, the Austrians defeated the French and drove them out of Bohemia, and then, says Macaulay, "Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody debatable land which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandor, the Croat, and the Hussar, then first became familiar to Western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end."

251. **baffled, foiled.**

**flattering bloom,** false attraction : something that seems beautiful and attractive, but yet possesses no real worth.

252. **Of hasty greatness,** proceeding from greatness suddenly acquired.

253. **derision, blame.** Nouns in app. to 'doom.'

251-3. The meaning of the lines is : The baffled prince, who, surrounded by the false splendour proceeding from too rapidly acquired greatness, suddenly experiences the fatal consequences in which it terminates, viz., his foes' derision, etc.

257. **Hides from himself his state,** strives to forget his unhappy condition.

258. That life is to man only a period of misery, and therefore the longer it is, the more misery he suffers.

260. **Deads** all the senses and faculties by means of which men obtain pleasure.

263. **listless eyes,** heedless eyes, eyes that take no pleasure in looking upon beauty.

264. **they.** The antecedent of this pronoun is *store* of the preceding line—the store of fruits and flowers.

265. **tasteless ... joyless.** The old man's sense of taste is so weakened that all meats seem to him insipid ('pall' upon him), and wine yields him no pleasure.

266. **Luxury.** The old man is unable to enjoy the luxuries to which he was slavishly addicted when young.

268. **tuneful lenitives,** soothing strains of music.

269. **impervious,** impenetrable, so dull that no sounds affect it.

270. **witness'd,** should witness, were to witness. To witness means 'show,' 'prove,' 'attest.'

**Orpheus,** a mythical personage who is said to have lived in very early times in Thrace. He was regarded by the Greeks as the best of the poets who lived before Homer. Many stories are related of Orpheus, the following being those most commonly referred to in modern literature. Presented with the lyre by Apollo, and instructed in its use by the Muses, he enchanted with his music not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks of Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp. On the death of his wife, Eurydice, he followed her to Hades, where he so charmed Pluto with his music that that inexorable god allowed her to return to Orpheus, on condition, however, that he should not look back to her until they had reached the upper world. When they had just reached the confines of Hades the anxiety of love overcame the poet. He looked back to see that Eurydice was following him, and then witnessed her snatched away again to the infernal regions.

269-70. No music could now please him, even if Orpheus himself were the performer.

272. **sweeter music,** that is, the conversation of a virtuous friend, which is more pleasant than any music.

273. **everlasting dictates crowd his tongue.** Having grown peevish with age, the tone of his conversation with all around him is very dogmatic. He is impatient of contradiction, and thinks that every one should defer to his opinions.

274. **Perversely grave,** serious on frivolous, unimportant matters; making much of little things.

**positively,** obstinately, brooking no contradiction.

275. **still returning,** often repeated. *Still* is an adverb denoting repetition.

**lingering,** long drawn out, tiresome, without point, a long time in telling and having no point when told.

277. **growing hopes.** Their hopes of inheriting the old man's property, which become stronger as he grows older.

278. **scarce,** hardly. Adverb to *can bribe*.

The hope of obtaining a legacy from the old man will scarcely

induce people to listen patiently to his tedious stories and ill-timed, pointless jests.

279. **The watchful guests.** The guests that take advantage of every opportunity to prejudice the old man against his children or other near relatives, who should of right inherit his property, in order that they may get it for themselves.

**the last offence,** the act (of the son or daughter) that last gave him offence.

281. **Improve,** employ to good purpose. The subject of 'improve' is 'guests.'

282. And work on his anger and resentment against his relatives, till they get him to make his will in their own favour.

279-282. The sense (as in the corresponding passage of Juvenal's satire) is that old men often disinherit their children in favour of designing knaves.

284. **siege ... blockade.** Both these words keep up the figure which was begun by calling maladies an *invading* force.

288. **mortgages,** documents showing that certain houses or lands are held by him as security for the repayment of money lent by him; and if the money be not repaid within a certain time entitling him to take possession of the property.

289. **suspicious,** jealously scrutinising, carefully examining whether they have been tampered with or not.

291. **grant.** Imperative. Supply 'that.'

**prime,** the best part of life: the time of life in which the physical and mental powers are most perfect.

292. **Bless.** The reading 'blest' is found. Give the construction and meaning with each reading.

**age,** old age.

293. **melts.** This word and *glides* in the next line indicate slow, imperceptible, and easy decay.

295. **day, life.** Obj. of 'endears.'

296. **night,** end, termination, that is, death.

297. **general favourite,** a man beloved by everybody.

**as,** as well as.

298. **Such age there is,** such old men there are. There are men whose old age is of the sort just described.

293-298. With this picture of the old age of a virtuous man compare the following lines of Goldsmith:—

"But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way.  
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His Heaven commences ere the world be past."

And Cowper's lines :—

“ Even age itself seems privileged in them,  
With clear exemption from its own defects.  
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front  
The veteran shows, and gracing a gray beard  
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave  
Sprightly and old almost without decay.”

300. To burden with sorrow the slow-moving time.

301. **rises as the day returns**, is continually arising.

303. **kindred merit**, one whose merit is similar to his own, who is virtuous like himself.

303, 304. At one time he is grieved at the death of a man like himself; at another by that of a dear friend.

305. **Year chases year**, age comes on apace. Compare with this passage the *Task* i. 129, etc. :—

“ Our years,  
As life declines, speed rapidly away,  
And not a year but pilfers as he goes  
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep.”

307, 308. Time's change, a new condition of things arises, and men, turning their attention entirely to present circumstances, think little about men and affairs that but a few years before were celebrated.

308. **on the stage**, among the scenes of life. The comparison of the world to a stage is common in English poetry. It often occurs in Shakspeare.

309. In this line man is figuratively represented as a servant of nature, which, when his term of service has expired, signs his discharge and allows him to depart. The simple meaning of the line is that in the usual course of nature the man dies.

312. **who set unclouded**, etc., who die with their honour undiminished.

313. **Lydia's monarch**. Cræsus, the last king of Lydia, reigned B.C. 550-546. He subdued all the nations between the *Ægean* and the river Halys, and made the Greeks of Asia Minor tributary to him. The fame of his power and wealth drew to his court at Sardis all the wise men of Greece, and among them Solon, whose interview with the king is related in the next note.

314. **Solon**. This celebrated Athenian legislator was born about B.C. 638. He soon became so renowned for his wisdom that he was ranked as one of the seven sages. After having successfully discharged various political duties of difficulty for the Athenians, he was employed by them to remodel their constitution. He ~~is~~ said to have exacted an oath from the Athenians that they would obey his laws without alteration for a certain time, and then to have left Athens for ten years. It was during this absence that he is said to

have visited Croesus, king of Lydia. The interview between the monarch and the sage is thus related in the *History of Greece* :—

“ The Lydian monarchy was then at the height of its prosperity and glory. Croesus, after exhibiting to the Grecian sage all his treasures, asked him who was the happiest man he had ever known, nothing doubting of the reply. But Solon, without flattering his royal host, named two obscure Greeks ; and when the king expressed his surprise and mortification that his visitor took no account of his great glory and wealth, Solon replied that he esteemed no man happy till he knew how he ended his life, since the highest prosperity was frequently followed by the darkest adversity. Croesus at the time treated the admonition of the sage with contempt ; but when the Lydian monarchy was afterwards overthrown by Cyrus, and Croesus was condemned by his savage conqueror to be burnt to death, the warnings of the Greek philosopher came to his mind, and he called in a loud voice on the name of Solon. Cyrus inquired the cause of this strange invocation, and upon learning it, was struck with the vicissitudes of fortune, set the Lydian monarch free, and made him his confidential friend.”

“ It is impossible,” says Smith, “ not to regret that the stern laws of chronology compel us to reject this beautiful tale. Croesus did not ascend the throne till B.C. 560, and Solon had returned to Athens before that date. The story has been evidently invented to convey an important moral lesson, and to draw a striking contrast between Grecian republican simplicity and Oriental splendour and pomp.”

317. There seems to be no sufficient reason for the remark here made on Marlborough. Not long before his death the duke made £100,000 by investment in the South Sea scheme, at a time when thousands, who thought themselves, and were considered by others, to be of perfectly sound mind, were ruined. This does not say much for his having fallen into a state of dotage. Johnson probably selected Marlborough as an example on this occasion because he was a Whig, and because he had deserted the cause of the Stuarts.

318. a driveller and a show, a fool and a sad spectacle. Though Swift lost his reason before he died, he did not deserve to be thus held up to scorn. Johnson never would allow Swift the credit he deserved as a writer.

319. teeming, fruitful, prolific.

320. birth, child.

the fortune of a face, a beautiful face—a face that may be worth a fortune.

321. Vane. The following note is from Boswell :—“ In this poem, a line in which the danger attending on female beauty is mentioned, has very generally, I believe, been misunderstood :

‘ Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;  
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.’

The lady mentioned in the first of these verses was not the cele-



brated Lady Vane, whose memoirs were given to the public by Dr. Smollett, but Anne Vane, who was mistress to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and died in 1736, not long before Johnson settled in London."

In the same note it is stated that neither Vane nor Sedley was good-looking.

322. **Sedley**, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, a celebrated wit and courtier in the reign of Charles II., and though he was himself a very licentious man, he was so much annoyed by the intrigue which James II. carried on with his daughter, afterwards created by that monarch, countess of Dorchester, that he took an active part in promoting the revolution.

323. **nymphs**, a word often used in poetry for beautiful women. In mythology the nymphs were goddesses who inhabited the sea, rivers, fountains, woods, and mountains.

324. Who spend too much time in pleasure to learn wisdom.

325. **soft**, pleasant, gentle. Soft varieties are exemplified in the next line by *frolic* and *dance*.

326. **frolic, dance**. In app. to *varieties*.

327. **with vanity, ... with art**. These are adverbial to *frown* and *smile* respectively. *With art* = artfully; and, *with vanity* = from wounded vanity, the meaning being that they frown when anything is said or done which hurts the vain conceit they have of themselves.

328. Who accommodate your feelings to the fashion of the time, instead of taking virtue and simplicity as your guides.

329. **What care ... charms**, no care and no rules can save, etc.

330. **nymph, youth**. Nom. abs. Each nymph being your rival, and each young man professing himself your slave.

331. **fondness**, that is of the youth, the lover. **hate**, of the nymph, the rival.

332. **batters**, endeavours to depreciate, calumniates.

**mines**, undermines your virtue, tries to seduce you.

333. **With distant voice**, feebly. When a person has resolved upon doing what is wrong, the warnings of conscience become weaker and weaker until it ceases to warn at all. Here the same thought is expressed by representing the person as deserting Virtue's rule ('reign').

336. Virtue ceasing to rule, pride and prudence can exercise but a very slight command.

338. **harmless freedom**, improprieties of conduct which are excused as harmless.

**the private friend**, one who takes improper liberties on the score of being an intimate friend.

339. **guardians**, pride and prudence.

340. **To Interest, Prudence**. Supply the verb *yields*. Prudence yields to interest. Similarly pride yields to flattery.

342. *hissing Infamy*, shame which causes her in her fallen state to be hissed and mocked at.

the rest, the consequences.

343. What may be hoped for as really desirable, and feared as dangerous.

345. *helpless*, through ignorance ; not knowing what to wish for, or what to avoid.

*sedate*, quiet, contented.

346. *darkling*, etc. Adv., in the dark ; that is in ignorance. The line means : Be carried away in ignorance by that destiny which is too powerful to be opposed.

349. *yet*, still. The sense is : Setting aside such desires as those mentioned in the preceding part of the poem, as the desire of wealth, etc., there are others which Heaven may grant.

354. *The secret ambush*, etc. The poet is not addressing a hypocrite who wants to circumvent God, but an earnest inquirer. The poet wants such an one to pray for what is good, but to leave to God *the measure and the choice*, as He alone can discern the evils (the secret ambush) that may await the fulfilment of a *specious* prayer, that is of a prayer which seems to be for a good object, but is really not so.

359. *for a healthful mind*. The corresponding passage in Juvenal is the hackneyed quotation, *ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*, that there may be (to thee) a sound mind in a sound body.

361. *For love*, etc., for universal benevolence.

362. *For patience*, etc., for such a degree of patience as will enable you to bear any evil fortune, so that it comes by you to be regarded as something good. The word '*transmuted*' is used prophetically of the *evil* being *changed*, as it were, into something good.

## JOHN GILPIN.

[WILLIAM COWPER, the famous author of the *Task*, *John Gilpin*, and other poems, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. He was partly educated at Westminster School in London. He had a career of great public usefulness before him, but was more than once the victim of insanity. During his lucid intervals he wrote much excellent poetry. During his residence at Olney with his friends, the Rev. John Newton and Mrs. Unwin, he made the acquaintance of Lady Austen. To this lady the world is indebted for the ballad of *John Gilpin*. She one day, to amuse him, related a story which she said "had been told her in her childhood." Cowper sat up half the night turning the tale into verse. He sent it to Unwin in November, 1782, who was made to "laugh tears" by it, and published it in the *Public Advertiser*. It soon became extremely

popular, and has been a favourite with old and young ever since. The story is supposed to refer to a Mr. Bayer, "an eminent linen-draper, whose shop was at the corner of Cheapside." See *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

3. **A train-band**, *i.e.* trained-band, city militia. The train-bands were bodies of citizen soldiers, corresponding in a measure to the volunteer corps of the present day. An appreciative account of them will be found in ch. iii. of Macaulay's *History of England*.

**eke**, also, in addition. The verb to *eke*, A.-S. *ecan*, means 'to add to.'

11. **the Bell**, the name of an inn or hostelry.

**Edmonton**, famous as the place of Lamb's death. It is a village near Enfield, in Middlesex, between nine and ten miles from London.

12. **All**, a common use of the word as an adverb in old ballads. Cf. "All on a summer's day"—The usage is colloquial and pleonastic.

16. **after we**. Strict grammar requires 'we' to be 'us,' but in humorous poetry grammar very often has to give way to rhyme.

21. **bold**. Of course as captain of a train-band it behoved him to be brave and bold.

23. **calender**. This is, properly speaking, a *hot* press, used to press clothes and make them smooth and glossy. One who carries on this business would, as Skeat says, more properly be called a *calenderer*.

26. **for that**, because, a common phrase in Shakspeare's day.

39. **all agog**, all in a state of great eagerness.

40. **through thick and thin**, through all obstacles.

41. **Smack...round**. Note the great emphasis given to these words by their position.

44. **Cheapside**, the street in which John Gilpin, the linen-draper's shop, was situated. It is west of Cornhill, and close to St. Paul's Cathedral.

49. **saddle-tree**, etc. He had scarcely settled himself in the saddle. The 'saddle-tree' is the wooden framework of the saddle. 'Tree' in this word has the old meaning of 'wood.'

54. **sore**, greatly.

58. **suitd to their mind**, satisfied with the goods shown to them.

59. **Betty**, a shortened form of Elizabeth. She was the servant-maid.

61. **Good lack**, another form of 'alack,' *i.e.* alas, of which it is probably a corruption.

**quoth**, said, exclaimed. 'Quoth' is the past tense of an obsolete verb, and has the peculiarity of always standing before its subject.

63. I bear my trusty sword, as captain of a train-band.

69. ear, small handle.

74. Equipped, etc., fully furnished, dressed out from head to foot.

75. long red cloak, part of his equipment as a captain of militia.

84. which galled him, etc., caused him to feel very sore from the unpleasant motion made by the horse trotting. He was, it may be supposed from his occupation, not much of a horseman.

85. Fair and softly. It is usual now to call to a horse, "Gently, gently, boy," when it gets restive.

John he cried. The 'he' is, of course, redundant, but such redundancies are common in ballad poetry.

89. needs, adv., 'of necessity,' necessarily. There was an old genitive form 'needes,' of which it is a contraction.

93. that sort, that manner.

94. handled, ridden. Referring to Gilpin's grasping the mane instead of managing his horse by the reins only.

95. thing, objective case after 'wonder.'

97. neck or nought, an idiomatic phrase meaning 'recklessly,' 'in reckless fashion.' Like so many idiomatic expressions, it is highly elliptical. We may perhaps fill up the ellipses thus: '(risking his) neck or (risking) nought,' i.e. nothing.

98. Away went hat, etc., that is, they flew off his head.

100. Of running such a rig, indulging in such pranks. The phrase was apparently a slang one in Cowper's day, and is not quite obsolete as such even now.

102. gay. It was 'red,' as we are told in line 75.

108. said or sung. Cowper uses this collocation of words in humorous imitation of the words in the book of Common Prayer, before the *Venite*, for example, "Then shall be said or sung the Psalm following."

115. He carries weight. Seeing the bottles slung at his waist, the people in the road thought he was riding a race, and that he was handicapped by being made to carry extra weight. In certain races the best horses are made to carry extra weight, so as to equalise the chances of winning; this is called handicapping.

116. a thousand pound. The omission of the sign of the plural is not at all unusual in such phrases, e.g. six pair of socks.

119. in a trice, in a moment; in a very short space of time—so long only as it would take to say or count *three*. Trice is from the French *trois*, three, but see Skeat.

the turnpike-men, men who stood at the gates to take toll; the toll-men. See line 243.

122. reeking, with perspiration.

126. **Most piteous**, etc., a most pitiful sight, meaning that the loss of so much good liquor was a sad sight.

128. **basted**. His horse's flanks or sides were smoking, as a joint of meat does when it is being roasted before a fire, and has fat or butter poured over it.

133. **merry**, pleasant, as in 'Merry England.'

**Islington**. In Cowper's days Islington was a village close to London, but is now well in the modern city, not far from King's Cross Railway Station.

135. **the Wash**, a stream flowing across the road at the entrance to Edmonton.

139. **trundling mop**, a mop that is being *trundled* or made to revolve rapidly to get rid of some of the water in it.

142. **balcôny**. Observe that the emphasis is on the second syllable. This is the correct Italian pronunciation of the word. See also line 128 of *The Brides of Venice*.

149. **not a whit**, not in the slightest degree. See note on 202, *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

151. **For why**, a strengthened form of 'why.' In older writers it is used to mean 'because.'

152. **Ware**, in Hertfordshire; once celebrated for its great bed, said to have been capable of holding 24 people.

162. **His neighbour**. The Calender's country-house was at Ware, but he apparently carried on business in Cheapside, London, and so was a neighbour of John Gilpin's.

**such trim**, such a plight.

166. **and shall**, I am determined to extract the reason from you. This is, of course, jocosely said.

172. **In merry guise**, in a merry fashion, manner.

176. **They are upon the road**. This has a double meaning: (1) They have fallen on the road; (2) they are following me; they are on the road to Ware.

178. **in merry pin**, in a cheerful mood or humour. 'Pin' in this sense is evidently an old slang expression.

192. **case**, state, condition.

201. **bootless**, fruitless, unavailing.

204. **sing**, jocosely for 'bray.'

214. **posting down**, riding at full speed.

217. **the youth**, the post-boy.

222. **amain**, at full speed.

232. **The lumbering of the wheels**, the noise of the heavy wheels of the post-chaise, which he was accustomed to drag.

236. **They**, redundant.

236. **the hue and cry.** When any thief runs off, a 'hue and cry' is said to be raised when the people chase him and shout out 'stop thief,' 'stop thief.'

248. **He did again get down,** that is, at his own house in Cheap-side.

## THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

[SAMUEL ROGERS, the author of this poetical account of a striking episode in the early history of Venice, was born in Middlesex in 1763, and died in 1855. A banker by profession, he was also a poet, wit, and patron of art. He published several works, but his last and largest publication was his descriptive poem of 'Italy' in 1822. He dedicated the remainder of his literary life to the publication of exquisitely illustrated editions of his *Italy* and other Poems. For more than half a century he figured in the foremost ranks of London Literary Society.

The following is the prose story of the Brides of Venice :—

"Under CANDIANO II., who became Doge of Venice in A.D. 932, occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite nevertheless very powerful interest and almost connect History with Romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families at Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the season of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked, and amid festive pomp, swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them in proud display the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides, proceeded to the Cathedral. The pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the Arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence, Olivolo was untenanted, except by priests, and its neighbourhood was entirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots the Corsairs laid their ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the Cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping and heartbroken brides and hurried them to their vessels. The Doge had honoured the Festival with

his presence, and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such galleys as were in the harbour, they profited by a favourable wind, and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Lagune* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and, such was its fury, that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and, on the evening of the same day, the interrupted rites were solemnised with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their completion. The memory of this singular event was long kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the Eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the Doge to the Church of Sta. Maria Formosa. It was by the trunk-makers (*cassellari*) of the island on which the above-named church stands that the greater part of the crew, hastily collected on this occasion, was furnished; and Candiano, as a reward for their bravery, asked them to demand some privilege. They requested this annual visit to their island. 'What,' said the Prince, 'if the day should prove rainy?' 'We will send you hats to cover your heads, and if you are thirsty we will give you drink.' To commemorate this question and reply, the Priest of Sta. Maria was wont to offer to the Doge, on landing, two flasks of Malmsy, two oranges, and two hats adorned with his own armorial bearings, those of the Pope, and those of the Doge. The Marian Games (*La Festa delle Marie*), of which this *andata* formed part, and which lasted for six days, continued to be celebrated till they were interrupted by the public distress during the War of Chiozza. They were renewed two hundred years afterwards with yet greater pomp; but of the time at which they fell into total disuse we are unable to speak."—Smedley's *Sketches of Venetian History*.]

1. **St. Mary's Eve**, the Eve of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, 2nd February.

5. **the Firm Land**. From the Venetian province on *Terra Firma*. Venice itself was built on islands in the lagoons along the coast.

8. **in his straw**. In olden times anything was thought good enough as a bed for prisoners. Straw was almost a luxury.

to hear, to listen.

9. **So great, etc.**, so great was the noise made by the crowds of people attending the festival.

**Venice**. In the year 809 A.D. Angelo Participazio, the saviour of his country, was elected Doge (i.e. Duke), and proceeded at once to found the future great city of Venice, "the Queen of the Adriatic." "The sixty islands," says Smedley, "which clustered round Rialto were connected with it and each other by bridges; a new capital arose within their circuit; a cathedral and a ducal palace were founded on the site which they still occupy; and the

name of the province on *Terra Firma*, from which the citizens derive their origin, was given to the metropolis which they were creating. Such was the birth of VENICE."

10. **three hundred.** The bridges of Venice are necessarily extremely numerous, and probably exceed the number named.

11. **cozening**, wheedling and cheating.

12. **yellow hat.** Under 'gabardine' in the *Cyclopædia of Costume*, Planchet says that Cesare Vecellio "tells us that the Jews differed in nothing as far as regarded dress from the Venetians of the same profession—merchants, doctors, etc.—with the exception of a *yellow bonnet* which they were compelled to wear by order of the Government."

**gaberdine**, more correctly spelt 'gabardine,' a loose upper garment made of coarse material, and flowing like a Mohamedan's coat nearly to the feet.

Cf. "You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my *Jewish gaberdine*."

—Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 112.

15. **the Book of Gold.** "Whoever could prove his ancestral right was permitted, when five-and-twenty years old, to assert his claim, as the form ran, *per suos et per viginti quinque annos* (i.e. through his ancestors and his 25 years), to be enrolled in the Golden Book (*Il Libro d'Oro*) of Nobility, and thus to be admitted as a member of the Great Council."—Smedley.

21. **tapestry.** Here put for carpets, hand-made, of the richest silks.

23. **bridal maids.** An unusual expression, but necessitated by the metre. 'Bride's-maids' is the usual term.

30. **gossamer**, a fine, delicate, filmy substance like cobwebs, floating in the air in calm, clear, sunny Autumn weather.

35. **gold brocade**, dress made of silk or satin interwoven with gold.

36. **now no more.** The church referred to was that of San Pietro di Castello, the Patriarchal Church of Venice at Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch.

43. **bannered aisle**, the centre of the church, along the sides of which hung banners.

45. **Range**, the subject of this verb is 'they.'

46. **The Patriarch.** In those days the Chief Bishop of the Roman faith in Venice was styled the Patriarch.

52. **heightened**, enhanced, increased.

55. **Apostle-like**, in the manner of one of the Apostles of Christ.

~~the~~ **holy man**, the Patriarch.

61. **Barberigo**, the pirate chief.

62. **coats of steel**, steel armour.



73. *Istria*, on the opposite side of the Adriatic—in Austria.

74. *galliot and the galley*, small ships of those days. Apparently these were well-known piratical craft.

76. *argosies*. See *Merchant of Venice*, i. i. 9. Large, richly laden merchant ships. Named after the 'Argo' in which Jason went in search of the golden fleece.

to, in comparison with.

79. *moving*, pathetic.

89. *The youths*, those who were to have been the bridegrooms.

*brigantine*, a light, swift sailing vessel.

90. *the Arsenal*, an anachronism, as the Arsenal was not built for centuries afterwards. See introductory note.

91. *the holy rood*, the holy cross (of Christ).

94. *making for*, sailing towards.

95. *St. Mark's*. It is related that in 827 the Venetians obtained by a stratagem and carried off from Alexandria the embalmed relics of their patron Saint—Saint Mark. On getting the Saint's body to Venice, the city was solemnly consigned to his protection. The saint himself or his lion was blazoned on her standards and impressed on her coinage.

97. *Ha*, an exclamation of joyful surprise.

100. *Friuli*, the shores to the north-east of Venice, as the context shows.

101. *the Corsairs where they lay*, in the lagoons of Caorlo. The creek is still called *Il Porto Donzelle* (the port of the maidens).

106. *whose name*, Barberigo.

111. *Twelve breast-plates*, etc. They are described by Evelyn in his diary, and up to a comparatively late date were to be seen in the Treasury of St. Mark.

113. *in the field*, that is when about to engage in fight with the pirates.

118. *as oft as it came round*, annually.

120. *pure ermine*, pure white.

121. *St. Mary's*, the church called Sta. Maria Formosa. See the introductory prose story from Smedley.

122-3. *barge of gold*, a barge gilded to look like gold.

128. *balcony*. See notes on *John Gilpin*, line 142.

133. *the Rialto*, 'Rivo alto,' the deep stream, abbreviated into Rialto, is first the name of this island, *Isola de Rialto*; then, of the bridge, *Il Ponte di Rialto*, which connects it with the opposite bank; and lastly of the Exchange, the *Rialto* of Shakspeare, which stands upon this island.

## THE COMBAT.

(From Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Canto V.)

[SIR WALTER SCOTT, distinguished first as a Poet, and then as the greatest Novelist of his day, was born at Edinburgh in 1771, and died in 1832 at his home, Abbotsford, on the Tweed, near Melrose. In the introduction to *The Lady of the Lake* Scott informs us of the circumstances that prompted him to write that poem. He says, "The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds and political dissensions which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

"I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable."

"After a considerable delay, the *Lady of the Lake* appeared in May 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability

in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken."

The following critique on the *Lady of the Lake* is taken from the *Quarterly Review*, May, 1810 :

"Never, we think, has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than in the writings of Mr. Scott. He sees everything with a painter's eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination which we are not accustomed to expect from verbal description. Much of this, no doubt, is the result of genius ; for there is a quick and comprehensive power of discernment and intensity and keenness of observation, an almost intuitive glance, which nature alone can give, and by means of which her favourites are enabled to discover characteristic differences where the eye of dulness sees nothing but uniformity ; but something also must be referred to discipline and exercise. The liveliest fancy can only call forth those images which are already stored up in the memory, and all that invention can do is to unite these into new combinations which must appear confused and ill-defined if the impressions originally received by the senses were deficient in strength and distinctness. It is because Mr. Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated. The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he exhibits are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist deliberately drawn from different points of view ; each has its true shape and position ; it is a portrait ; it has its name by which the spectator is invited to examine the exactness of the resemblance."]

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The first Stanza, which is introductory, informs the reader that the Canto is to be devoted to war—a war in which the combatants are to be men whose bearing towards one another is to be so honourable and so knightly, that it will lend a beauty to what is in itself horrible and a charm to what is in itself dangerous.

1. earliest beam of eastern light, the dawn.
2. bewilder'd pilgrim, traveller who has lost his way.
3. It ... dreary brow of night. The meaning is, it begins to dispel the darkness of the night.
5. lights, lights up, so that one may see.
- 6-9. The arrangement of the clauses in these lines is rather complex. May martial Faith and Courtesy's bright star, which are as fair as the earliest beam of eastern light, although it is by far the fairest in the day, shine through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War and give to horror grace, to danger pride
6. far, by far, adverbial.

7. **Giving to horror grace**, causing that, which in itself is dreadful to look upon, to appear beautiful.

**Giving to danger pride**, causing one to take pleasure in danger for its own sake. Compare the last two lines of the 4th Stanza.

8. **Shine**, metaphorical for 'appear,' 'stand forth.'  
**martial Faith**, knightly honour.

Cf. The death of De Argentine in the *Lord of the Isles* :—

"O farewell!" the victor cried,  
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,  
The arm in battle bold,  
The courteous mien, the noble race,  
The stainless faith, the manly face!"

**Courtesy's bright star**. *Courtesy* was of the very essence of chivalry. Cf. *Marmion*, C. I., Stanza xxxi.

9. **wreckful storms**, the ravage and destruction.

**cloud the brow of War**, that render war so gloomy and sad.

10. **sheen**, adj., glittering, bright.

11. **twinkling**, sparkling, sending a quivering light. Cf.

"All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen."—C. I., Stanza xi.

**hazel**, a bush bearing nuts. The warriors, who were lying under cover (screen) of the hazel-bush were aroused out of their sleep by the rays of the sun shining on them through the foliage.

13. **The warriors**, the mountaineers, followers of Roderick Dhu.

14. **dappled**, spotted, flecked.

15. **by**, Scotticism for 'over,' 'muttered by,' repeated rapidly and indistinctly.

**soldier**, adjective to matins.

**matins**, morning prayers.

16. **awaked their fire**, stirred up the smouldering embers so that they might burn brightly.

**to steal, to snatch**, to take in haste. Gerundial infinitive.

17. **As short and rude**. Short and rude are adverbs, modifying 'steal.' The comparison here is between the way they uttered their prayers and took their food. They devoured their meal as quickly and in as uncereemonious a manner as they had previously muttered their prayers.

18. **That done**, the meal (being) finished, or over. Nominative absolute.

**the Gael**, Roderick Dhu. See note on line 57.

19. **plaid**, tartans (Stanza xv., line 392). A checkered or cross-barred woollen wrapper worn by the Highlanders, each clan having colours and patterns peculiar to itself.

20. true to promise, 'true,' adjective to Gael. In the preceding Canto, Stanza 31, the Gael had promised to conduct Fitz-James

"O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle ford."

22. A **wildering path**, bewildering, perplexing way.

**winded.** A word constantly used by Scott. The ordinary perfect is 'wound.' There are two verbs 'to wind':—(1) (a) 'To turn,' 'to move in a circular course'; (b) (with 'up' after it) 'to close,' 'conclude,' etc., as (a) "The Till, a deep and slow river, *winded* between the armies"; (b) he has *wound* up his affairs: (2) 'To blow,' "That blast was *winded* by the King."

~ 24. **Commanding**, overlooking, commanding a view of.

25, 26. **windings, vales**, objective cases in apposition to 'scenes.'

**windings of the Forth.** The Forth is a river that rises in Ben Lomond and flows east into the German Ocean. Near Stirling its windings are so numerous and intricate that they have been compared to the links of a chain, and are known by the name of "The Links of Forth."

Cf.:—"Old Stirling's towers arose in light  
And, twined in links of silver bright,  
Her winding river lay."

—*Lord of the Isles*, vi., Stanza xix. --

**the Teith.** This river rises within  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles of the head of Loch Lomond and flows south-east for 20 miles, where it is joined by the stream, "the daughter of three mighty lakes," which issues from Loch Vennachar. Thence it goes on for 13 miles, when it joins the Forth 2 miles above Stirling.

27. **Stirling's turrets.** Stirling Castle is built on a rock, and in the time of James the Fifth was considered to be impregnable. Thither James fled from Falkland Castle, where he was kept under the surveillance of the Douglasses.

**melt in sky**, fade away in the distance.

28. **sunk**, participial to *them* in *their*.

29. **Gain'd**, extended.

29. 'Twas **oft** so steep. The pathway was often so precipitous that they had to creep along it on their hands and feet.

**Fain**, glad.

32. **So tangled oft**, so beset or overgrown with shrubs. 'Tangled' = entangled.

- **bursting through**, participial to '(on) them' understood. The meaning is: As they forced their way through the thicket they shook the dew-drops from the hawthorn bushes.

33. **hawthorn**, a prickly bush.

35. *Beauty's tear.* The brilliancy and purity of a dew-drop is only surpassed by the tear on the cheek of a lovely woman.

36. *At length, etc.* They came after a time to a spot where the hill sloped down precipitously to Loch Vennachar which lay at its foot.

37. *deep,* Loch or Lake Vennachar, a beautiful expanse of water of about five miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth.

38. *Here,* at the foot of the hill, on the south, on the right hand. They are walking in an easterly direction along the path on the northern side of Loch Vennachar.

39. *There,* on the left hand, on the north.

*Benledi,* a hill to the north of Loch Vennachar, 3009 feet in height. It was anciently a scene of the rites of the Druids; and it took its name, which signifies "The hill of God," from their fire-worship.

*ridge on ridge,* with its ridges extended one beyond another, peak over peak.

41. *threatening stone,* called 'threatening' because, to the person wandering along the path beneath, the crags seemed as if they were about to fall and crush him to pieces.

42. *An hundred men, etc.* The path was so difficult of approach from above, and so inaccessible from below, that if one hundred men of dauntless valour and power of endurance were stationed there, they could maintain their position against a whole army.

44. *scanty cloak,* sparse covering. There was but little vegetation on the hill.

45. *dwarfish,* stunted—'*ish*' = like.

46. *shingles,* loose gray stones.

47. *bracken,* a species of fern.

48. *heather,* a wild, low-growing shrub having a small but beautiful flower varying in colour from a light to a dark purple. It is used in Scotland for making brooms, etc. Sometimes it grows in such quantities that the whole mountain side is covered with it.

49. *It held the copse in rivalry,* that is the heather, which generally grows no higher than about two feet, here equalled in height the 'bracken' and other brushwood on the mountain side.

51. *Dank,* a variant of damp. So called because osiers (willows) only grow on marshy soil.

54. *cumber'd,* encumbered. A proleptic or anticipative usage, as the land was not cumbered until the *débris* mentioned in the next line was heaped upon it.

56. *So toilsome,* so wearisome was it to walk along this path.

57. *The guide,* Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu (Black Roderick, son of Alpine). Roderick Dhu was the head of the Clan Alpine. Having

slain a knight at Holyrood he was outlawed. He thereupon retired to his mountain home, summoned together his clan, and defended his land against the frequent attacks of the Regent's party. He became a terror to the people in the Lowlands, as he frequently made incursions on their land, burning their houses and carrying off their cattle. See Canto IV., Stanza xxiii., Canto v., Stanzas vi. and vii.

Cf. :—" Who, through all the western wild,  
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled !  
In Holyrood a knight he slew,  
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
Courtiers give place before the stride  
Of the undaunted homicide ;  
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand,  
Full sternly kept his mountain land."—C. II., St. xii.

**abating of his pace**, walking more slowly—slackening his speed. It is usual to omit 'of' as the verb 'abate' has a direct transitive force.

59. **Fitz-James**, James the Fifth, King of Scotland. He has been wandering in the mountains in disguise as the Knight of Snowdon.

60. **wilds**, fastnesses, unfrequented and dangerous parts of the country.

61. **pass**, passport, without a letter from Roderick granting him permission to traverse that district.

62. **in danger tried**. The meaning is that, when he wandered through any wild or dangerous tract of country, the only passport he carried with him was his trusty sword—for if any one were to attempt to intercept him in his wanderings he was ready to fight and to force his way.

64. **sooth**, truth. 'Sooth to say' is more common. Except in this and one or two similar phrases, and the compound 'forsooth,' the word *sooth* is obsolete.

65. **I dreamt**, etc., I did not imagine I should require to defend myself with my sword.

66. **but three days since**, only three days ago. The events described in the poem are supposed to occupy six days.

67. **Bewilder'd in pursuit of game**. In chase of a stag he had separated himself from his companions and lost his way.

69. **slumbering**, resting on, hanging heavily over.

**yonder**, poetical for 'yonder.'

72. **Thus**, so, what I have just stated to you.

73. **deep**, adverb to 'lied,' lied greatly.

**villain**. This word had once a good signification and meant a 'peasant.' Now it means 'a scoundrel.' For other words that, like 'villain,' have changed their original meanings, see Trench *On*

*the Study of Words*, page 67 *et seq.*; or Earle's *Philology of the English Tongue*, page 55 *et seq.*

74. **venture**, a noun—risk. Why do you run a second risk? Why do you traverse this wild district a second time?

76. **Mrves**, etc. The implied answer to this question is, No. We, unlike the workman, whom necessity forces to labour a certain number of hours daily, have our time at our own disposal. We can do what we like.

78. **Enough**, it is sufficient for thee to know that, etc.  
to drive away, etc., to dispel *ennui*, to use up my hours of idleness.

82, 83. **falcon, greyhound, glance**, nominatives in apposition to 'cause.' Slight cause, (such as) a falcon, etc.

85. **The danger's self**, etc. The very danger that is said to beset a mountain path is sufficient to induce a knight-errant to wander thither.

**lure**, attraction, a term taken from the decoy or bait held out by falconers to attract the hawk.

Fitz-James having in the preceding Stanza given but an evasive answer to the chieftain's inquiry as to why he wandered a second time unprotected through those mountainous regions, Roderick now tells him to keep his secret, for he will not further importune him to divulge it.

87. **ye**. "In the Original form of the language," says Abbot, "*ye* is nominative, *you* accusative." Ben Jonson says, "The second person plural is for reverence sake applied to some singular thing."

88. **Say**, tell me.

89. **Mar**, the Earl of Mar, another Highland chieftain, but a loyal subject of King James.

90. **by my word**, I pledge my word as a knight, I did not hear of any war having been resolved on against Clan Alpine.

93. **muster**, etc., gathering of the followers of the Gael.

94. **their pennons**, etc., their banners will be unfurled for war.

95. **else**, otherwise, under other circumstances.

**Doune**. Doune Castle is situated on an eminence overlooking the river Teith, about nine miles from Stirling. It is a huge quadrangular pile, measuring about 96 feet on the side and having a tower 100 feet high with walls 10 feet thick. It belongs to the Earl of Moray, whose eldest son derives from it his title of Lord Doune.

96. **Free be they flung!** Well! says Roderick, shake out your banners to the breeze, we are ready to engage in instant strife. He reiterates Fitz-James's words in *scorn*. From line 96 to line 103 Roderick Dhu is the speaker.

10th, unwilling.



97. **Their silken folds**, etc., in allusion to the damage done by moths to such textile fabrics as are not frequently exposed to the sun.

**silken**, Roderick speaks with covert sarcasm.

99. **Glan Alpine's pine**, the pine-tree was the crest of Roderick Dhu. Cf. the lines in Canto II., Stanza xix. :—

“Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
Honoured and blessed be the evergreen Pine !  
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !”

101. **In the mountain game**, in search of game among the mountains.

102. **Whence the bold boast**, etc. This is in allusion to the words of defiance Fitz-James uttered in Canto IV., Stanza xxx. :

“Art thou a friend to Roderick ?”—“No.”  
“Thou darrest not call thyself a foe ?”  
“I dare ! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”

**Whence**, etc. Roderick, who is as yet personally unknown to his companion, asks Fitz-James his reason for so openly and boldly proclaiming himself the “vow'd and mortal foe” of Vich Alpine, of himself that is.

**show**, ellipsis of ‘yourself to be’—or, ‘that you are.’

103. **foe**, nominative after the verb ‘to be’ understood, (yourself to be) Vich Alpine's foe.

**vow'd**, avowed, open, sworn.

108. **Who**, etc. Scott says, “This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland ; nay, the presence of the Sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility.”

**Regent**, the Duke of Albany (Sta. vi.), who was Regent for some time during the minority of James the Fifth.

110. **Yet this alone**, etc., the very fact of his having committed such a foul deed in the presence of the Regent should be sufficient to turn every loyal subject against him.

**part**, his side.

112. **Wrothful**, a variant of ‘wrathful.’ Enraged at such a base accusation, the dark frown on the face of the chieftain grew still darker—he scowled more fiercely.

113. **Dark lower'd**, a metaphorical expression taken from the darkening of the heavens by the clouds, previous to a thunder-storm.

114. **A space he paused**, he remained silent for a time. This seems to imply either that he was so angry that he could not speak,

or that he was endeavouring to check his rising passions and to get himself sufficiently under control to return a calm answer.

116. *Heard'st thou*, etc. Note the ellipses—*Heard'st thou* (not of) that shameful word and blow (that) brought? etc. Did no report reach you of? etc.

118. *What reck'd the Chieftain*, what did it matter to the chieftain? what did the chieftain care?

if, whether.

119. *Holy-Rood*, Holy-Rood is a royal palace in Edinburgh. It derives its name from the chapel being dedicated to the Holy-Rood, or *Cross*.

*'By the rood'* was a very common oath in the middle ages. Cf. C. I., Sta. xxii:

"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has err'd," he said.

Holy-rood is associated with many events in the history of Scotland. Here Rizzio was murdered in the reign of Queen Mary, and here the Pretender Charles set up his authority. In the vault of the Abbey adjoining the palace James the Fifth was buried.

120. *rights*, puts right, avenges.

123. *then*, during the Regency of Albany.

*claim'd sovereignty his due*, although this much is to be said of Roderick's behalf that, at that time, the ruling power did not claim and enforce that amount of respect from the subject which was its due.

124. *with feeble hand*, etc., as Regent he governed the country in a very weak manner. Scott, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, says of him, "He was a weak and passionate man, taking up opinions too slightly, and driven out of his resolutions too easily."

125. *truncheon*. French, *tronc*, Latin, *truncus*, a short thick staff. A military staff of command. Here the royal sceptre.

126. *mew'd*, confined, properly applied to the caging of hawks.

127. Was neither respected by the nobles nor had any authority in the country.

122-127. On these lines Scott has the following note: "There is scarcely a more disorderly period of Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James the Fifth. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed."

128. Notice the argument here. Fitz-James, though not withdrawing his expressed opinion that to kill a person in the Regent's Court was a crime, is still ready to admit that, from the state in which the Court was when the deed was committed, every nobleman being at enmity with his neighbour and the Regent ruling very

feebly, the crime might be palliated. But then he goes on to bring forward another charge which he seems to think cannot be excused, viz. Roderick's 'robber life.'

131. *rear'd in vain*, to no purpose. As soon as their crops were ready for the sickle they were cut down and carried off by the mountaineers.

132. *Methinks*, it seems to me. From the A.S. *thyncean*, to seem. Past tense, 'methought.' One of the only true impersonal verbs in the language.

133. *foray*, a raid for the sake of plunder. "So far, indeed," says Scott, "was a *Creagh* or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept (tribe), for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Sassenach (Saxons or Lowlanders), for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make in the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach."

'Foray' is the same word as forage. It signifies, first, 'food for cattle'; whence the meaning of the verb, 'to collect food for cattle.' From the manner in which soldiers generally did this it came to mean '*ravage*.'

134. *grim*, fiercely, sullenly.

136-141. I observed how delighted you were when you cast your eye over the fertile district lying to the south and east of Loch Vennachar.

140. *Deep*, fields lying in the valley in which heavy crops of grain were waving.

141. *With ... between*, intersected by slight elevations, covered with trees.

142. *These ... that*. 'These,' the nearer; 'that,' the further away.<sup>3</sup>

143. *Were once the birthright of the Gael*. He means to say that the whole of the Lowlands of Scotland originally belonged to the Gael, referring, of course, to the time when the only people that occupied Scotland were the Celts. "It is hard to make people understand that there have not always been kingdoms of England and Scotland, with the Tweed and the Cheviot Hills as the boundaries between them. It must be borne in mind that in the tenth century no such boundaries existed, and that the names of England and Scotland, as geographical terms, were hardly known. In very early times the country which is now called Scotland was divided among three quite distinct sovereignties. North of the Forth and Clyde reigned the King of Scots, an independent Celtic prince,

reigning over a Celtic people, the Picts and Scots. . . . South of the two great Firths the Scottish name and dominion was unknown. The south-west part of modern Scotland formed part of the kingdom of the Strathclyde Welsh, which up to 924 A.D. was, like the kingdom of the Scots, an independent Celtic principality. The south-eastern part of modern Scotland, Lothian, in the wide sense of the word, was purely English or Danish, as in language it remains to this day. It was part of the kingdom of Northumberland, and it had its share in all the revolutions of that kingdom."—Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*.

144. **The stranger**, the Romans, and afterwards the Saxons.

**with iron hand**, with powerful armies. Observe the figure in *iron*. Compare the expression in Burns' *Winter Night*: "Stern oppression's *iron* grip."

145. **reft**, perfect tense of 'reave,' from A.S. *reafian*, 'to take by violence.'

146. **Where dwell we now?** Look at the country we now inhabit; is it not unfruitful and wretched compared with the plains below, once ours also?

147. **fell**, ridge of mountains. See Stanza iii., l. 39. Let the student note that 'fell' is of three different parts of speech: (1) (a noun as in the text) most probably connected with '*fall*,' a descent, a declivity. Cf. Hogg's *Skylark*:

"O'er *fell* and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green."

(2) (a verb) (a) past tense of 'to fall,' (b) a causative verb, 'to strike down,' 'to cause to fall.'

(3) (an adjective) cruel, fierce. Cf. Hogg's *Queen's Wake*:

"She saw a people, fierce and *fell*,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell."

149. **steer**, oxen; singular for the plural by poetical license.

**household bread**, daily bread, bread necessary for maintaining the family.

153. **target**, called 'targe' in Stanza xv., a large round shield of light wood covered with leather and studded with brass or iron nails.

**claymore**, literally 'large sword,' a two-handed sword used by the Scottish Highlanders.

154. **I give you shelter in my breast**, etc. The wilds and secret passes of the mountains rendered them safe from the attacks of their enemies; but could not supply them with the necessities of life. They must therefore make incursions on the Saxons and plunder them. They must do as the "Jolly (Highland) Beggar" in Burns' poem, "*Hold the Lowland lairs in scorn*."

156. **Fent**, shut up. From 'pen' connected with 'pin,' 'pound.' A pen or enclosure for sheep is the same word: A.S. *pyndan*, to inclose.

157. **sally**, Latin *salire*, to leap, to issue forth suddenly.

158-9. **To spoil the spoiler ... prey**, to rob those who have robbed us. Here again is an allusion to the fact that the Celts at one time possessed the whole of Scotland, and that it was wrested from them by the Saxons.

160. **Ay**, verily, assuredly we will, shows increased earnestness. When this word means 'ever,' 'always,' it is spelt 'aye'; when it means 'yes' it should be spelt 'ay.' There is, however, no uniformity of spelling observed.

161. **shock**, a 'shock' of corn is a pile of sheaves. When the corn is cut and tied up into 'sheaves' it is then put into 'shocks.' Cf.:

"Reap well, scatter not, gather clean that is shorn,

Bind fast, *shock* apace, have an eye to thy corn."

Tusser's *August Husbandry*.

162. **ten thousand**, poetical for 'such a vast number.'

163. **yon river's maze**, the windings of the Teith, or of the Forth. The Teith was east of the place where they were now standing, the Forth south. The word 'maze,' however, would seem to indicate that the Forth is referred to, which river, as has already been noticed (notes on l. 25), is remarkable for its 'windings.'

166-168. **Where ... true?** The implied answer is 'Nowhere!' There is not a mountaineer but thinks it quite right and proper to plunder the Lowlanders in retribution for their having formerly plundered them. Therefore, since all the Highland chieftains act and think thus, it is no unanswerable charge of crime against Roderick to say that he plunders the Lowlands. See note on Stanza vi., l. 128.

167. **field and fold**, harvests and herds.

169. **Seek**, etc., try to think of some other charge to bring against the chieftain.

170. **And, if I sought**, supposing I sought (another cause) for considering him a base ruffian.

172. **What deem ye**, etc., what do you think about the manner in which, while passing through these wilds, Roderick has endeavoured to have me stopped? Nay, more—what do you think of his attempt to take my life by setting men in ambush to kill me?

174. The Gael replied that he considered his rashness deserving of such a reward. 'I regard it as a meed,' etc.

176. **I seek my hound ... maid**, noun sentences in apposition with 'warning.'

177. **good faith**, adverbial phrase qualifying 'seek.' The meaning is, I seek in good faith, 'to speak honestly,' 'in truth.'

179. **secret path marks secret foe**. The very fact of a man's being found stealing through a secret path is sufficient proof that he is either a spy or a foe; were he a friend, he would use the public road.

180. **for this**, etc, for (all) this; despite the fact of your having chosen a secret path, and thereby proving yourself to be either a spy or a foe.

182. **Save**. Had it not been to fulfil an augury, you would not have been doomed to death without a trial, even though you had been caught as a spy.

**to fulfil an augury**. This is an allusion to the prophecy of the Hermit Monk in Canto iv., Stanza vi.

183. **Well, let it pass**. Enough—say no more about the matter. ‘Well’ is a colloquial expletive, like ‘why’ in “‘Why, that I cannot tell,’ said she.”

186. **I am by promise tied**. He here refers to the oath he had taken to avenge the death of the poor half-witted woman, Blanche of Devan, who, while warning him of the ambush that had been laid for him, was killed by his faithless guide, ‘Red Murdoch.’ See Canto iv., Stanzas xxi.-xxviii.

**tied**, pledged, bound down.

187. **To match me**. Me, reflexive pronoun. Myself.

188. **Clan Alpine’s glen**, Lanrick Mead, the gathering place of the Clan Alpine, is situated to the north of the western extremity of Loch Vennachar.

189. **again**, pronounced ‘agen’ to suit the exigencies of rhyme. Its proper pronunciation is ‘again’ (as if *ägāne*.) Cf:

“Again! again! *again!*  
And the havock did not slack  
Till a feeble cheer the *Dane*,  
To our cheering sent us back.”

Campbell’s *Battle of the Baltic*.

190. **banner, brand and bow**, used here for an army.

192. **love-lorn**, generally means ‘forsaken by one’s love.’ Here, however, it can scarcely mean that, inasmuch as he is supposed to be *waiting for the appointed hour*. ‘Love-lorn,’ rather shows the intensity of the swain’s love. He loved her so much that he felt desolate or bereft until the time should come when he might again see her. He was ‘lorn,’ ‘lost,’ unhappy at waiting for his love. On ‘lorn’ Earle remarks:

The verb to lose is now conjugated, *lose, lost, lost*. But in Saxon it was

LEOSE. ... LEAS. ... LOREN.

and from this ancient conjugation we have retained the participle as an adjective, ‘lorn,’ ‘forlorn.’

**swain**, a rustic lover, a country gallant.

184. **As I**, that is no lover ever felt so forlorn and so eager to meet his lady-love, *as I* longingly look for the time when before me shall stand, etc.

198. **curlew.** "Curlews are birds of considerable size with very long bills; they are chiefly maritime, except during the season of incubation; and, at that time, return to the wild sub-alpine pastures, the prairies or steppes of their respective countries, where their wild notes are often the only interruption that breaks the stillness of these barren tracts."—Jardine's *Naturalist's Library*.

200. **Instant**, an adverb, instantly, at once.

201. **Bonnets**, the caps worn by the Highlanders are so-called.

**Bonnets and spears and bended bows**, a periphrasis for 'armed men.'

207. **bristling**, metaphor, from the bristles on the back of a hog; are standing up like bristles. The number of men armed with battle-axes and swords that arose from among the rushes and the willows was so great, that the trees themselves seemed to become martial weapons.

208. **every tuft of broom gives life**, that is from under every thick grown broom bush a warrior comes forth. The 'broom' is an ever-green shrub, a native of sandy soils throughout Europe. It is sown extensively in England as a shelter for game. Its branches, which are tough, are made up into brooms, to which they have given their name.

209. **plaided warrior**, a highlander.

210, 211. **That whistle**, etc. See l. 196. No sooner had Roderick whistled than the glen or valley was 'garrisoned' with an army of not less than 500 men. 'Full' = quite.

212. **to heaven**, to the light, to upper air.

213. **A subterranean host had given**, as if the earth had opened and there had sprung forth to the light an army that usually dwelt underground. Webster would apparently apply 'subterranean' to what is natural as 'subterranean springs,' and 'subterraneous' to what is artificial, as 'a subterraneous passage.' Scott makes no such distinction in his writings.

217. **tottering**, hanging insecurely.

219. **verge**, usually means 'the extreme edge.' Here the slope or face of the hill.

220. **With step and weapon forward flung**, with one foot placed in advance of the other, and with their arms all ready for action.

222. **The Mountaineer**, Roderick Dhu.

225. **How**, in what manner do you speak now? Dare you speak so boldly now, that I tell you that I am Roderick Dhu, and that these are my followers. Scott in a note on this passage says that this "incident is not imaginary."

226. **These**, the men on the side of Benledi.

229. **The life-blood**, etc. He felt a shivering sensation run through all his body,—that sensation which one feels when one gets a sudden fright—Virgil calls it, '*gelidus tremor*,' an icy shiver.

230. He mann'd himself, took 'heart of grace,' assumed a look in which no trace of fear was visible.

Cf. :—"The vision made our monarch start,  
But soon he mann'd his noble heart."

*Marmion*, C. III., St. xxiv.

234. this rock, etc., as soon shall this rock, against which I am leaning, betake itself to flight as I will.

236. in his eyes. The expression in the look (eyes) of the Gael showed that, while he was surprised and delighted, warrior-like, at finding so much bravery so unexpectedly shown by Fitz-James, he respected him all the more for it.

241. disappearing band. 'Disappearing' shows coincidence of time with 'sunk.' Down sunk the band, and as they sunk they disappeared.

244. brand and spear and bow, nominatives to 'sunk.'

Cf. :—"At once, before his sight amazed,  
Sunk banner, spear, and shield."

*Lord of the Isles*, C. VI., St. xxi.

245. osiers pale. 'Pale' because of the light green colour of the twigs of the osier or willow-tree.

246, 247. Cf. Stanza ix., l. 200 *et seq.* It seemed as if the earth had again opened and swallowed up that host of "full five hundred men," that it appeared to give birth to in Stanza ix.

249. plumage fair. The Highlanders wear feathers stuck in their bonnets (caps).

253. glaive, variously spelt 'glave' and 'gleave.' A broadsword, see l. 275. Derived from Welsh *glaiſ*, a bent sword. Connected with Fr. *glaiue*. Lat. *gladius*.

jack, a coat of mail, covered with leather. French *jaque*, a coat of mail.

255. cold grey stone, shingles.

257. The witness, the testimony of his own eyes, at the spectacle of the mountaineers appearing and disappearing so suddenly on the mountain side. He could scarcely believe that what he had seen was real and not a mere trick of fancy.

260. in suspense, with suspicion, doubting what was going to happen next.

262. nay, that I need not say, I need not tell you not to be afraid, because you have already shown that you have no fear.

264. Thou art my guest. The laws of hospitality prevented him from doing any injury to Fitz-James so long as he was his guest. Cf. *Iliad*, iv., ll. 207-8.

265. Coniantogle ford, situated at the eastern extremity of Loch Vennachar, where the lake narrows into a river. This ford has now been superseded by a bridge.



268. **lay**, depended, was staked. Not even though the result of the fight were to be, that if he killed his opponent the Highlanders should get back all the land that had been taken from them by the Lowlanders. See note on l. 143.

270. **So move we on**, therefore let us move on.

271. **To show the reed on which you leant**, a metaphorical expression borrowed from 2 Kings, Ch. xviii., v. 21; to show the danger you exposed yourself to.

272. **this path you might pursue**. Note the ellipsis of 'that'—(that) you might pursue this path.

276. **his blood**, etc., that his blood circulated as evenly as it usually did. That his pulse beat with its usual slow and steady pulsations.

278, 279. **drew ... through**, traversed.

279. **seeming**, because it was not lonesome as has been shown: it was filled with armed men lying in ambush.

280. **rife**, abounding in, teeming with.

286. **And still**, and even yet.

**heather deep**, the heather which grew to a great height. See Stanza iii., note on lines 48 and 49.

290. **free**. Nor did he feel secure from danger, until he had emerged from the pass and had walked a considerable distance over the flat moorland of Bochastle.

291. **for then**, after leaving the pass.

292. **a wide and level green**, Bochastle moor. See Stanza xii., l. 301 and note.

297, 298. The three lakes referred to are Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and Loch Vennachar. The rushing stream, which flows through Bochastle and falls into the Teith, is said to be 'the daughter' of these lakes, because Loch Katrine, which is the most westerly of the three, discharges its surplus water into Loch Achray, whose surplus water in turn flows into Loch Vennachar. From the eastern end of Loch Vennachar issues 'the torrent,' or stream, referred to in the text.

299. **in silver**, the water is so clear that it glitters like silver.

301. **On Bochastle the mouldering lines**. On this line Scott has the following note:

"The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the Dun of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman." Of late years this last opinion has been doubted, the mounds have been thought to resemble deposits of a lacustrine, or a glacial description to be found in other parts of the country.

302. the Empress of the world, because at one time the greater part of the known world was either subject or tributary to her.

"Rome, for Empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—hark! the Gaul is at her gates!"—Cowper.

303. Of yore, long ago. The allusion is to the invasion of Scotland by the Romans under Agricola and others.

eagle wings, banners having the 'Eagle,' the insignia of Rome, emblazoned on them. In the present day the eagle in some form or other is emblazoned on the banners of France, Austria, Germany, Russia, and America.

309. This murderous Chief, etc. Irony. The Gael refers in a bitter and sarcastic way to Fitz-James's words in C. iv., St. v., and in C. iv., St. xxx., l. 744. This chief whom you hold to be a ruffianly murderer has at least acted honourably towards you.

311. through watch and ward. Roderick had led James safely through the country in which he kept both 'watch and ward.'

316. single brand, simply with a sword.

318. keep thee, defend thyself; thee, objective, equivalent to 'thyself.'

321. Nay, not only, but. "Not only am I quite ready to fight as a rule, but I even vowed," etc.

vow'd thy death. Cf. C. iv., Stanza xxviii. Elliptical. I vowed that I would put thee to death.

322. sure, surely, certainly. Adverb modifying 'deserved' in line

324. 'Sure' is generally supposed to be an Irishism, but it would certainly be possible to quote hundreds of instances in which it is used, as in the text, by the best authors.

Cf.—" 'Tis pleasant *sure* to see one's name in print,  
A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

323. deep, great.

for, in return for.

324. meed, obj., after 'have deserved.' See Stanza viii., l. 174. The kindness that Roderick had shown James in guiding him safely through the pass, when by giving the signal he might easily have had him put to death, surely deserved a reward far other than that James should still desire to slay him in combat.

have deserved. The sense of lines 322-324 seems rather faulty. 'Faith' and 'debt' are the two nominatives to '*have deserved*,' but to make Fitz-James say that his feeling of gratitude 'deserved a meed' borders on nonsense. The intended meaning is: the fact that I am indebted to you for the preservation of my life should surely lead me to return your kindness otherwise than by fighting with you.

326. **Are there no means**, elliptical, are there no means (whereby we may be reconciled)?

**none**. The negative is repeated for the sake of emphasis. It shows a determination on the part of the Gael to avenge by an appeal to arms the wrong he has suffered. He will be appeased in no other way.

327. **to fire**, to inflame, to stimulate.

328. **thy steel, sword**; thy success, or otherwise, in the fight.

329. **For**, illative conjunction.

**thus**, as follows.

**Fate**, personified, the fates.

**prophet**, the Hermit-Monk, Brian by name. See Canto iv.

329, 330. **bred Between the living and the dead**. The Highlanders had a superstition that he was begotten of a woman by the bones of men who had fallen in battle. See Canto iii., St. v.

331. **Who**, etc. See note Stanza viii., l. 182. Note the ellipsis of the antecedent.

**foremost**, first. The side of that man who first succeeds in killing a foe will be successful.

333. **Then**, in that case, if that be the case.

334. **riddle, enigma, puzzle**.

**read**, solved, interpreted.

336. **Red Murdoch**. See C. iv., Stanza vii., l. 2 *et seq.*; Stanza xvi., l. 13. Fitz-James's guide, who had been bribed by Roderick Dhu to lead him into his fastnesses that he might take his life. On the death of Murdoch, see Canto iv., Stanza xxvi. *et seq.*

**stark and stiff**, stone dead; an idiomatic expression. Both words mean '*rigid*.' Stark, however, often means *perfectly, entirely*, in such phrases as '*stark naked*,' '*stark mad*.'

339. **To James**, James V.; to the speaker himself. James still maintains his incognito, and is wholly unknown to Roderick.

344. **strengths**, fastnesses.

347. **Dark**, a transferred epithet. It was not the *lightning* but the *eye* that was 'dark,' as in the MS.,—"In lightning flashed the chief's dark eye." Similarly, too, in the line,—

"His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went."  
Mrs. Hemans.

348. **Soars**. Lat. *ex*, and *aura*, the air. Compare 'sample' from *exemplum*. To fly upwards like a bird; to attain to a height. Does thy arrogance reach such a pitch? Are you so presumptuous?

349. **kern**, a soldier of the lowest rank, one of the meanest of my followers.

350. **Homage**, an act of fealty. Low Lat. *homaticum*, French *homage*, from *homo*, a man, the usual term by which the vassal or dependant of a prince is designated in the writers of the Middle Ages.

351. **He**. Observe the reiteration of 'he.' For the sake of grammar this is unnecessary. It gives force, however, and spirit to the line.

not, followed by *nor*. He yields *neither* to man *nor* to fate.

352. **to my**. Notice the change of person in the pronoun. "*He* yields not" is a sort of *general* assertion, but 'my' shows that he addresses the words particularly to Fitz-James. *My* hatred of *you*.

353. **My clansman's**, of a man belonging to my *clan* (Alpine): Red Murdoch's.

356. **vain**, proud of displaying himself and letting all the world know that he is a 'knight,' although he be but a carpet-knight.

**carpet knight**, that is, a knight who has not won his spurs on the battle-field.

Cf. :—" His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,  
Shewed him no *carpet-knight* so trim,  
But, in close fight, a champion grim."

*Marmion*, C. I., Stanza v., l. 17.

Also see Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (Act III., Scene iv.): "He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration." Where Johnson's note is as follows: "That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret dubbed on the field of battle, but on some carpet consideration at a festivity or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive this dignity kneeling not in war (on the field of battle) but on a carpet."

357. **ill**, by no means, who did in no wise deserve my courteous care.

358. **best boast**, sarcastically said, whose greatest delight is in wearing.

359. **braid**, properly a plait; A.S. *bredan*, to weave or plait. Here a 'lock.' When Blanche of Devan was killed, James had taken a lock of her hair, and twined it with the hair of her murdered lover, which she had carefully kept through danger, frenzy, and despair. See Canto iv., Stanza xxvii., ll. 654-686.

360. **for the word**, for drawing my attention to the braid by mentioning it.

362. **stain**, to dye.

364. **truce, farewell**, let there be no more talk of settling our differences without fighting.

367. **cairn**, a pile of stones.

369. **feeble**, slight, weak, not loud.

371. **fear not—doubt not.** James here employs almost the same words that Roderick Dhu used to him after having shown James his clan and how entirely he was in his power. See line 262. •

372. **We try this quarrel.** Present for the future. We will fight it out.

**hilt to hilt.** Synecdoche. The *hilt* is the handle of a sword. 'Sword to sword,' in single strife.

373. **falchion**, strictly a light kind of sword, a scimitar. In the text the word is used to include both Fitz-James's rapier and the Gael's broad-sword.

376. **As, as being what, as something that.**

**they.** Note the false grammar. It should be *he*. 'Each' denotes two things taken *separately*.

On this stanza a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 1810, says, "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity. Fitz-James, who more nearly resembles the French King Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V., is gay, amorous, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified. Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, undaunted, but constant in his affections and true to his engagements; and the whole passage in which these personages are placed in opposition from their first meeting to their final conflict is conceived and written with a sublimity which has been rarely equalled."

379. **Ill fared**, unfortunate was it for, it went hard with. '*Fare*' literally means 'to go.'

"So on he *fares*, and to the border comes of Eden."—Milton.

381. **brazen studs**, knobs made of brass projecting from the targe. **tough bull-hide**, the leather covering of the targe.

382. **death**, the abstract for the concrete, which had so often ward off blows that would otherwise have killed him.

383. **train'd abroad**, that is, on the continent (of Europe). James had lived for some time on the continent. He had assisted Francis I. against the Emperor Charles V., and in return for his services, Francis had given him his eldest daughter in marriage.

**his arms to wield**, in the use of his weapons.

384. **Fitz-James's blade**, etc. Fitz-James's weapon served the double purpose of a sword and a shield. He carried no defensive armour. He had only a sword. With it he had both to ward off the blows of his enemy and to strike at him. It was therefore to him a sword and shield.

385. **He practised every pass.** He used or employed in the fight 'every pass and ward' he had been taught. In sword exercise there are certain rules to be attended to, certain positions in which the sword must be held so as to ward off the several blows of your adversary, and certain thrusts that must be made under certain circumstances. James had practised all these thoroughly. He

brought them into use now, and therefore was equally well prepared either to ward off Roderick's blows or to transfix him when he was off his guard.

**every pass**, thrust, push.

**ward**, another form of 'guard,' defensive position.

390. **blade drank blood**. Personal metaphor. Was stained with blood. Inflicted so deep a wound that on each occasion the sword was wet with the blood of Roderick.

Personal metaphor is a transference of personal relations to an impersonal object for the purpose of assisting conception.

"In personal metaphors, if we attempt to expand them, the first term will always be 'a person,' the second the predicated relation properly belonging to the person and improperly transferred to the impersonal object; the third, the impersonal object."—Abbott and Seeley, *English Lessons*.

391. **stinted**, limited.

**no scanty tide**, a mere repetition of *no stinted draught*.

392. **gushing flood**, these words show the force with which the blood welled from his wounds. 'Flood' nominative in apposition to 'draught' and 'tide.'

393. **felt the fatal drain**, felt the loss of so much blood was proving fatal to him. Cf. l. 426.

394. **And**, in consequence.

395. **And**. But, with its arrestive force, would have been more in accordance with modern usage.

397. **The foe**, the foeman, Fitz-James.

**still**, whom, *up to this time*, Roderick had not been able to wound, who had so far come off without a wound.

398. **foil'd**, baffled, rendered useless. The steady manner in which James warded off all the blows rendered futile the Gael's attempts to wound him.

399. **at advantage ta'en**, when an opportunity presented itself; when Roderick gave him a chance, by assuming some careless, unguarded position.

**ta'en**, contracted form of 'taken'; very frequent in poetry.

**his brand**, etc. He, with his sword, twisted Roderick's sword out of his hand.

**brand**. Scott makes more frequent use of this word than any poet, mediæval or modern. Its derivation is the German *brennen*, to burn. A burning piece of wood; later it means a sword—hence our 'brandish,' because in motion it glitters like a fire-brand. The Cid's sword is called Tizon, from *tizio*, a burning brand. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 643:

"Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand."

401. *lea*, plain.

402. Brought the **proud**, etc., caused Roderick to touch the ground with his knees, brought him to the ground.

403. **Now**, seeing that I have disarmed you and have you at my mercy, "yield thee, or," etc.

406. **recreant**, should be '*the* recreant,' coward. Let the mean-spirited coward who is afraid of death submit to his antagonist, but I am no coward; I am not afraid of death; I will yield neither to man nor to Fate.

407. **adder**, originally a *nadder*. This is one of those words from which the original initial *n* has been detached and appended to the article. Compare *an umpire*, *an auger*, originally a 'numpire,' a 'nanger.'

The common viper or adder is said to be the only poisonous reptile indigenous in Britain.

408. **toil**, the nets set to snare animals. French, *toile*, Latin, *tela*, a web.

413-418. The poet, as if he were an onlooker, stops his narration of the struggle and addresses his words to the Saxon.

417. **down, down**. The repetition gives spirit to the line. It also shows excitement on the part of the onlooker and narrator.

419-424. The student will require to note carefully the persons for whom the numerous pronouns in these lines are substituted. For his guidance we give the lines here, substituting the antecedents for the pronouns:

"The Chieftain's gripe Fitz-James's throat compressed,  
The Chieftain's knee was planted on Fitz-James's breast."

All the pronouns in the next four lines refer to the Chieftain.

421. **clotted locks**, his hair all glued together in tufts with congealed blood.

427. **all**, altogether.

too late, so late that the advantage was of no use.

428. **To turn the odds of deadly game**, to change the issue of the deadly struggle.

430. **reel'd**, etc., he became utterly unconscious of what he was doing, he fainted away from loss of blood.

431. **but**, etc., he missed his aim. Instead of it piercing James to the heart it stuck harmlessly in the ground.

434. **relaxing grasp**, the Chief having fainted, his grasp relaxes.

436. **Fitz-James**, etc., arose from the ground unwounded but quite exhausted by the struggle.

437. **falter'd**, gently and in a broken voice uttered.

442. **dearly paid**, avenged at a heavy price.

443. **with thy foe**. Whether Roderick lives or dies from the

effect of his wounds, to him must be awarded the praise due to a man who has faithfully kept his word and has fought bravely.

445. *With that*, after saying that, thereupon.

447. *unbonneted*, took off his Scotch cap.

*the wave*, the river Teith.

452. *Lincoln green*. In those days the town of Lincoln was noted for the green cloth it produced. It was chiefly used for hunting suits.

Cf. :—"Painted exact your form and mien,  
Your hunting suit of *Lincoln Green*."

*Lady of the Lake*, Canto i., St. xxiii.

462. *a fairer freight*, Ellen. See Canto iv., St. xvii.

463. *straight*, straightway, at once.

464. *I will before*, I will precede you, *go* before you to Stirling.

465. *weed*, an old word for dress, surviving in the phrase 'widow's *weeds*.'

466. *boune*, ready to go; another old word frequently used in ballad poetry, now found in the form 'bound,' as 'homeward *bound*.'

468. *lightly*, quickly, swiftly. In line 476 the meaning of *lightly* is not quite the same, it means 'with ease.' Cf. :—

"Watch what thou seest, and *lightly* (quickly) bring me word."

Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 38.

*Bayard*, the name of his horse.

478. *his armed heel*, his spurs.

*the steel*, of which the rowels of his spurs were made.

485. *Carhonie*, a hill near the banks of the Teith (l. 488).

486. *prick'd the knight*, rode the knight. Cf. :—

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain."

Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

487. *merry-men*, squires, De Vaux and Herries.

490. *Torry, Lendrick*, etc., other small villages or towns, on the banks of the Teith.

492. *rise*, come into sight.

*Doune*, a town and castle on the Teith. See Stanza v., ll. 94, 95.

506. *they strain'd*, forced their horses to greater exertion.

511. *town-ward holds*, etc., is directing his course to Stirling across the rocks.

519. *Out, out*. Elliptical for the usual verbal phrase '*out upon you*,' i.e. shame upon you. Cf. '*Up with*,' and '*Down with*,' as in,—

"*Down, down* with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."

Macaulay.



525. **James of Douglas.** Scott says that the Douglas of this poem is "an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus, the banished Earl." He is represented as being the father of Ellen, 'The Lady of the Lake.'

532. **postern gate**, properly a back door or gate. Here it means a side or private entrance. We must remember it is the King himself, disguised as Fitz-James, who now enters the castle.

534. **Cambus-Kenneth abbey**, not far from Stirling on the Forth.

538. **the noble Græme**, pronounced Grāme. He was Ellen's lover. See Canto II., St. xxii. to end.

541. **ward**, ward off, protect them from.

547. **excellent**, a very unpoetical word. **By**, over, gone by.

550. **A Douglas**, etc. The allusion is to William Douglas, the eighth Earl, who was stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle in 1452.

551. **fatal mound**, a hill near the Castle where executions took place.

558. **the Franciscan steeple**, the steeple of the church attached to the monastery of the Franciscans, or Minorite friars. This order was founded in 1208 by St. Francis of Assisi, who called poverty his 'bride.' Poverty was the vow of the order.

560. **masquers**, those who wear masks to conceal their faces while they indulge in dancing and other diversions.

562. **morrice-dancers**, originally a military dance of the Moors or Moriscoes, in which five men and a boy engage. In the dance bells were jingled and staves or swords clashed. Brought to England by John of Gaunt on his return from Spain in the reign of Edward III.

569. **tilter**, a tilter in the ring. A knight who fights in a tournament.

**shivers spear.** Read the tournament at Ashby de la Zouche in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

574. **play my prize**, engage in the sports to win myself a prize. 'Play' requires 'for' after it.

582. **huzza**, a variant of 'hurrah.' Scott, owing to the exigencies of rhyme, has given a wrong sound to the final 'a.'

584. **jennet**, a small Spanish horse.

**Doffing**, doing off, taking off. The opposite of to 'doff' is to 'don,' i.e. to do on.

587. **simperer**, the silly, smiling woman whom the king noticed.

593. **acclaims**, a peculiar use of word as a noun, more especially in the plural. See lines 820 and 822, where it is correctly used in the singular.

602. **mean**, low born.

610. **chequer'd.** Compare line 560, 'motley groups': bands or groups of people dressed up in various gay dresses.

612. **their mazes wheel,** turn round and round in the intricate figures of the dance. See note on line 562.

613. **the butts,** the marks for shooting at. In old days these were for archery; now they use great mounds of earth for rifle shooting.

614. **Robin Hood,** the most famous of English outlaws. He lived in Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. Scott has frequent allusions to the 'bold' outlaw, but in *Ivanhoe* he figures prominently. The other names given as standing beside the butts are all members of Robin Hood's band.

622. **the white,** that is, the very centre of the target. It is now called the 'gold,' as the centre is always gilded in modern targets, meant for archery.

630. **as to archer wight,** to archer bold. Cf. the phrase 'Wallace *wight*.' The point of the king's indifference lies in his bestowing the arrow on the Douglas as if he were a *mere archer*, though a bold and good one.

638. **fare,** lot.

641. **ring.** In a note Scott says he was unable to introduce the usual 'ram' as well as the 'ring,' as it would have "embarrassed" his story.

656. **the Douglas-cast,** the enormous throw made by the Douglas.

660. **The Ladies' Rock.** In his edition of *The Lady of the Lake*, Mr. G. H. Stuart quotes the following passage from Nimmo's *History of Stirlingshire*, p. 282: "In the Castle Hill is a hollow called 'The Valley,' comprehending about an acre, and having the appearance of an artificial work, for justings and tournaments, with other feats of chivalry. Closely adjoining to this valley, on the south, is a small rocky pyramidical mount called '*The Ladies' Hill*,' where the fair ones of the court took their station to behold these feats."

662. **pieces broad,** gold coins worth 20 shillings each, broader and thinner than the guinea pieces, which were worth 21 shilling each.

668. **free,** generous.

673. **feats upon the English,** deeds of great valour performed by Douglas in fights against the English.

685. **call'd the banish'd man,** etc., showed that they remembered Douglas.

687. **held his side,** considered the place of honour to be by his side.

688. **Begirt his board,** sat at his table feasting.

696. **fi-e,** of cost, that is; that could be had for nothing.

**Bourdeaux wine,** claret, a clear red wine, chiefly produced in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in France.

697. **the archery**, the body of archers met together on the occasion.

724. **a buffet**, a slap or box on the side of the head.

725. **groom**, the fellow, the man. When used by itself this word has now the restricted meaning of one who looks after horses, but in the compound '*bride-groom*' it has the meaning of 'man'—'*bride's-man*.'

730. **Back**, bear back; out of my way.

731. **ye menial pack**, ye crowd of low-born fellows. We talk of a '*pack*' of hounds, and a *pack of curs*, or low-bred dogs, which is what Douglas here compares the soldiers of the royal train to.

737. **for his friends**, by which he means the Græme and Roderick Dhu.

740. **mis-proud**, an archaic word, meaning proud when they had no right to be; overbearingly proud.

743. **woman-mercy**, mercy and gentleness, such as one looks for only in women.

752. **misarray**, disorder.

**prick'd**. See note on line 486.

769. **on thy shoulder**. Knights used to be, and are even now sometimes made or dubbed 'knights' by what is called the *accolade*,—a touch of the sword on the shoulder. The only 'fountain' of honour in these days is the sovereign, but in olden days the knight who commanded in any great battle had apparently the power of making other knights for special deeds of valour.

773. **the bands of fealty**, the ties of loyalty.

775. **tender free**, freely offer.

783. **my kind**, my countrymen.

789. **wails**, bewails, mourns for.

790. **widow**. This is a proleptic or anticipative use of the word, inasmuch as till her husband 'expires' she is not a widow.

793. **for**, as being.

796. **ward**, protect you against, ward off.

802. **upon the verge of life**, at the extreme limit of their life. We should have expected 'on the verge of death.'

807. **the prattlers**, etc., to whom the little ones owed it that their fathers were not killed in a civil strife.

812-13. **verge ... charge**. Note the extremely bad rhyme. The meaning of the two lines is that at the entrance to the castle he handed over Douglas as a state prisoner.

819. **changeling**. We should have expected '*change-fair*,' fickle, as in 829.

829. This line is a good example of alliteration, as is also line 833.

834. **many-headed.** This word should be printed with a hyphen.
836. **soft, gently.** Let us pause and see what this means.
838. **cognizance,** badge worn to indicate under whose banner he served.
839. **cousin.** The Earl of Mar was not really the king's cousin. In old days it was not unusual for kings to speak to or of great nobles as their cousins. Thus King Henry V., in Shakespeare's play of that name, in speaking to Westmoreland, says,—  
 “No, faith my coz (cousin), wish not a man from England.”
847. **loose banditti,** unrestrained bands of robbers.
855. **look'd to this,** seen to this matter. He had conquered in single combat and already thrown into prison Roderick Dhu, but forgot to hold (*‘lost it’*) any enquiry into matters connected with the assembling of Roderick's clan.
858. **Spare not,** etc. Do not let any thought of injury to your horse prevent your conveying my message to the Earl of Mar with the greatest possible speed.
868. **the vulgar,** the rank and file of Roderick's clan, the common soldiers.
872. **lily lawn,** level space of turf on which the lilies grow.
877. **lay,** song.
890. **pointed to his dagger,** implying that he was ready to take part in any struggle for the delivery of the Douglas from prison.
898. **her pennons brown,** her dark wings. ‘Brown’ is an unusual epithet when writing of the night, but the exigencies of the verse demand a word to rhyme with *town*.

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

[This selection and the one that follows were written by Thomas Campbell, the famous author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Among his minor and more celebrated pieces are *The Soldier's Dream*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *O'Connor's Child*, and *The Last Man*. He was born at Glasgow in 1777, and died at Boulogne in 1844. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

1. **sang truce,** sounded for the fighting to cease. *Truce* must be regarded as a kind of cognate object governed by ‘sang.’  
**the night-cloud had lower'd,** night had set in.
2. **sentinel,** a very beautiful epithet to apply to the ‘stars.’ From the old French *sentine*, *sentelle*, dim. of *sente*, a path—a ‘sentinel’ being one who walks up and down a beaten track, keeping watch.
3. **thousands,** of French and Austrians.  
**overpower'd,** overcome with fatigue, exhausted.

5. **reposing**, agrees with 'I' in line 7, or we may supply 'I was' after 'when.'

**pallet of straw**. The words 'of straw' are somewhat redundant, as 'pallet' by itself means a small bed of *chaff* or *straw*. Fr. *paille*, straw, chaff; Lat. *palea*, chaff.

6. **guarded**, protected the dead from being torn and eaten by the wolves that were prowling round the battle-field.

7. **the dead of the night**, an idiomatic expression, meaning at the most silent hour, *i.e.* in the very middle of the night.

I saw, (I dreamt) I saw.

8. **ere**, prep. before.

it, the vision or dream. 'It' is the cognate object after 'dreamt.'

9. **Methought**. The 'me' in this word is the dative case. *Me-thinks*=it appears to me. *Thinks* is an impersonal verb from A.S. *thyncan*, to seem. The ordinary verb to *think* is from A.S. *thencan*, to think.

10. **Far, far**, *i.e.* very far. The word is repeated for the sake of emphasis.

12. **fathers**, forefathers.

13. **I flew**, in my dream.

14. **In life's morning march**, in my early days. Life is constantly compared to a 'march' or a 'journey' by the poets.

**when my bosom**, etc., an amplification of the preceding words.

15. **aloft**, on the mountain side. From 'a'=on or in, 'loft'=the air.

17. **pledged we the wine-cup**, we seemed, in my dream, to drink to each other's health. A custom rapidly dying out.

19. **times**, obj. case, with the force of an adverb.

**o'er**, adv. The word is really redundant. In such sentences as "he tried *over and over* again to do it," the 'over and over again'=many times, repeatedly. In the case under remark, we may regard 'o'er' as used intensively.

20. **in her fulness of heart**, because she felt as if her heart was overflowing with gladness and gratitude at my safe return.

21. **Stay**. His wife and family urged him (in his dream) to remain with them and to rest his weary limbs.

22. **fain**, joyful, glad.

**war-broken**, whose health had been broken by the hardships of war.

23. **return'd**, etc., because he awoke and found that he had only been dreaming, and that the voices he had heard were those of people in "dreamland."

24. **dreaming ear**, an instance of transferred epithet, the ear of me dreaming.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

[THIS poem was written in the early part of the year 1805, and the original sketch was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, in a letter dated March 27th, 1808. On its first appearance it was set to music and sung with enthusiasm by the chief vocalists of the day.]

The *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1809, contains the following critique on this highly finished production: "The '*Battle of the Baltic*,' though written in a strange, and we think an unfortunate metre, has great force and grandeur, both of conception and expression; that sort of force and grandeur which results from the simple and concise expression of great events and national emotions, altogether unassisted by any splendour or amplification of expression."

"The characteristic merit, indeed, both of this piece and of '*Hohenlinden*' is that by the forcible delineation of one or two great circumstances, they give a clear and most energetic representation of events, as complicated as they are impressive; and thus impress the mind of the reader with all the terror and sublimity of the subject, while they rescue him from the fatigue and perplexity of its details. Nothing, in our judgment, can be more impressive than the following very short and simple description of the British fleet bearing up to close action:

'As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.'

"The description of the battle itself (though it begins with a tremendous line) is in the same spirit of homely sublimity, and worth a thousand stanzas of thunder, shrieks, shouts, tridents, and heroes."

*The Baltic* (Sea). Though regarded as an inland sea the Baltic is, properly speaking, a great gulf of the German Ocean. It begins at the Danish islands of Zealand and Funen, and is formed by the coasts of Denmark, Germany, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden. As it is but slightly salt owing to the vast influx of fresh water, it is frozen over for about three months in each year. There are three passages into it from the Cattegat—the Sound, the Great Belt and the Little Belt. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, stands on the islands of Zealand and Amak on the west side of the Sound, about 20 miles from the narrow passage of that name. This magnificent city was taken by Nelson at the Battle of the Baltic in 1801. For a full account of the battle, see Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chapter vii., of which the following is a summary, drawn up to enable the student to understand the text of the poem.

In 1801 the three northern courts, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, had formed a confederacy with the object of making England resign her sovereignty of the sea. The British Govern-

ment came to a prompt decision to crush this confederacy. By a well-nigh fatal blunder, Sir Hyde Parker was given the chief command of the British fleet which sailed for the North on 12th March, Lord Nelson being the second in command. Happily for the nation, Sir Hyde Parker placed greater confidence in Nelson than the Government seems to have done at this crisis, and was in the main guided by his views in carrying out operations against the Danes. After surmounting many obstacles the passage of the Sound was at last made, "*the gallant good Riou*" leading the way. This was on the 1st April, on which day, just as darkness closed in, the British fleet anchored off Draco Point—the headmost of the enemy's line not being more than two miles distant. The Danes had exerted themselves to the utmost and were well prepared to give the British a warm reception. At five minutes past 10 a.m., on the 2nd of April, 1801, the action began. Brave deeds were done that day. The fire of the Danes was fearful; so hot was it at one time that Sir Hyde Parker made the signal of recall, which Nelson, feeling sure of victory, refused to obey. Between one and two o'clock the fire of the Danes slackened; about two it ceased from the greater part of the line, and the victory was won? The Danes were commanded by the Prince Royal of Denmark, who took his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he beheld the action and issued his orders. The death of Riou, which took place during the battle, is related by Soathcy, whose account will be found in the note on line 67 below.]

1. Of Nelson, etc., these opening lines are in imitation of the opening lines of Homer's *Iliad*—thus translated by Pope:—

"Achilles' wrath, to Greeks the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing."

the North, that is, Denmark and the Battle of Copenhagen.

4. Denmark's crown, the kingdom of Denmark.

5. the deep, the Baltic Sea.

proudly shone, proudly displayed themselves.

6. band = linstock; a staff pointed at one end for holding a light, and used in old times for firing cannon.

7. determined, resolved to do its utmost to gain the victory.

8. the Prince of all the land, the Crown Prince of Denmark, afterwards Frederick VI. See the account of the battle.

9. on, i.e. to the fight.

10. leviathans, huge sea-monsters. It is still a matter of doubt whether by the 'leviathan' was meant a huge crocodile or a whale. In *Job*, chap. xli. we have a description of the 'leviathan.'

11. bulwarks, by synecdoche for ships. The 'bulwarks' of a ship are the rail-boards running along the sides.

12. **the sign of battle**, the flag which told them to prepare for action. We learn from the account of the battle in Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chap. vii., that the flag answering to "Number thirty-nine" in the signal book was the one hoisted when the Admiral-in-Chief wished the action to cease. What the number for joining battle was we are not told.

13. **lofty**, referring to their tall masts.

14. **It**. This is the indefinite and introductory use of 'it.' Thus we commonly say, 'It is six o'clock! It is noon!' etc., where 'it' stands for the time.

**ten of April morn.** It was really five minutes past ten on the 2nd of April.

**chime**, by the strokes of the clocks in the churches; an imitative word.

15. **drifted**, were driven on by the wind. We generally understand by 'drifted' that the ship or thing which 'drifts' is not under control. But the English ships were under control. A.S. *drifan*, Gothic *dreiban*, to move under the influence of an overpowering force.

**their path**, their way to take up their positions off Copenhagen.

16. **deep as death**, that is, as *solemn* as (the silence of) death (is solemn).

17. **held ~~the~~ breath**, an idiomatic expression, meaning, 'was perfectly silent.'

19. **the might of England**, the brave and strong English crews.

**flush'd**, were glowing, were eager.

20. **To anticipate**, to view the place of action (and of victory, which they already regarded as theirs); 'to forestall the battle.' 'Anticipate' means "to take up before the time at which anything might be regularly had." This word '*anticipate*,' and *antiquarian*, *antiquity*, etc., are the only instances of *anti* signifying *before* (*ante*) in time, instead of *anti*, meaning *against*.

21. **van**, first line of ships, leading ships. From the French *avant*, before.

**the faster**, 'the' is here a pronominal adverb with the demonstrative force of 'by so much.' This is Whitney's view. Morris in his *Historical English Grammar*, p. 191, says, that *the* before comparatives, as 'the more' (= O.E. *ih̄t m̄dre*, Lat. *eo magis*), is the instrumental case of the definite article. On p. 115 he has the same explanation, but adds that it must be parsed as an adverb *when used in this way*.

22. **the deadly space**. They had to run the gauntlet of the Crown and Tre Kroner batteries. While the ships were taking up their position they suffered much, and lost many men from the fire of these batteries.



23. *oak*. In those days all English ships were built of oak. To call the seamen '*hearts of oak*' was equivalent to saying 'my strong, brave fellows!'—a term of encouragement here—like 'bravo, men!' There was an old sea song styled *Hearts of Oak*.

24. *adamantine*. Lat. *adamas*, Gr. *a*, not, and *damao*, I subdue. Hard as *adamant*, impenetrably hard. In prose we should probably have had 'iron.'

*lips*. By synecdoche for *mouth*.

25. *a death-shade*, clouds of smoke which concealed, as thick black clouds might do, the work of death that was going on.

26. *Like*, an adjective governing a 'dative' case, or, as we now call it, an indirect object.

26-7. *the hurricane eclipse of the sun*, similar to the black clouds which conceal the face of the sun during a hurricane.

*hurricane*, whirlwind, from the Spanish *huracan*.

29. *slack* for slacken, diminish in severity.

30. *cheer*, the direct object after 'sent' in the next line.

31. *To*, in reply to, response to.

32. *boom*, make a rolling, roaring sound. Historic present. An imitative word from the Dutch *bommen*, to sound like an empty barrel when beaten upon.

33. *Then ceased*, then they ceased firing their guns. The subject of *ceased* is 'shots.' See the account of the battle.

*all is wail*, there is nothing but lamentation and cries of woe. *wail*, is an unusual word = 'wailing.'

34. *they*, the ships.

*strike the sail*, a phrase for 'lower down,' or take in their sails—here in token of submission. '*To strike sail*' is a very old idiom. See *Acts*, xxvii. 17. (We) "strake sail and so were driven."

35. *conflagration pale*, the faintly seen blaze (of the ships that had caught fire). Called *pale*, since the thick clouds of smoke from the guns made the flames appear dim.

36. *Light the gloom*, throw a light over the darkness caused by the fire of the guns. The subject of 'light' is 'they' in line 34.

37. *the victor*, Nelson.

38. *hail'd them*, addressed them loudly. This is only a poetical flight, the fact being that he wrote to the Crown Prince. The following passage from Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chap. vii., will help to illustrate our text:—

"Nelson seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopped, or send a fire-ship and burn them. Half the shot from the *Trekroner* and from the batteries at Amak at this time struck the

surrendered ships, four of which had got close together; and the fire of the English, in return, was equally or even more destructive to these poor devoted Danes. Nelson, who was as humane as he was brave, was shocked at this massacre—for such he called it; and with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he retired into the stern gallery and wrote thus to the Crown Prince: ‘Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the *brothers*, and should never be the enemies of England.’ ”

39. **brothers.** See last line of the above quotation. The English are descended from Celts, Saxons, *Danes*, and Normans.

43. **With**, along with. In Old English *with* meant ‘from,’ ‘against.’ We have preserved its original force in ‘*with-stand*.’

**at England’s feet**, a periphrasis for ‘to the English.’

45. **King**, George III., who reigned from 1760 to 1820.

47. **That**, for that, in that, or because; a conjunction.

48. **joy ... grief**, ‘joy’ at the cessation of hostilities, ‘grief’ at the death of so many relatives and friends in the battle.

49. **wildly**, tempestuously.

50. **As**, a conjunction = while. “*As*,” says Mason, “is a difficult word to deal with. It is both a simple or demonstrative adverb and a relative or connective adverb. It is, in fact, a compound of *all* and *so* (like the German *als*), which has been shortened into *as*. The demonstrative sense of the word is, therefore, the original one, but, like other demonstratives, it was also used as a relative. As a demonstrative adverb it only qualifies adjectives or adverbs, and is followed by *as* used *relatively*. But *as* has no pretensions to be called a relative *pronoun*, and yet in practice it is often difficult to distinguish it from one.”

**Death withdrew**, etc., as the clouds of smoke from the death-dealing guns rolled away and displayed the melancholy scene. See line 25.

51. **smiling**. To be parsed as a participle in the adverbial relation to ‘look’d.’

**bright**, an adverb qualifying ‘smiling.’

52. **sight**, scene, spectacle.

53. **the fires of funeral light**. This apparently means the ships which had caught fire during the action, and which served, so to speak, as funeral pyres for the dead, were gradually extinguished; or it may mean, ‘The death-dealing guns ceased firing,’ and this seems the more probable explanation, on comparison with a similar

expression in *Hohenlinden* ('commanding *fires of death* to light the darkness of her scenery').

54. *Died away*, gradually went out, or ceased, according as one or the other explanation is considered the correct one.

55. *joy*, i.e. shouts of joy. Only in poetry can we say 'raise joy.'

56. *tidings*, news. The singular 'tiding' is not found. The word 'tidings' lit. means 'things that *betide* or happen.'

57. *blaze*, referring to the 'bonfires,' which it was and is the custom to light on occasions of great joy.

58. *Whilst*, etc. This line in the natural order precedes line 57.

*in light*. Observe the unusual omission of the definite article. 'In *the light*' (of the bonfires and illuminations).

61. *Full*=very, an adverb. This is a common use of it to strengthen the force of adjectives and adverbs.

*fathom*. Properly, the length between the extremities of both arms extended, a measure of length of six feet. Sailors measure the depth of the water by 'fathoms.' The word is derived from A.S. *faethem*, a bosom, an embrace.

63. *steep*, declivity.

*Elsinore*, a seaport of Denmark, on the east coast of the island of Zealand, 24 miles from Copenhagen. It stands in the narrowest part of the Sound, on a declivity inclining towards the shore. Southey in his *Life of Nelson* mentions it in these words: "Elsinore is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated with *Hamlet*, and one of the noblest works of human genius."

64. *Brave hearts!* hearts (by metonymy for *men*).

*pride*, glory, renown,—a somewhat unusual use of the word.

66. *The deck of fame*, the deck from which sprung their fame, the ships in which they fought so bravely. Cf.

"The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!  
For *the deck it was their field of fame.*"

a —Campbell's *Ye Mariners of England*.

67. *the gallant good Riou*. Captain Riou was justly entitled "the gallant and the good" by Nelson when he wrote home his despatches. The following extracts from Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chap. vii., will illustrate Riou's 'goodness' and 'gallantry.'

"Before the fleet left Yarmouth it was sufficiently known that its destination was against Denmark. Some Danes, who belonged to the 'Amazon' frigate, went to Captain Riou, and, telling him what they had heard, begged that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other destination. 'They had no wish,' they said, 'to quit the British service; but they entreated that they might not be forced to fight against their own country.' There was not in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous

sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking. Without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat and did not return to the 'Amazon' till he could tell them that their wish was effected."

"For a long time the 'Amazon' had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order—for the Danes then got clear sight of her form from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. 'What will Nelson think of us?' was Riou's mournful exclamation when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun encouraging his men when, just as the 'Amazon' showed her stern to the Trekroner battery, his clerk was killed by his side and another shot swept away several marines who were hauling in the main-brace. 'Come, then, my boys!' cried Riou, 'let us die all together!' The words had scarcely been uttered before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss."

68. **grave.** They had one common grave,—the sea.

70. **mermaid**, the fabled sea-woman, the upper half in the shape of a woman, and the lower the tail of a fish.

**condoles**, grieves along with the billows, sympathises, an unusual intransitive use of the verb. It is necessary as a rule to use the appropriate preposition *with* after this word.

71. **Singing**, participial to '*mermaid*.'

**glory to the souls**, poetical for 'in honour of the death of the brave.'

## THE REVENGE.

[ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, the writer of this Poem, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. He died in 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is the greatest of the Victorian poets. In 1850, after the death of Wordsworth, he became Poet-Laureate, and no one of the long line of Laureates ever filled the office more worthily. His poetry is remarkable for its beauty, purity, and simplicity. His chief poems are *The Idylls of the King*, *In Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden*, *Harold*, *The Lotos Eaters*, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *A Dream of Fair Women*, *Morte D'Arthur*, *Dora*, *Enone*, *Ulysses*, and *The Revenge*.

In Froide's *Short Stories on Great Subjects*, vol. i., p. 494, will be found a prose account of the famous fight between the *Revenge* and the Spanish fleet. The fight took place in August, 1591.]

1. **Flores...Azores.** In each of these names the final syllable must be pronounced.

**Sir Richard Grenville.** He was born in Cornwall about 1541. At first he served in the army. He next joined Sir Walter Raleigh in his expedition to America. In 1591 he became Vice-Admiral under Sir Thomas Howard, who was sent out to the Azores to intercept the Plate fleet. The poem tells the rest.

lay. That is, his ship, the *Revenge*, was anchored.

2. **pinnace**, a small vessel, navigated with oars and sails. Probably so called because it was built of *pine* wood. Latin *pinus*, a pine-tree.

a **flutter'd bird**, a bird that has been frightened, and suddenly flies away.

3. **sighted**, seen at the distance.

4. **Lord Thomas Howard**, first Earl of Suffolk, was born in 1561. He was the second son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk. He displayed great valour in the fight with the Spanish Armada. In March, 1591, he was appointed commander of the squadron sent to attack the Spanish treasure ships off the Azores. He was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, who called him in her letters to Essex her "good Thomas." He died in May, 1626.

• **'Fore**, before, (I swear) before God.

5. **out of gear**, in an unprepared state.

7. **ships of the line**, fighting ships.

11. **count, reckon, consider.**

12. **Inquisition**, a court instituted to *inquire into* (Lat. *inquisitio*, a searching into) offences against the Roman Catholic religion. It was most active in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and was not finally suppressed in Spain till 1834.

**devildoms**, devilish cruelties, such as were practised in those days on those who refused to become Roman Catholics.

17. **Bideford**, a town on the north coast of Devon. To be pronounced as a word of three syllables.

18. **we.** We should have expected 'he' instead of 'we.' The fight must be supposed to have been related by some survivor of the crew.

**ballast**, the load of sand which a ship carries when there is little or no cargo. It is laid in the hold of the ship to give it steadiness.

21. **To the thumbscrew**, etc., to be tortured and burnt to death.

**for the glory of the Lord.** The abominable cruelties of the Inquisition were all done in the name of the Lord, to whom such heretics as Protestants were supposed to be hateful. The words are here used ironically. Such things cannot be to the glory of the Lord, who is all-merciful.

24. his huge sea-castles, the great Spanish ships. Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, in which the fight with the Spanish Armada is so splendidly described, should be read.

30. Let us bang, etc., let us give these men from Seville a good thrashing. 'Dogs' is used contemptuously. Seville was the seaport in Andalusia from which the Spanish ships had sailed.

31. Don, Spaniard, corresponding to the French *Monsieur* and the English *Mr.*

33. sheer, etc., right into the middle of.

36. sea-lane. The Spanish fleet was in two lines—line ahead as it is called—and the *Revenge* sailed up the 'sea-lane' or waterway between the two lines.

40. mountain-like. A ship of 1500 tons would in these days be considered anything but 'mountain-like.' In those days such a ship was regarded with awe and wonder.

41. tiers, rows of guns placed one above another.

42. Took the breath from, etc. The great size of the *San Philip* caused her to tower above the *Revenge*, so that the wind could no longer fill the latter's sails as she came under the *San Philip's* lee.

we stay'd, our way (motion through the water) was stopped.

48. starboard, the right hand looking towards the bows.

larboard, the left hand, now called the *port* side.

50-1. she bethought, etc. While the *Revenge* lay becalmed under the lee of the *San Philip* she poured shot into the latter, which, taking terrible effect on her crowded deck, and in many cases passing right through her, caused her to draw off out of the fight. The *San Philip* was so high out of the water that her own shot went harmlessly over the *Revenge*.

60. her shame, the shame of defeat by so insignificant a foe as the *Revenge*.

63. he, Sir Richard Grenville.

66. grisly, terrible, horrible.

to be drest, by the surgeon, that is.

67. him, the surgeon.

71. in a ring, in a circle. Said to have been a fact by the writers of the day.

72. we still could sting, could still injure them.

76. Seeing, supply 'that'—'*seeing* (that)' = inasmuch as.

78. cannonades, the attacks with cannon.

79. stark and cold, stiff and dead.

81. the masts, etc. Those were the days of sailing ships. In a great sea-fight nowadays there would be no masts and rigging hanging over the sides.

86. **a day less or more**, elliptical for 'What does *a day less or more* matter?'

89. **Sink me**, etc., sink the ship *for me*, blow her up. 'Me' is here the ethic dative. Cp. 'Knock *me* at this gate,' in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I., Sc. ii., 11.

90. **Fall**, let us fall. Cp. the Bible, 2 *Samuel*, xxiv. 14.

91. **Ay, ay**. The regular reply of sailors when acknowledging an order is 'Ay, ay, sir,' *i.e.* Yes, sir.

96. **the lion**, Sir Richard Grenville.

**they**, the crew.

97. **flagship**, the ship of the admiral commanding the Spanish fleet.

• 98. **caught at last**. He had often evaded the Spaniards, as during the days of the Armada.

101. **Queen and Faith**, Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion.

106. **holden**, considered, an archaic form of 'held.'

107. **dared her**, braved her, faced and fought her.

110. **swarthier**. Referring to the fact that the Spaniards who now manned the *Revenge* were darker in complexion than the English.

111. **long'd for**, as if she were a sentient being. This is an example of what is known as the 'pathetic fallacy.'

112. **the lands they had ruined**, the West Indies.

113. **weather**, the wind.

114. **or ever**, before ever. An archaic phrase found in the 58th Psalm (prayer book version), '*Or ever* your pots be made hot with thorus.'

• 118. **the island crags**. On the rocks of St. Michael's, one of the islands of the Azores.

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